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### *The Bismarckian Persecution.*

"VIOLENCE," says one of the most distinguished of the writers of our time in France, "is never more detestable than when it borrows the language and the august forms of legal right."<sup>1</sup> M. de Pressensé's words are merely an echo of words spoken in the prætorium of the Roman Governor of Judea more than eighteen centuries ago—words which characterize with the unerring truthfulness of Divine Wisdom the moral deformity of a thousand persecutors of the truth, from Caiaphas to Bismarck. "Thou shouldst not have any power against Me unless it were given thee from above; therefore, he that hath delivered Me to thee hath the greater sin."<sup>2</sup> For all civil right and all legal power have come from above. It is, therefore, a greater sin to abuse what in its origin and sanction is divine, by employing it against the truth, the messenger, the institution, of God, than it would be to use mere brutal passionate violence in the same evil cause. A legal murder is the worst of murders; and when law is employed against God, the insult to Him is all the greater, the injury to society, which, as well as the Church, is His work, is more ruinous, and the perpetrator of the deed is guilty of a double offence, the punishment of which has often been the destruction of the secular power, or polity, or dynasty, the forces of which have been brought into collision with the higher right. All unjust laws are pernicious to the State which enacts and enforces them; most of all those particular extravagances of legal iniquity which assail

<sup>1</sup> M. de Pressensé, *Revue des Deux Mondes*, Mar. 1, 1873, Article "La Politique Religieuse de la Prusse," p. 5.

<sup>2</sup> St. John xix. 11.

religion, the rights of conscience, the Church, and the Holy See.

If any one has been inclined to doubt as to the character, tendency, and aims of the ecclesiastical policy pursued by the new German Empire, under the guidance of the man to whose counsels that Empire owes its origin and its success, he must now be finally convinced by the manner in which the new measures of Prince Bismarck have been forced through the Parliament at Berlin. The Church in Germany is now face to face with a persecutor as ruthless as Diocletian, and as powerful as Napoleon. These are days in which strength, vigour, and unscrupulousness of any kind are sure to elicit a certain amount of adulation, and the homage which waits upon such qualities in general has not been wanting to the German Chancellor. But the success, as far as it can be called success, of Prince Bismarck, has met with applause which the candid and thoughtful French Protestant whom we have already quoted does not hesitate to characterize as scandalous. "What is most serious of all," says M. de Pressensé, "is that public opinion is going astray even in countries which, as England, are the classic lands of religious liberty. The religious policy of the German Empire receives there felicitations, which we must allow ourselves to consider scandalous. We know that the English Parliament would never permit any one of the laws proposed at Berlin to be submitted to discussion. But it would be well for people not to approve what they would not do. Now more than ever must we raise ourselves above sectarian passions, and say to ourselves that the persecution which is striking our religious adversary is striking that which is our common good and our only safeguard in the struggle of ideas and beliefs—I mean the liberty of conscience."

Further on in the same article, M. de Pressensé gives some notable instances—not in England—of the manner in which the principle of the liberty of conscience has been thrown to the winds by Protestants and Freethinkers in their delight at seeing the sword of State control over religion turned against the Catholics. In Berlin itself the



*New Evangelical Gazette* recognized, he tells us, as far back as the beginning of February last, the dangers with which the new legislation threatened all religions alike. "These laws," it said, "contain some points dangerous to ourselves. But the remedy for a grave malady must necessarily be severe. We know well that it is at Ultramontanism that the new laws are directed, and that it is only for the sake of maintaining a legal parity that the Evangelical Church is not exempted from their application. Let us have good courage as to our own concerns. No doubt it would have been better not to meddle with anything but the Catholic Church, since the danger to the State comes only from the Pope and the bishops. They alone ought to have been punished, and the Evangelical Church should have been left in possession of her ancient customs. But never mind. Since the Government has not courage enough to deal with Catholicism alone, let us accept the restrictions, such as they are, which are imposed upon ourselves." M. de Pressensé also gives an account of a lecture of a professor at Basle, M. de Goltz, delivered before the University of that city early in the year. This M. H. de Goltz, he tells us, belongs to the "liberal Evangelical" school in Germany, a party respectable for its comparative prudence and orthodoxy. But the proceedings of Prince Bismarck have fairly carried M. de Goltz, and, as it seems, his party, off their legs, and they are ready to provide the Chancellor with a brand new theory of morality to justify his acts and cover them under the name of virtues. There are two codes of morality—one for individual persons, another to guide the State in its defence of right. "High politics"—*la grande politique*—are emancipated from the rules of ordinary morality, the narrow maxims of which must not be applied in their case. Simple mortals cannot take that comprehensive view of affairs which an intelligent Government possesses. Such poor creatures, therefore, are sometimes wanting in the respect due to great functionaries in looking on measures aimed at the public good, and tending to secure the supreme interests of the State, as instances of vulgar violence and iniquity. This principle M. de Goltz uses to

justify the severities and the ruthless exactions of the late war with France. The greatness of the end justifies the means, and if Prince Bismarck is about to follow the same high morality in trampling down the rights of conscience among Catholics, the professor is quite ready to applaud him. In short, as M. de Pressensé says—*Il raisonne ou déraisonne sur ce point comme le dernier des Jacobins.*

One more notable instance we shall quote from M. de Pressensé, because it may be a warning to Englishmen who may be inclined to trust to the liberality and tolerance of that rising class of writers and politicians among ourselves, the only article of whose creed it is that nothing is true. We had lately to draw attention to some outbursts of the persecuting spirit in such men, which may have taken the unthinking portion of the public somewhat by surprise. It ought not, however, to seem wonderful that men who are trying to persuade themselves to believe nothing should be ready to tear to pieces those who believe more. After some remarks on the last work of Strauss, *The Old and New Faith*, M. de Pressensé remarks that after having demolished all the most sacred articles of belief of the human race, this author—

Retains of the past one single dogma, one only mystery, namely, the royalty of right divine, under which he wishes to shelter a very narrow and implacable conservatism, for no one has spoken more hardly of the people and of its aspirations. It is clear that he wishes to give some security to property, which might well take alarm at his negations. He guarantees property by putting its possessors under the safeguard of that inexplicable power of royalty which has at least the recommendation of eluding the grasp of reason, and the inexorable logician hesitates not a moment to prostrate himself before this new mystery. He also says his word about the religious struggle in Prussia, and this word is an encouragement to the most severe measures against Catholicism. I translate his own words. "As to the relations between the Church and the State, we for our part shall be the warmest partisans of the men who wish at the present time to regulate these relations in the sense of the public good and of liberty of thought [!]. We therefore express our desire that the firm and energetic hand of the Chancellor of the Empire may not be fettered in its work by the interference of weaker hands. For ourselves, we have never asked of the State anything but that which Diogenes asked of Alexander—that the shadow of the Church may no longer lie across our way."

The shadow of the Church! That then, after all, is the one great bugbear to Strauss and men of the same



stamp. Catholics know that the Church is the great benefactor of humanity and of society: that, though her direct work is to prepare souls for the eternal society in heaven, she yet discharges this her mission in such a way as to regenerate, restore, confirm, and illuminate and invigorate human life in all its manifestations, the life of each individual person, the life of the family, the State, the community of nations. We know that she is the mother and nurse of all that is beautiful and true and noble in art, or science, or philosophy; that in every field of material or intellectual activity it is the Church that has been the pillar of fire to lead society on to its proudest and most beneficent conquests. Language and thought of the kind which we meet with on the lips and in the writings of men such as the unhappy infidel of whom we are speaking, can only be the language and thought of a madman to those who know what that is of which he speaks so savagely. What wonder, then, if we should have to prepare ourselves to witness all the violence of maniacs from men of these opinions, if a turn of the wheel of fortune should bring them into power?

## II.

The German persecution has probably come upon the Church in general as a surprise. We live in days of sudden violent changes and of rapid developments: but a few years ago if Catholics in general had been asked to fix in what quarter of Europe the Church would be the soonest exposed to fierce persecution, they would probably have fixed upon several other countries rather than on Germany. Up to the very close of the last war the sympathies of Catholics were strongly enlisted in favour of the German nation. The arrangements made by the treaties of Vienna had for many years kept the country back. It was felt that Germans had not that influence in European affairs which their number and character deserved. The war itself had the appearance, at least, of being the result of intolerable vanity or ambition on the part of France, and if the issue had been different, if the armies of the French Emperor—which, as he declared at

the opening of the campaign, were sent forth to propagate the principles of 1789—had besieged and taken Berlin, and made peace on the conditions of a large cession of German territory to the conquerors, there would have been few friends of religion and of the Church who would not have trembled at the prospect opened by the development of a new military supremacy on the Continent wielded by the man to whom we owe Castel Fidardo and the Italian kingdom. Although Germany was not a Catholic power, the Church enjoyed some practical freedom in her dominions, and her privilege of self-government was guaranteed by the Prussian Constitution. In the matter of higher education, Catholics were unduly shackled, and they were not on an equality with Protestants in the distribution of public offices. But on the whole they had reason to be content with their condition in Germany. There was nothing to make Catholics anticipate any disaster from her victory, and, as a matter of fact, the Catholic Germans shed their blood as freely and loyally for the common cause as any other class of the subjects or allies of King William. While the Catholics of France were profoundly displeased at the policy of the Emperor Napoleon towards the Holy See, and looked upon the abandonment of Rome at the beginning of the war as the consummation of a long meditated betrayal of the Pope into the hands of his enemies, the German Catholics had no special subjects of grievance against their own Government, and might even look forward to its triumph in the struggle with France as an event which might issue in considerable benefit to the cause so dear to their own hearts.

But warlike triumphs, beyond all others, seem to have the effect of intoxicating those to whose lot they fall. If there were no religion in the world, her conquerors would be her gods, and in proportion as pride, the natural offspring of success, is able to drive religion out of the hearts of the poor creatures of a day who find themselves for the moment at the top of the wave, just so far are they blind enough to believe in their own divinity. But there is one throne which always towers above these self-crowned masters of the world. The preeminent height of the

loftiest mountains is never seen until the lower hills which surround their base have been surmounted. It was after Austerlitz that Napoleon found that he could not rest while there was still a Pope in Europe; and it would seem that it was after Prince Bismarck had overthrown first Austria and then France that he found to his surprise that all his victories did not avail to raise him more nearly to a level with the power of the Church. The modern Kehama, with his heel on the neck of

The vanquished Lord of Padalon,

was tempted to bid Seeva himself look to his abode! This, we are inclined to think, will be the account which historians will give of the policy which Prince Bismarck adopted when he determined to assault the Church. No doubt, there were many considerations which the political speculators of the day might allege for such a change. Prince Bismarck may have seen in the Catholic Church of Germany an organization which, as he feared, might oppose his plans for the unification of the Empire. He may have imagined that some, at least, of the bishops were hostile to those plans. Perhaps he sought for aid from Rome for purposes of his own secular policy, and was rebuffed. Perhaps he persuaded himself that unless he could get the German Catholics entirely under his own control, there might be danger of their sympathizing with France in any fresh struggle. Despots, and especially upstart and *parvenu* despots, are always anxious to turn a national clergy into an Imperial police. Again, the Chancellor may have greatly exaggerated the importance or the prospects of the clique of Professors who have headed what is called the Old Catholic movement, and he may have hoped to find in them the nucleus of a national Church of which his master might himself be the practical Pope, after the example of Henry the Eighth and Elizabeth. Or, once more, he may have found it worth his while to purchase the alliance of the, so called, Liberal party in Germany, and especially in South Germany, whose services might be indispensable to him in any design he may entertain of ruining Austria more completely than she is already

ruined, and so adding her German population to the national unity whose centre is at Berlin. The German Liberals, even those who are most "irreconcilable" in their hatred to despotism and desire for democracy, might nevertheless be won to help the Chancellor if he would but lay his hands upon the Jesuits and quarrel with the Holy See. We have seen how men of the school of Strauss are ready to bow down before any one who will attack religion, and, to do Prince Bismarck justice, he has not hitherto found anything but applause from the Prussian Liberals, who—as would many an English Liberal under similar circumstances—have thrown all their principles aside in their delight at assisting at the baiting of bishops and Jesuits. It remains to be seen, however, whether it may not turn out that the Chancellor has been playing a dangerous game in thus doing the work of allies, who are by no means certain not to repeat the lesson of tyranny, when their turn comes, in a manner which may hardly be pleasant to himself.

But, after all, we believe, as we have said, that history will account for the present turn of policy—if policy it can be called—in the German Chancellor, mainly by the fact that he has not escaped the moral intoxication, which so often haunts great success. It is impossible to give a satisfactory explanation of the infatuated conduct pursued by Napoleon the First towards the Holy See, without giving such considerations their natural weight in the estimate. And it must be remembered that Prince Bismarck, unlike Napoleon, has had constantly present to himself, amid all the enthusiastic adulation which has fed his ears and eyes, a spectacle as galling to whatever there may be of pride in his composition as was the sight of Mardochai the Jew to Aman the Agagite. "And all the king's servants, that were at the doors of the palace, bent their knees and worshipped Aman, for so the Emperor had commanded them; only Mardochai did not bend the knee nor worship him."<sup>3</sup> The "Centre" in the Landtag is alone in its refusal to bow the head before Bismarck. There are, indeed, here and there among those who belong to the

<sup>3</sup> Esther iii. 2.

servility, but the Centre alone, as a party, has dared to withstand him, to attack and contradict him openly, and to expose his misstatements and his illegal conduct. The Chancellor has writhed before this independent opposition, now trying to detach it from its leaders, or its leaders from it, now endeavouring to cast suspicion upon it in the minds of Catholics, as if it were disapproved at Rome. All has been in vain. The Centre has not been successful, but it has fought honourably and unflinchingly for justice and liberty, and by so doing has earned the gratitude and esteem of right thinking men all over Germany, for it has, in truth, been alone in withstanding the personal tyranny of the Chancellor, as well as the destructive principle of the unbounded supremacy of the State. We may hope that the new elections will show that the country in general has appreciated this conduct duly.

Whether any of the motives above enumerated have actuated Prince Bismarck in his policy towards the Church since the close of the war, we may at least be certain as to what was *not* the reason of that policy. We may be quite certain that the astute Chancellor was not prompted to insult and oppress fourteen millions of German Catholics out of a pure zeal for the promotion of the Protestant religion. It is true that Prince Bismarck himself, in the discussion on one of the educational laws passed last year, yielded to that temptation to ironical hypocrisy which seems to fascinate so many modern statesmen, and found the courage to speak of the new German Empire as an "Evangelical Empire." As Prince Bismarck seldom betrays passion, we must suppose that this curious statement was made after due calculation as to its possible effects on the Prussian House of Lords, to whom it was addressed, and that the Chancellor paid that noble assembly the compliment of thinking that it would believe him when he went on to declare that a plan had been formed to enable France to have her revenge by means, in the first instance, of religious complications in Germany. "The desire is," said the Chancellor, "to paralyze German unity. An influential part of the Catholic clergy, directed from Rome other parties, noble exceptions to the general rule of

itself, serves the policy of France, because the attempts at a restoration in the States of the Church attach themselves to her." The idea of the German clergy "serving the policy of France" in any question between France and Germany, is supremely ridiculous, but for a Minister of State to put it forward in the Prussian Parliament was to utter a calumny against the patriotism of men who, in the late war, gave the greatest possible proofs of their devotion to their country, the moral turpitude of which it is difficult to characterize as it deserves. It shows that Prince Bismarck quails at nothing. And yet, as the Pharisees unconsciously prophesied when they anticipated that the "Romans would come and take away their place and nation," it is not at all impossible that the irony of history may verify his pretended alarms, and that his own ecclesiastical policy may be one of the chief causes of the chastisement of his country at the hands of France or Europe. He had a golden opportunity of gathering round the new Imperial throne of Germany the very sympathies of which he pretends to be afraid, and of making his sovereign practically take the place of the "Emperor of the West" by protecting the Holy See. Italy he cannot be afraid of. France he has reason to fear, because he has outraged and dismembered her. Yet the French Catholics, profoundly disgusted and ashamed as they are at the conduct of their own extinct Empire towards the Holy See, would have hesitated to wish ill to Germany if she had pursued a moderate and fair ecclesiastical policy, and they would have become even enthusiasts in her cause if she had taken an active line against the Italian oppressors of the Church. Prince Bismarck has chosen to force disloyalty on the German Catholics, rather than to conciliate Catholic sympathies all over the world.

Once more. If it cannot be believed that the German Chancellor has been honestly driven by a zeal for the religion of his country—if his country has any religion at all—to assume the attitude of a persecutor of the Church, still less can we give credence to the statements so continually made, both among ourselves and in Germany, that this new attitude assumed by the civil power in the latter

country has been forced upon it by the Vatican Council and the dogma of Infallibility.<sup>4</sup> This is one of the cuckoo notes of the day, repeated by orators and writers who have never put themselves to the pains of inquiring what the Council has done, and what the dogma of Infallibility really means; one of those platitudes which, to the disgrace of civilized Europe, are still allowed not only to pass current, but to exercise a serious influence upon popular thought and political action. It was a platitude of this kind which made England the laughingstock of nations when Lord John Russell wrote his Durham Letter; it is a platitude of the same kind about Catholic bishops aiming at unlimited domination in the sphere of education, and another about the Catholic religion being the enemy of science and mental culture, which to this moment prevent even a well meaning British Government from daring to carry out what simple justice requires in the case of the Irish University. This is not the place for an essay on Infallibility, nor are we by any means desirous of blinking the full significance and importance of the Vatican definition. All that is necessary here is to point out that the definition has for all practical purposes left Infallibility exactly what it has been from the beginning of the Church, and has added nothing to former declarations except in so far as it has precisely pointed out the organ of Infallibility. Even those outside ought to recognize an overwhelming proof that no fundamental change can possibly have been effected, in the undoubted fact that the Church from one end of the world to the other does not recognize or complain of any change. If the action of the Council had been in truth the result of the intrigues of a camarilla, it is certainly somewhat strange that the Church throughout the world should never have found it out. But perhaps it will be said that the Vatican Council and its definitions threaten not the Church, but civil society as such, and that it is in the

<sup>4</sup> It may be remembered that, *before* he adopted his new policy towards the Church, Prince Bismarck had declared that a dogma which was held by so many millions of German subjects ought of necessity to be treated with respect by the Government.



interests of the State that Prince Bismarck insists upon assuming the control of the ministers of religion. To this the answer is easy. The German Empire, armed to the teeth, with its countless fortresses, its legions of regular soldiers and its Landwehr, its treasury full of money wrung from the taxpayers of France, the Empire which acknowledges no equal among European powers, and is ready to claim to be the arbiter of the world, must be strangely conscious of its own inherent weakness before the moral force of a power which rests only upon conscience, if it is alarmed at the attitude of the "kingdom not of this world," the earthly ruler of which is a prisoner in the Vatican. And if it is really conscious that moral force must in the end prevail over material violence and legalized injustice, it is certainly giving a strange exemplification of its convictions in this respect by a fresh attempt to restrain conscience by violence, and to employ against the forces of religious faith those very weapons of brute strength the inefficiency of which it is supposed to know. In this point of view, it is adopting the suicidal policy of invigorating by outrage and persecution that very power which it professes so much to dread.

## III.

It is much to be regretted that no sufficiently clear or concise narrative of the successive stages of the present persecution in Germany has been laid before the English public. Notwithstanding the shameful servility with which many leading organs of public opinion have either fawned upon Prince Bismarck, or, at least, thrown a veil over his proceedings, we can hardly think so badly of Englishmen in general as to believe that such a narrative could have failed to produce among them that general indignation which tyranny of this sort deserves. We are precluded by our own limited space from attempting any such narrative, but we shall endeavour to put forward the salient features of the present state of affairs, from which it will be easy to gather how far the persecution has hitherto proceeded, and what must be the next scenes in this odious drama.



The war against Catholicism in the Prussian dominions began almost immediately after the close of the war with France, in 1871. It is said—and it has even been asserted in the German Parliament, without, as far as we know, any contradiction—that Prince Bismarck wrote to the Italian Government immediately after the surrender of the French army at Sedan, urging the instant occupation of Rome. The King of Prussia, however, some time after, promised a deputation of Catholic noblemen that he would use his influence in favour of the Pope. In the early part of 1871 the Reichstag petitioned the new Emperor, who was then at Versailles, against all intervention in the affairs of foreign countries. This address was aimed at the Centre, who were forced to oppose it. This Parliamentary incident had probably a very great influence on the current of events, but the first open indication of the policy which Prince Bismarck had determined upon, was occasioned by the refusal of some of the Professors of the Catholic College at Breslau to adhere to the definitions of the Vatican Council. The bishop censured them, but the Minister of Worship refused to deprive them of their position, on the ground that they held the Catholic doctrine such as it was when the College was founded. The same course was pursued at Bonn. The war, therefore, began by support given by the State to members of the Old Catholic schism in their rebellion against the authorities of the Church, and as the Universities are State institutions, no Catholic professors could be appointed side by side with the teachers of error. We shall see presently that there can be no doubt that Prince Bismarck has looked, and perhaps still looks, to the “Old Catholics” as likely to be of great service to him in his attempt to form a national Church, as obedient to the State as that of Russia is, or as that of England was in the days of Elizabeth and the Stuarts. This refusal of the Government to cooperate with the Catholic bishops in so vital a measure as the destitution of heretical professors, was followed by the suppression of the special department in the Ministry of Public Worship at Berlin which had hitherto dealt with all Catholic affairs requiring the action

of the Government, and to which the bishops had been in the habit of addressing themselves.

These, however, were measures rather indicating the malevolence of the Government than direct attacks on the Church. In the first Session of 1872 began that course of legislative persecution which has written so many disgraceful pages on the code of Prussia, and which reminds the historical student of the penal codes of England and Ireland. The first bill, in order of time, unless we are mistaken, was a measure directly intended to intimidate Catholic preachers—rather, perhaps, to put the person of any popular and able ecclesiastic at the mercy of the police. It is well known that in Russia the clergy of the established Church are not allowed to preach except the homilies provided or revised by the State, and it was probably the Russian model which Prince Bismarck had before his mind when he put forward the Bavarian Minister in the Reichstag to complain of Catholic sermons as a danger to the Empire. If the danger had been imminent and portentous, if the French army had crossed one frontier and the Russian army the other, Prince Bismarck could not have been more solemnly urgent, nor the Assembly which he addressed more impetuously docile. The bill was passed in the greatest haste, and the well acted panic was soothed by an insertion among the laws of the Empire that “any ecclesiastic who in the exercise or by occasion of his function should speak of State affairs before an assembly in a manner that might appear dangerous to the public peace, might be condemned to two years’ incarceration in a prison or a fortress.” We are not aware how far this blustering piece of legislation has been acted upon: but the power which it puts into the hands of the Government is easily understood. What is particularly curious is the apparent unconsciousness with which the German Chancellor so pointedly directs the attention of those a little better read in the New Testament and the history of the Church than himself to the precedent which he appears anxious to follow. Perhaps Prince Bismarck does not know Who was the first Christian Preacher Who was accused of disturbing the

public peace, or who were the accusers who brought against Him the charge of forbidding people to give Cæsar his due.<sup>5</sup>

The next law against religion, passed also in 1872, was an attack on primary education. By this measure all inspection of primary schools was taken out of the hands of the clergy, and seized by the Government, even in schools not founded by the State, but by private beneficence. We may imagine the sort of sensation which such a measure would produce in this country: but when it is passed in Germany, and the sufferers are the children and parents in Catholic and (practically) denominational schools, Englishmen have nothing but applause for the farseeing genius of the statesman who imposed this grievance on his fellow-countrymen, and who took the occasion of the discussion of the law to make a solemn profession of his loving, evangelical, and Christian faith! This law, like the former, was voted with a precipitant haste worthy of people seized by a sudden panic—under which, perhaps, the religious professions of the Chancellor may have somewhat consoled his dupes.<sup>6</sup> Meanwhile, care

<sup>5</sup> M. de Pressensé, whose article in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* we follow more or less in the course of these remarks, without confining ourselves to it, tells us that this thoroughly persecuting law provoked severe criticism even outside the Catholic camp. Speaking of the Court preachers at Berlin, whose servility seems to be beyond all bounds, he tells a good anecdote of a sermon preached in the cathedral on the return of the Prussian army after its victories over France. The preacher took for his text the words of Abraham to the King of Sodom—"From the very woof thread to the shoe latchet, I will not take of any things that are thine" (Gen. xiv. 23). "This," he says, "was in the intention of the clumsy flatterer an allusion to the piety of the Germans, which was to take nothing from the irreligion of the French. But we can understand the cruel irony which this text contained, just after the conquest of Alsace and Lorraine, in the presence of an army enriched with booty. Happily the famous law against pulpit offences had not yet been passed, otherwise there is no knowing what might have happened" (p. 20).

<sup>6</sup> We believe the history of the question to be something of this kind. Schools, till the end of the last century, were considered in Prussia as dependencies of the respective Churches, though the Government claimed the power of regulating even Church schools by its own laws. The legislation of the present century has taken Universities and high schools out of the hand of the Church, leaving her only the primary schools, which are practically "confessional." The Constitution of 1850 promised a new law on schools, but this was never made, and the law now passed professes to fulfil the promise. It must be added that in Prussia parents are punished if children do not attend school.

had been taken to organize petitions from various parts of the Empire for the suppression of the Jesuits. It is very well known that the Government encouraged, if it did not, as is most probable, originate this movement. Then followed the law which elicited so much admiration on the score of religious liberty from the English noblemen and gentlemen who addressed Prince Bismarck on the subject a year ago. All members of the Society of Jesus, and of the orders "affiliated" to it, might be sent out of any part of the country by the police, even when they were natives of Germany, and the Society itself, with the congregations supposed to be allied to it, was banished from the soil of the German Empire.<sup>7</sup>

Measures like these, as all know, have often been passed before—never without misfortune and discredit falling upon their authors. What is peculiar in the present case is that these laws were voted in what professes to be a free Parliament of a country containing many millions of Catholics, were supported by the professed friends of liberty, and applauded, as we have said, by Englishmen. The insolent indifference

<sup>7</sup> The law prohibits all communities of Jesuits, and all work proper to the Institute (*Ordens Thätigkeit*). It banishes all foreign Jesuits, and puts native Jesuits under the surveillance of the police, which may at its discretion confine them to any spot in the Empire. They are not allowed to preach, to hear confessions, or say mass in public. In some cases when the communities were broken up, and individual Jesuits returned to their houses, they were banished even thence, on the ground that the Empire was in danger! The clause about "affiliated congregations" leaves all Catholic associations of every kind at the mercy of the Government, and there is no appeal allowed from the interpretation put on the clause by the Government. Practically, the hand of the Government has been very heavy. One Archbishop (of Cologne) pleaded for the retention of the Redemptorists after he had lost the Jesuits, saying that in the absence of the latter he could not dispense with the former. He was answered that that was one more reason why the Redemptorists should be expelled. Another bishop argued that if the Redemptorists were to be sent away, the Government might on the same grounds expel Capuchins and Franciscans. The answer to him was that his remarks showed that the two last named orders ought to go as well as the other. The usual ruthless violence was shown in the discussion on the law. The thousands of addresses in favour of the Jesuits were disregarded altogether, and all the demands of the centre for facts to justify the allegations made by the Government, or for the punishment of any individual Jesuit who might be found guilty of any disloyalty, leaving the remainder free, were treated with scorn.

to facts contained in the implied, but notoriously false, assertion that there are any orders or congregations "affiliated" to the Society of Jesus, is characteristic of Prince Bismarck. Accuracy in such matters as these is of as little importance to him as to a Chinese mandarin or a Japanese secretary of state. He meant to strike a sweeping blow, and intimidate those whom it did not directly reach—by and bye he might find time enough to disclose whom he meant to attack. Nearly a year after the bill itself was passed, he condescended to explain that the orders "affiliated" to the Society of Jesus were the Lazarists, the Redemptorists, and the Congregations of the Holy Ghost, and (apparently) the Sacred Heart. No doubt the Society of Jesus might feel proud of the children whom Prince Bismarck has been so good as to fasten upon it, but it has no more to do with them than the Swiss Republic has to do with the United States of America. Their origin is different, their rule different, their object and their spirit entirely different, as far as entire difference is possible in the case of any religious orders whatsoever in the Catholic Church. The law, in fact, has given to the Government the practical power of banishing any religious person or community whatsoever from the territory of the German Empire. The definition which may be used to distinguish the orders or congregations kindred or allied or affiliated to the Jesuits is perfectly elastic, and may be stretched to anything at the will of Prince Bismarck, or the Ministers who may succeed him.

Persecutors like Prince Bismarck seldom pause in their career. It is perhaps well that they should not—that there should never be room among sensible men for the ignoble temptation to accept toleration for themselves when their best allies and most devoted brethren have been struck down. At all events, it must be confessed that Prince Bismarck has paid the bishops and secular clergy of the Empire the high, though well deserved, compliment, of showing his conviction that his aim could never be gained merely by expelling Jesuits, Redemptorists, and Lazarists by brute force from the German soil. The

clergy, and above all the bishops, remained to disturb his sleep. Whether so great a man reads history or not, we cannot tell; perhaps he contents himself with making it, and writing one black page after another in the history of Prussia and of Europe. If he were a student of the past, he might be supposed in his next measures to have studied the examples of Joseph the Second and Napoleon the First—without, however, taking the pains of reading his lesson to the end, and remembering how Joseph desired that it might be written on his tomb that there lay one who had been unfortunate in all that he undertook, and how Napoleon died a prisoner on a torrid rock in the Atlantic Ocean. We ought, perhaps, to repeat what we have already hinted, that the remarkably flourishing and satisfactory state of the national Church in the Russian Empire may perhaps have been side by side with the work of Joseph and of Napoleon in the delightful dreams of the German Chancellor. If, as appears to us utterly impossible, the Catholic Church in Germany were to submit to be reduced to the state contemplated for her by the last and finishing measures of Prince Bismarck's legislation, her clergy and bishops would be as entirely enslaved as the Russian "popes," and their action reduced to that paralysis at which Josephism aimed. The four laws which have lately been passed, and which were promulgated, we believe, in the course of May last, would be intolerable in principle even if the Government which is to administer them were the most Catholic in the world, and they will certainly be intolerable both in principle and in working in the hands of Prince Bismarck and of Dr. Falk. The clergy are to receive their education in the national Universities, or, in the case of some towns where Universities do not exist, in seminaries authorized and controlled by the Government. The bishops are to have nothing to do with their education. When this is finished, they are to pass a State examination. We can easily anticipate the sort of lessons in theology, in canon law, as to the relations of Church and State, as to Infallibility and the Roman Pontiff, which the candidates for the Catholic priesthood will have to receive, as well as the fate of the

unfortunate young man who may venture to answer his examiners in the only way in which a Catholic Christian can answer them. We have lately witnessed the energetic refusal of the Catholic bishops of Ireland to allow Catholic youths, whether destined for the priesthood or not, to be taught even on the most indifferent subjects by those who do not hold the true faith. If Mr. Gladstone had erected chairs of theology and ecclesiastical history in his abortive University, filled them with Protestants or apostate Catholics, forced all clerical students to attend the lectures and be examined in them as a condition for a necessary degree, we should have had some sort of faint image of what Prince Bismarck has done in Germany. Even the preparatory schools, the *petits seminaires* as they are called abroad, are to be subjected to a severe State inspection. Moreover, they are to take no new pupils, and no increase in their number is to be allowed.

Having thus laid hold of the future ecclesiastic from his earliest years, and trained him in the views as to State and Church which are likely to make him a subservient and contented policeman of the former, the German Chancellor then presents him imperiously to the Catholic bishop for ordination. It is not, we believe, yet enacted that the bishop may refuse no one who comes to him with the Government certificate of fitness; but he certainly can institute no priest who is not supported by the Government, whose consent and approval is thus made the condition of the appointment of every pastor to the charge of souls. Perhaps it crossed the mind of the Chancellor that his model priest might not get on very well with the ecclesiastical authorities when once forced upon them as the pastor of a parish. At all events, he has taken care to give his favoured child all possible protection against episcopal authority. All causes of ecclesiastical discipline, and all inflictions of censure or punishment on the part of bishops, are to be submitted to a high court of justice, the judges of which are to decide, not according to ecclesiastical law or precedent, but according to their own judgment. Again, no act that is approved by the State can be subjected to ecclesiastical punishment, and



it is expressly forbidden to pay any attention to decisions which emanate from any ecclesiastical authority which is not German. We can easily understand how wide a door is thus opened to insubordination or rebellion among the lower clergy. Priests, after all, are men, and we have only to remember scenes that have lately taken place in Irish law courts, or others that occurred some years ago in this country, when Cardinal Wiseman was Archbishop of Westminster, to convince ourselves that the temptation which is thus deliberately offered by the Prussian Government may sometimes be yielded to.<sup>8</sup>

The last mentioned law is aimed, as every one can see, at that connection with the centre of ecclesiastical government at Rome which is the life of all Church discipline. It is only right to add that the condition of the Church in Prussia, though, we believe, practically a condition of tolerable liberty, was already, before the new laws, sufficiently hard, at least in theory. The bishops are elected by chapters, but the State claims a right of exclusion as to any candidate. This right is not conferred by the Convention, but is based upon an arbitrary interpretation of it, which has been more than once shown to be strained. Moreover, just as Napoleon the First added the "Organic Laws" to his Concordat with Pius the Seventh, against which laws the Church protested in vain, so the State in Prussia, more than thirty years ago, added its own articles to the agreement entered into with the Pope—articles which were also protested against by the Holy See. According to these articles, all ecclesiastical acts had to receive the permission of the State before they were promulgated, and this rule applied even to Papal briefs and bulls. The late King, Frederick William the Fourth, however, solemnly gave up the claim to restrain intercourse with Rome, and the "*placet*" was resigned by the Constitution of 1850. But the education of the clergy is already confined to seminaries approved by the State, ecclesiastical

<sup>8</sup> Among the insulting features of the bill about ecclesiastical discipline, is a clause forbidding corporal punishment to be used—as if such means were ever employed. Moreover, if a priest declines to appeal to the secular court against his bishop, it may be done in his name by the "President."

causes may not be carried before foreign judges, and the civil tribunals might be appealed to in case of any supposed excess of ecclesiastical power. These rules, stringent as they are, do not, therefore, satisfy Prince Bismarck. It must also be remembered that the clergy in Germany, including the bishops, are in a very different position from our own hierarchy and priests. Nowhere on the Continent, as far as we are aware, is the clergy independent of the State for its support, and foreign ecclesiastics find it as hard to understand the state of things in England, Ireland, and America—the state of things under which people support their own clergy, and build and maintain their own churches, without aid from the State—as we should find it difficult to conceive existing among ourselves that State provision for all those wants to which our brethren abroad are accustomed. The cases in which we receive assistance from public funds are chiefly those in which schools are thus supported or aided, and if the school is our own property we can carry it on, if we choose, for ourselves, rejecting the aid of the State if proffered on conditions to which we cannot agree. The condition of Catholics in Germany is far harder than our own in all these respects.

We must mention one more measure in order to complete the picture of Prince Bismarck's ecclesiastical legislation. The Chancellor is kind enough to provide by a special law for persons who may wish to pass from one religious confession or Church to another. The conditions required are easy enough. The law has little importance except as indicating the design of its author. It is obviously framed with the view of meeting the case of any who may wish to join the "Old Catholics," on whom it appears tolerably certain that Prince Bismarck once reckoned very much, if he does not still reckon upon them. He would be glad above all things, no doubt, to found a German National Church, of which—so much are times changed—he might himself, instead of the Emperor William, be the Henry the Eighth. Can he hope for Cranmers and Latimers to help him? Certainly not. He can have no hope whatever of bending the bishops to

his new creed of the deification of the State. But still something may be done, perhaps, with a few of the clergy. The "Old Catholics" already number among themselves, we are grieved to say, some apostate priests; they are, or were lately, intending to have a bishop consecrated by the Jansenist Archbishop of Utrecht. This unhappy man, however, died suddenly on the very day of the election of the intended "Old Catholic" bishop. As the Jansenist see of Haarlem is also vacant, there remains but one bishop (of Deventer) of the Jansenist succession. We have not yet heard whether he has gone so far as to request Dr. Tait or Dr. Wordsworth to assist at the new consecration. If there were any real vitality in the "Old Catholic" movement, if it were really a movement which had enlisted the enthusiasm of large masses of Catholics in Germany, if it had a logical basis and definite principles to which it could adhere, and from which it could develop a substantial and reasonable system of religion and faith, there can be no doubt that the State, at least, would be happy enough to take it up and patronize it with an affection as tender as its hostility to true Catholicism is ferocious and relentless. Never had a religious movement a fairer opportunity of profiting by the applause and more substantial favours of a truly paternal Government. The arms of Bismarck are open to it, and he woos it with his most fascinating, if not altogether uncynical, smile. Alas! we fear the poor babe would expire in that iron embrace. Its little modicum of life would be squeezed out at once under the foldings of those mighty arms, which have thrown first Austria and then France upon their backs, and which may be even now nerving themselves for a deadly wrestle with the Czar.

The history of the manner in which these ecclesiastical laws have been carried through the Prussian Parliament is probably recent enough in the memory of our readers. That history is characteristic of the parties concerned in the struggle. The Chancellor was truculently *insouciant* and careless—occasionally, it must be said, sending out flashes of that deep religious feeling which, whether feigned or not, he certainly can at times display. The Catholics

fought vigorously in both houses of the Parliament, the "Left" deserted and sacrificed their principles with even greater vigour, and the Upper House resisted just enough to show how easily Prince Bismarck could overcome their resistance. A trifling hindrance occurred, which would certainly not have been trifling in any country in which Constitutional Government really existed. The new laws were contrary to the Constitution. So much the worse for the Constitution! If we are not mistaken, Prince Bismarck has himself more than once violated the Constitution without thinking it necessary to condescend to alter it. The Prussian Constitution is, in fact, a modern document, *octroyé* by the late King, who was in general a good and kind sovereign to the Catholics. This time, however, it was thought better that the Constitution should be legally changed, and that for the future its articles should register the perfect slavery of religion to the State.<sup>9</sup> It had before declared that the two religions, the Evangelical Church and the Catholic Roman Church, as well as any other religious society, administered and regulated their own affairs in full liberty. Now clauses were added declaring that the Churches remained subject to the laws and supervision of the State, and that the law was to fix the rights of the State as to education, as to the appointment and dismissal of ecclesiastics, and as to the limits of ecclesiastical discipline. According to all appearance, the changes in the Constitution and the four ecclesiastical laws already spoken of would have been carried through Parliament with the same precipitation as the bills of 1872, but that a delay of three weeks was required between the first and second readings of all Constitutional reforms. When we consider how long it takes to get even a moderate measure on any important subject through the British Houses of Commons and Lords, we may perhaps recommend Mr. Gladstone or Mr. Disraeli to consult with Prince Bismarck on his newly discovered principles of Parliamentary strategy. His bluff decision almost recalls the quickness of Moltke or Prince Frederick Charles in the

<sup>9</sup> It has been shown that the new laws are in fact a violation of the Constitution, even after the alterations.

field, and his campaign against all that existed of religious liberty in Prussia, was hardly inferior, in despatch and "thoroughness," to the campaign of Sadowa.<sup>10</sup>

## IV.

There are, however, some campaigns which are not decided by a single victory at the outset—nay, the calamitous issue of which may be traced to some such victory, which has led an aggressor, as in the case of Napoleon when he assailed Russia, to trust himself too far in a country which eats up its invaders, who find it as difficult to extricate themselves by a secure retreat as it was at

<sup>10</sup> Want of space must be our excuse for not mentioning in detail all the minor vexations and injustices which the Government has inflicted on the Catholic Church in Germany, some of them before the beginning of the legislative campaign of which we have sketched the main outlines. We have alluded to the maintenance in office of the rebellious professors at Breslau and Bonn, and to the suppression of the special department of Government for Catholic affairs. In the case of the Bishop of Ermeland, in which an unorthodox professor of divinity was maintained in office, and the students obliged to attend his lectures, the Government had to retrace its steps. The case of the "army bishop" who was suspended by the Government because he put a military chapel at Cologne under an interdict after the Government had allowed the "Old Catholics" to say mass there, is said to have been used with much art to influence the mind of the Emperor William against the Catholic cause. There have also been almost numberless prosecutions and confiscations in the case of Catholic newspapers, especially the best organ of Catholicism, the *Germania* of Berlin. Prince Bismarck, with all his power, is greatly afraid of the press, and we believe that if the English press had done its duty in speaking freely of his tyranny, it would not have been without its effect. But the English press sees no injustice in the most arbitrary persecution when it is directed against Catholicism. The Liberal press in Germany is somewhat, but only somewhat, better. We have little doubt of the popular feeling. Two anecdotes have reached us which may serve to show what that feeling is. Last Holy Saturday, in a town on the Rhine, when the Litanies of the Saints were chanted in the Catholic church, the whole congregation spontaneously repeated several times over the petition, *Ut inimicos sancte Ecclesie humiliare digneris, Te rogamus, audi nos*. Again, some time ago a deputation from a country village went to their Landrath, and begged that the Sisters who directed their schools might be left them. The official refused. "Well then," said the spokesman, "I am sorry for the victories we have gained over the French, and I wish our whole army had been defeated." "You cannot be in earnest," said the Landrath. "Yes," was the reply; "if the French had conquered the country, we should have had freedom in religion. And if you do not believe me, come to our village, and ask from house to house—every one will tell you the same."

first easy to advance in triumph. The case of a religious persecution resembles such a campaign. It is no real victory over those whom Prince Bismarck wishes to overcome, or to remove from his path, to have passed a series of disgraceful and unjust laws in a subservient Parliament. It is no real victory over the Catholics to have dragged the so called Liberals at his chariot wheels as he has trampled down right and conscience; it is no real victory even to have persuaded the Evangelical Church to content itself with timid remonstrances and partial concessions in its favour. Even in this, Prince Bismarck has not been completely successful: for some generous voices have been lifted up from the Liberal camp itself, characterizing in no measured language the folly and iniquity of his policy, and the Evangelicals themselves do not sit comfortably even under his assurances, no doubt perfectly sincere, that the new laws are not meant for them, and that their case is only nominally included in the new provisions in order to save the appearance of equal handed justice to all confessions. When the time comes for the Liberals to think that they can do without the alliance of Prince Bismarck, they will not remain his friends a moment longer on account of his ecclesiastical policy, and the true Liberal opinion of Germany, or any other country, can only be more and more alienated from him as he proceeds along the path of violence, which he must inevitably follow if he is to carry his new laws into execution. We may say the same of the Evangelicals. The Christian sense of all good men among them is already shocked at the new laws themselves, and when those laws are applied in all their severity to the Catholic body, the Chancellor will find that to keep down public indignation at his tyranny is a very different thing from marshalling a certain number of votes in either Chamber of his Parliament.

But, even if Prince Bismarck were to succeed far better than we believe he either has or will succeed with the Liberals and the Evangelicals, the real issue lies between him and the Catholics. The Catholics, who might have been an element of great strength, and who, on account of their numbers, must either be an element

of great strength or of great weakness, to the Empire, have been thoroughly alienated by the man whose business and aim and ambition it is to consolidate its unity. They are alienated already, and if the policy which has now been introduced be acted upon for a term of years, their alienation will only deepen in intensity. The Chancellor may not be able to understand the truth that there are people in the world who really care far more for religious interests than even for the highest temporal goods, such as the advancement of an Empire; but history might have shown him what his own mind and conscience are perhaps incapable of conceiving, that those statesmen are either secondrate in ability or blinded by passion who do not attach importance to the convictions of conscience. We hold it to be utterly impossible that the Catholics of Germany can submit to the new laws. Those laws can only be carried out to that issue which Prince Bismarck is foolish enough to desire—the formation of a national Church like that of England or of Russia—by the submission of the Catholics, bishops, clergy, and laity, to a state of things contrary to all their principles, and destructive, in its tendency, of all religion and piety. We are not unmindful of the miserable history of Joseph the Second and the system which goes by his name—a system which brought on the Austrian Empire a series of calamities which have not as yet run through their full course. Joseph the Second, unfortunately, found but little opposition from the bishops and clergy of his dominions, except in the Low Countries, and it may perhaps have crossed the mind of Prince Bismarck that the Church may submit to receive at his hands what she submitted to receive at the hands of the foolish son of Maria Teresa. But the measures now enacted in Prussia go far beyond any that were introduced by Joseph. There is a family likeness, but the characteristic features are far more boldly developed in the imitation than in the original. And there are, moreover, other features in the two cases respectively which make it very apparent that no kind of acquiescence can be expected from Catholic authorities in the instance now before us.

Joseph the Second was undoubtedly one of the most



wrong headed and mischievous monarchs that ever sat on a Catholic throne. We may say this of him without implying that he was not sincerely desirous of good in the measures with which his name is connected. At the same time he was in a manner the child of the period in which he was born—a period of decadence and degradation in Catholic countries, and notably in Catholic Courts, which had their legitimate issue in the misfortunes which fell upon dynasty after dynasty at the close of the last century, until there was not a single Catholic capital which had not been the scene either of internal revolution or of foreign occupation, and scarcely a Catholic sovereign who had not to become a fugitive, an exile, or a tributary. The era of the French Revolution is conspicuously the era of the chastisements of Catholic royalties. It was the descendant of the corrupting age of the Grande Monarque, which had been succeeded by the scarcely more profligate but far less splendid epoch of the Regency, the period during which infidelity, under the name of philosophy, and Jansenism, hardly disguised as Gallicanism, prepared Europe for the catastrophe which was to lead to her purification. Of this age, as we have said, Joseph the Second was the legitimate heir, and great in many ways as was his mother, Maria Teresa, the measures which her son adopted in his ecclesiastical policy were prepared and foreshadowed while she was still reigning. Prince Bismarck would have made an excellent ally of Kaunitz, but, fortunately for the Church, he comes just about a century too late to hope even for the partial success which attended the policy which Kaunitz introduced.

The parallel is singularly complete. Hardly a measure which the German Chancellor has conceived or carried into execution but may find its prototype in the legislation of Joseph the Second. The suppression of the Jesuits, the introduction of bad teaching in the Universities, the issue of a Government Catechism, the "Aulic decrees," by which intercourse with Rome was cut off, the prohibition laid on the bishops whereby they were prevented from issuing mandates or charges to the clergy without first submitting them to the bureaucracy of the State,

the interference with marriage as to dispensations and impediments, the suppression of hundreds of convents, the confiscation of the property of religious orders, the reduction of seminaries to the condition of Government schools, the foundation of general seminaries independent of the bishops, the introduction of Protestant histories and Gallican books of canon law into the course of clerical education—all these measures, together with the direct usurpation of Pontifical rights and interference with decrees even affecting doctrine, form the parts of that detestable policy which brought Joseph almost to an open rupture with the Catholic Church, which were heavily chastised even in his lifetime, and which his successors have been unwittingly expiating for more than three quarters of a century. But Joseph was still a Catholic Emperor, and Pius the Sixth, one of the most longsuffering of Popes, hesitated to strike as long as there was any hope of recalling him to his duty. Joseph himself stopped short, frightened by his reverses, on the very edge of the precipice, and shortly before his death had to implore the help of the Pontiff whose heart he had so frequently and so deeply wounded, and who then, when it was too late, attempted to bring about a reconciliation between the Emperor and his outraged and revolted subjects in Flanders. The brief of Pius the Sixth was ineffectual, and within a month of its date Joseph had died, wishing the sentence to which we have already alluded to be engraven on his tomb, and professing in his last hour that he knew that his subjects did not love him, and that the public prayers made for his recovery could not come from their hearts.

The parallel between Joseph the Second and Prince Bismarck is so far striking that the Catholic prince and the Protestant minister rival each other in their insolent treatment of the Holy See, and that the details of their measures for the oppression of the Church are in many respects identical. On the other hand, there is the widest possible difference between the circumstances of the two. Bismarck is materially stronger than Joseph; he has more armed men, more cannon, more money at his command.

But he has greater dangers to cope with than Joseph ; for we must remember that he is surrounded by Powers who are ready to profit, whenever occasion serves, by the intestine weakness and discord which his measures are creating in the very heart of his not yet consolidated Empire. And the Church is infinitely stronger in our days than in the days of Joseph. Strong she always is with the strength of heaven, but we speak of that strength which consists in the union of her people with their pastors, of her pastors with the Holy See, in the living sympathy which binds together Catholics of different countries, in the moral weight of Christian opinion. All these elements of strength exist among us at present, thanks be to God, to an extent which cannot be affirmed of the Church of the last century. Joseph, alas ! it must be said, had many pliant bishops to second his views. There are a few noble names to be found of men who entered the lists against him, but the real weakness of the Holy See in his case consisted in this, that there was much ignorance, much apathy, much servility to the Court among the bishops and the clergy. Those who have paid any attention to the series of calm, forcible, and learned Pastorals which have lately issued from Fulda, and who know how the German clergy are rallying round their bishops and the support which the laity are affording to the clergy, will be able to tell how far different are the circumstances of the conflict which the Church has now to wage against the German Chancellor.

The Catholics of Germany are thus, for the time, in the front of the battle. The spirit of the world, writhing under the blows inflicted upon it by late declarations and definitions of the Church, has entrenched itself for the moment beneath the shadow of the colossal temporal Power which has arisen suddenly in their own country. They are invited to be Germans first, and then, if they please, Catholics—but Catholics after a new type, and according to the Gospel of Bismarck. We have little doubt that if invitation had come covered, as it were, with flowers ; if the Chancellor had sought to win them in dulcet strains, and disguised his designs beneath professions of friendship

and promises of protection and advancement, still the bishops and Catholics of Germany would have known how to unmask and reject the tempter. Catholics of our time have too much history to look back upon not to be alive to the real nature of the blandishments of those who invite them to sacrifice the purity of their faith to their nationality. But it has happened that the truculent roughness of Prince Bismarck has saved the Catholics of Germany from any such temptation. Confident in his own power—as confident as was Napoleon before he went to Russia—he thinks it not worth while to attempt to seduce when he is so well able to intimidate. He does his wooing with the bludgeon and the revolver, and scorns to hide the chains which he intends his victims to wear. So far, then, it is well that he has himself made his own success impossible. If his measures are carried out, they must entail great immediate trial and much suffering to the Church in the German Empire. But the trial must pass away with the tyranny of Bismarck himself, and the path of duty is as plain as it usually is in cases of violent persecution—as plain as in England in the days of Elizabeth, as plain as in Japan in the days of Taicosama. And, whether the suffering be long or short, it cannot but leave the Church in Germany strengthened, consolidated, developed, and glorified — strengthened by the fire of persecution, which will draw to it the sympathy and support of good men of every creed ; consolidated by the strain of battle, which must of necessity knit its members in closer union one with another, with the remainder of the Church, with the centre of unity and life at Rome ; developed by the necessary play and exercise of every vital energy and limb of the body which is forced to strive for life and honour ; glorified by the crown of victory and the aureole of martyrdom.

For the German Church, then, there can be no fear as to the issue of the struggle, though it may very likely be long enough and severe enough to call for all the power of Catholic prayer to aid those who have to bear the brunt of the battle. But for Germany herself ? It is sad, indeed, to see a new Power, a Power but just emerging from compa-

rative obscurity and weakness, which had a great career, perhaps, marked out for it by Providence, as the supporter of the Church and the instrument of many of her future conquests, fling itself, in its first moments of youthful vigour, against the throne which alone has the promise of perpetual strength—against the stone of which it is written that he that shall fall on it shall be broken, but that on whomsoever it shall fall, it shall grind him to powder. It is sad to see a State which had at least some of the traditions of ancient loyalty and of the principles of stable Government, take into its embrace the enemies of all social peace and political order, to use them against the Church, and by accepting their service, prepare its own doom, and put into their hands the weapons by which they are to destroy it. A double decree of Providence threatens the gigantic power of modern Prussia. All civil order reposes on the observance of natural rights, and especially of the rights of conscience. German democracy has been helping despotism to trample down the rights of the Catholic conscience. When its own hour of possession comes, it will emulate its teacher in destroying all other rights also. Germany has taken this great wrong, and written it on the sacred roll of her laws; she has taken a poison into her heart which will eat away her political strength and her social life. But there is a higher law yet, the execution of which may be delayed, but cannot be averted, except by the humiliation and penitence of those who have provoked it. The Church of God is under a special protection of Providence. He allows her to be tried and chastened and persecuted, for the purposes of her greater purification or His greater glory. But she inherits also the promise—"I will be an enemy to thy enemies, and will afflict them that afflict thee," and as to no laws do the records of history speak so clearly as to this, that persecutors of the Church seldom go to their graves unchastised.

The sympathies and prayers of the whole Catholic world are secured to the Catholics of Germany by the simple fact that they are under severe and cruel persecution. This, however, is no occasional or incidental persecution, if we may use such expressions. It has not

arisen merely from the accidental pride or infatuation of a particular statesman, though, as the older persecutions of the Roman Empire, it will probably take its name in history from the man who has set it on foot. The present persecution in Germany is the legitimate issue of the false doctrines as to the State in its relation to religion which have been for some time rife in many countries of Europe. The sixteenth and seventeenth centuries set up monarchy as an idol to be worshipped, and the eighteenth began the process, which has continued to our time, of the demolition and trampling under foot of the idol which had been set up in the place of God. The assaults upon monarchy, which had so miserably forgotten its duties to religion and to the Church, were not made without inflicting serious injury upon that truly divine institution of which monarchy is but an accident—upon society itself. At the present moment, another idol is being erected for worship as exclusive as that which was claimed for the golden statue of King Nabuchodonosor. This new idol goes by the name of the State, and, as the sacred writer tells us, "To you it is commanded, O nations, cities, and languages, that ye fall down and adore the golden stature which King Nabuchodonosor hath set up. But if any man shall not fall down and adore, he shall the same hour be cast into a furnace of burning fire." The great question of the day between the Church and the world is the question of the worship of the State, of which worship Prince Bismarck has now come forward as the chief hierophant. His proceedings furnish the most absolute apposite commentary on the main ecclesiastical acts of the age of Pius the Ninth, and upon the points urged with the most persistency by the enemies of the Church. They make us understand the necessity of the declaration of the Syllabus and of the defence of the Temporal Power, as well as of the political crusade in favour of Italian unity and nationality. In a word, the battle between Christ and antiChrist in our time is gathered to a point on the question between Church and State in Germany. This gives the conflict all the interest of a crucial and decisive issue, and draws the hearts and eyes of the whole

Christian world to the scene in which it is waged. We know, with humble confidence, that God will not be wanting to His Church. Her greatest victories and deliverances have been when the forces of the enemy have massed themselves, as if weary of a desultory warfare, and borne down with seemingly overwhelming weight upon the flock of the Good Shepherd. Among the persecutors of late centuries, Prince Bismarck is somewhat of a Goliath. His fall is all the more certain, and the result of his defeat is all the more likely to be a specially signal triumph to the cause which he has defied. His enmity has probably already consolidated and invigorated the German Church with a new strength and life which could never have been the fruit of his favour or his toleration. He has strengthened her in herself, and he has placed her in the very front of a battle in which the interests and sympathies of all sincere Christians, even outside her pale, cannot fail to be engaged. The struggle may be fierce, because all the influences of evil which walk through Europe in our time are gathered around his flag, to succeed if he triumphs, or to be routed if he fails. But fail he must, and the enemies of the Church with him, for he has to do not with the bishops and faithful of Germany alone, not with the Catholics of the whole world only, but with Him of Whom the humble Virgin of Israel sang of old in the house of Zachary—

*Fecit potentiam in brachio suo,  
Dispersit superbos mente cordis sui:  
Deposuit potentes de sede,  
Et exaltavit humiles.*

\* \* We append to the foregoing article the two last documents which have reached us at the time at which we write (June 15), in explanation of the line taken by the German Bishops as to the new ecclesiastical laws.

<sup>11</sup> *Circular Epistle of the Chief Pastors assembled at the tomb of St. Boniface in Fulda, to the reverend the clergy and to all the faithful of their dioceses—*

Ye know, beloved in the Lord, into what a position the Church of Jesus Christ has been brought, through God's most gracious permis-

<sup>11</sup> From the *Guardian* Supplement, May 21.



sion, throughout the whole world, and very especially in our own country.

A series of laws has just been published, which stand opposed, in essential points, to the divinely ordered constitution and liberty of the Church.

At the time when these laws were laid before the Landtag, we deemed it to be a sacred duty of our Episcopal pastoral office to lift up our voice loudly and decidedly against the same, both before the Throne and before both Houses of Parliament. And ye also, reverend brethren and beloved diocesans, did not fail in the matter, forasmuch as through the carrying out of these laws the severance of the bishops from the visible Head of the whole Catholic Church, the severance of the clergy and of the people from their lawful bishops, the severance of the Church in our fatherland from the Church of the God-Man and Saviour of the world (which is coextensive with the whole earth), the full dissolution of the divinely given organization of the Church, would necessarily ensue. To this your clear and rightful appreciation of the situation, and to your deeply earnest anxiety arising out of this appreciation, you have given expression by word and writing in many ways before your bishops, by means of addresses and deputations. With such declarations you have also, in view of the serious dangers which threaten the Church and her pastors at this time, conjoined the sacred assurance that you, whatever the future may have in store, will remain firm and true to the Holy Father, the common Teacher and Pastor of all Christians, and to us, your lawful bishops, and that you, as you are partakers of our heavy anxieties, so will also be faithful participants in our conflicts and sufferings.

These free and rejoicing, these quieting and elevating, marks of your faith and of your true adherence to the Church, which we have received from all quarters, fill us with the greatest joy, with the deepest comfort in the affliction of the present time, and under the threatening storm-signals of the future. Assembled in solemn deliberation at the grave of St. Boniface, we send you all from our deeply moved hearts our common thanks for these thousandfold marks of faithfulness. We shall treasure them as cherished reminiscences of a most earnest, ever memorable period of the Church. We hold fast to them, as a security for your unchanging fidelity, and we adjure you all in the love of Jesus Christ to continue under all circumstances true to your conviction, and to confirm through your acts the words you have spoken. God's grace will not fail you. He, Who has begun the good work, will also perfect it until the day of Jesus Christ.

As yet these measures have not the force of law—but, come what may, we will, by the grace of God, resolutely, and with one mind, maintain the principles which have been developed in our memorials, which, indeed, are not ours alone, but those of Christendom, and of eternal justice, and thus will we fulfil our pastoral duty, that at the hour of our death we may not be driven as hirelings from the judgment seat of the Divine Shepherd Who sent us, and Who laid down His life for His sheep.

Mindful of the Apostolic word, that the Holy Ghost has appointed the bishops to rule the Church of God which He purchased with His Blood, and that, therefore, it is our inviolable duty to remain faithful to this appointment of the Holy Ghost, we will permit nothing, with respect to the direction and management of the Church committed to us, which is contrariant to the precepts of the Catholic faith and to the divine right of the Church.

Ye also, beloved fellow-labourers and diocesans, keep for your parts unalterably firm to this, that only that man is a rightful bishop who is sent as such by the Holy Father and from the Apostolic See, which is the source of Church unity and of Church authority, and who continues in the fellowship of the Apostolic See. Similarly you can acknowledge as rightful parish priests only those who are found worthy and suitable for this office by their rightful bishops, who are intrusted with this office and sent forth by the bishops, and who continue in communion with the bishops. All others are interlopers.

According to the constitution which God has granted to His Church for all time, the fiat of a worldly authority cannot confer on any man the right by which, without prejudice to his adherence to the Church, he may appeal from spiritual decisions to the worldly power in Church matters. Rather there rests on such a procedure, which contradicts the divine appointment, the punishment of excommunication, which in pursuance of such an appeal is inflicted *de facto*.

We will, following the invariable use of the Church, place the decision of all doubtful questions concerning the Church in the hands of the Holy Father, whom Christ has appointed as chief Head of His Church, and in whose fellowship and obedience we will, with God's grace, continue firm.

We will also continue to fulfil with unimpeachable fidelity and conscientiousness our duties towards the worldly power, towards the civil commonwealth and our fatherland, forasmuch as we never forget that not strife and division, but peace and concord, is the relationship which, in the will of God, should exist between the two authorities appointed by Him for the well being of human society.

For the maintenance of the inalienable freedom of the Church and of the benefits of Christendom, we commend to you besides faithful adherence to the Church a free confession of the truth and a spotless life, outlasting patience and resignation, and especially, as we have often before declared, prayer—yea, the most humble and earnest, the most persevering and believing prayer to our God and Saviour, Who alone is our hope and our succour. For, since the days when Constantine the Great was converted to Christianity, and so put an end to the three centuries' persecution of the Church by the hitherto heathen State power, there has hardly been a time in which the Church throughout the whole world was so deprived of human help, and was threatened with such great dangers as in the present age. And in this we have not only our present troubles in view, but that also which threatens us in the future. If the Church of Christ is robbed of her rightful liberty, if public life, if the press and literature breathe only infidelity and contempt or hatred of Christianity and the Church, if the youth is educated in a school and knowledge estranged from Christianity, if under the pressure of such things the clergy dies out or is filled with the spirit of the age and ruined, then must Christian faith, Christian love and concord, Christian morality even decay and disappear, where till now they have been so rooted in our good Catholic people.

And then will a destruction and ruin set in, on which we can dwell only with horror. We should, therefore, be devoid of knowledge, of faith, and love, we should completely forget the admonitions and warnings of our Divine Saviour, if in such solemn and fateful times we did not take refuge in prayer, and so cry to you all in the name of Jesus—Pray, pray with one accord, pray without ceasing!

Greeting and blessing in the Lord!

Fulda, on the festival of St. Athanasius, May 2, 1873.

The correspondent of the *Guardian* adds—

This document is signed by all the Prussian prelates who have jurisdiction, including the Bishop of Mainz, for the Prussian portion of his diocese, and the administrating Bishop of Freiburg for the Hohenzollern lands. The late Chaplain-General, Bishop Namsczanski, appends a special declaration of his own, to the effect that he perfectly agrees with all that the other Bishops have written, but that he does not sign with them, because "the laws in question do not interfere with him."

The other document was published May 28th, in the *Germania*, which was immediately seized by the police. The Government countermanded the seizure.

*To the Honourable the Royal Ministry of State.*

With reference to the published Episcopal memorial of Sept. 20, of last year, and to the collective note laid before the honourable Ministry of State on January 30, of this year, we, the undersigned archbishops and bishops, to our very deep sorrow, are necessitated to declare most respectfully, that we are not in a position to cooperate in the execution of the laws published on the 15th of this month. These laws violate the rights and liberties which by divine appointment belong to the Church of God. They deny entirely the fundamental principle, in accordance with which, since Constantine the Great, the Christian peoples in the several States have recognized the ordering of the relationship between State and Church—that principle which acknowledges in the State and in the Church two separate authorities appointed by God, which, therefore, in the manifold points of contact and intermixings of their relations regarding the ordering of the boundaries of their authorities, are required not to proceed in a one-sided direction, and arbitrarily to settle the bounds and barriers, but to come to a peaceful understanding among themselves respecting such arrangements and definitions. The Church cannot acknowledge the principle of the heathen State, that the law of the State is the final source of all right, and that the Church possesses only the rights which the Legislature and the constitution of the State confer on her, without denying the Godhead of Christ and the divinity of her doctrine and foundation, without making Christianity itself dependent on the arbitrariness of men. An acknowledgment of these laws would therefore be a rejection of the divine origin of Christianity, because it would concede the unrestricted right of the State to regulate by law the whole province of Christian law. Such an acknowledgment would be also a renunciation of all other historical and positive rights of the Church in Prussia, since the Legislature as the only source of right could abolish them all without exception in the future, at its own discretion and by its own will. On this ground also we are unable to comply with those detached decisions of the laws in question, which are permitted by the Church to the several States by virtue of an agreement of the same with the Apostolic See, for, if we did, we should acknowledge the competence of the State to regulate ecclesiastical matters on its own authority.

## *Reviews of Famous Books.*

### X.—ST. CHRYSOSTOM'S ANTIOCHENE WORKS.

IT is a painful thing to return to a farm that one once knew smiling and cultivated, and find it lying waste, the stock gone, the fields unsown, and the fences broken down. It is painful to see a house tenantless and in ruins, where we were wont in former days freely to partake of the cup of hospitality. Still more painful is it when the face of a friend, long unseen, reveals the wreck which intervening time has wrought in him. *Quantum mutatus ab illo!* is ever a cry of anguish.

I suspect that it is a shrinking from this pain that keeps many Greek scholars from reading the writers who exhibit the literature of Hellas in its decadence. Certainly the exhibition is very painful. The "glorious Greeks of old"—Homer, Pindar, Æschylus, Plato—wrote, from the fullness of their hearts, truths that they believed and cherished. The paltry Greeks of the Roman period—*Græculi*, Cicero calls them—wrote because writing was fashionable and paid well. Their care was for the style and price of their works, not for the matter contained in them. And they have left to posterity an inheritance of plastered and gilded lumber.

In the front rank of these *Græculi* stands the sophist Libanius. This man was born at Antioch, studied rhetoric at Athens, and taught it at Constantinople. Thence he migrated back to his native town, about A.D. 360, and there he kept school for the rest of his days, patronized by the apostate Julian, whom he richly repaid in puff. Libanius had among his pupils a certain youth, an officer's son, an orphan from the cradle. Anthusa, this youth's widowed mother, had brought him up to be the pride of

Libanius' school, and heir presumptive to the professorial chair. Here we have an instance how far better God disposes than man proposes. Had Libanius' purpose taken effect, his favourite scholar would have succeeded him, and handed down his name, along with those of Themistius, Aristides, and Libanius himself, as a mighty hunter after phrases. But God's views upon the youth were that he should sit among the bishops and doctors of the Church. The young man was faithful to grace: and we reverence in him now the golden-mouthed Archbishop of Constantinople, St. John Chrysostom.

John was eighteen years old when he was baptized, in the year 372.<sup>1</sup> He seems to have gone on for three years more, studying rhetoric under Libanius and philosophy under Andragathius, with the view of devoting himself to the law. At the end of that time, says one of his biographers, "considering the rascally and iniquitous life that was led in the lawcourts, he turned his choice to a life of greater peace." To this step there had not been wanting solicitation from a quarter that was very near to his heart, as he tells us himself.

I had many friends, genuine and true, who knew the laws of friendship, and kept them exactly. But out of these many there was one who excelled all the rest in affection for us, and strove to outstrip them as far as they outstripped others who were indifferent in our regard. This friend was one of those who had been with me all the way up: we had applied to the same studies, and frequented the same teachers. Our zeal and earnestness about the matter we worked at was one; our desires were even and engendered by the same objects. For not only during our schooldays, but also when we had left school, and had occasion to deliberate what walk of life was best for us to choose, then also our harmony of view was manifest. There were other circumstances besides that helped to keep this union of ours firm and unbroken. In point of the greatness of our native city, neither of us had more to boast of than the other. Neither was my wealth excessive, and the poverty in which he lived extreme; but the measure of our worldly substance imitated the equality of our disposition. Our families were equally honourable; everything concurred to make us kindred spirits. But when there was question of following the blessed

<sup>1</sup> This account places his birth in the year 354. Stilling, the Bollandist (*Acta Sanctorum*, September 14), argues for 344. The first certain date in the Saint's life is his ordination to the priesthood, in 386. In a sermon delivered at that time, he styles himself "a mere stripling"—*μικροῦς*. Stilling says that this is humility. But I cannot think that any humility would put such language into the mouth of a mature man of forty-two.

monastic life and true philosophy, the balance was no longer equal between us, but his scale rose in the air, while I, still fettered with worldly desires, depressed mine, and forced it to stay down with the weight of my youthful imaginings. Whereupon henceforth our friendship remained firm as before, but our intercourse was broken off, for it was impossible to associate together when our interests were not the same.<sup>2</sup>

The two friends were reunited by John's diverting his destiny from the law to the Church, and being ordained lector. The other thereupon proposed that they should leave their homes and live in common; but John was kept back by his mother's reluctance to part with him. While this scheme of a common life was pending, there came on a storm, or a breath of good fortune, according as we consider it carnally or spiritually. This couple of inexperienced young men, scarcely come of age, were sought for to be promoted to the episcopate. They were in consternation. But John, though mistrustful of himself, was firmly persuaded that his friend would make a very good bishop. The latter, meanwhile, relied on him to avert the mitre from both their heads. He was thrown off his guard by John's assurance that there was no immediate danger. Time went on; the consecrating prelate arrived, and the unsuspecting youth was brought before him. He thought to meet John there; but John was nowhere to be found, and the other alone received episcopal consecration to the see of Raphana, south of Antioch.

After this pious fraud, John still further consulted his own safety, and eventually that of the souls who were to profit of him, by flying to a monastery in the mountains. There he put himself under the obedience of an aged Syrian, a great master of asceticism, under whom he lived for four years. At the end of that time, wishing utterly to hide himself from men, he left the monastery for a cave, and there he lived alone for two years. These were years of great austerity; during which, solitude, fasting, and watching moulded the future pastor of souls. All the while he was in the cave he is said never to have lain

<sup>2</sup> *De Sacerdotio*, i. This friend's name was Basil, not the great St. Basil of Cæsarea, who was a generation older than St. John Chrysostom.

down; and in the flower of his age he was half-dead with penance. They who see in St. John Chrysostom only a taking preacher and strongminded prelate, will wonder at such mortification. But eloquence and energy, though they may raise a man to the dignities of the Church, can never by themselves procure for him the honours of the altar. For that, sanctity is required; and all saints are penitents. John, however, did not let his intellect slumber during those years of seclusion. The Old and New Testaments have been called by St. Augustine the two edges of the sword of the Word of God. John, who was to wield that sword so efficaciously, is said in his retreat to have learnt both Testaments by heart. Certainly, his familiarity with the Bible is conspicuous in every page of his writings. Nor could it have been otherwise. A knowledge of the Sacred Text is as important to a preacher as a knowledge of the multiplication table is to an arithmetician. The treatises *On Monastic Life* and *On Compunction* also flowed from John's pen during this period.

In the practice of the holy sorrow and solitude which he described, the gifted young author hoped to persevere "to old age and eld." But his light, provisionally hidden that it might afterwards glow the more, was to be brought out again to shine before men. His health was so shattered by the rigours of anchoretical life, that it was judged best for him to return to the city and prosecute his ecclesiastical career. He was ordained deacon at Antioch in 381. There were then two rival patriarchs of Antioch. Meletius, the patriarch in 362, incurred the suspicion of Arianism. Whereupon, Lucifer of Cagliari, the Papal legate, hastily consecrated Paulinus in his place. Afterwards it turned out that Meletius was no Arian. Thus Antioch had got two bishops. Such a dispute nowadays would speedily be settled by the supreme authority; but, in the fourth century, travelling was slow, and the procuring information from a distance was difficult. Meletius was succeeded by Flavian, and Paulinus by Evagrius.<sup>3</sup>

<sup>3</sup> Some years after the death of Evagrius, Flavian was recognized by all parties. But that was after John had gone to Constantinople.



John had been baptized and ordained by Meletius ; but, pained at the division in the Church, and fearful of offending, he spent great part of his diaconate in seclusion. The fruit of it was three of his longest works, *On the Martyr Babylas*, *On Virginity*, and *On the Priesthood*.

St. Babylas was bishop of Antioch in the middle of the third century. The reigning Emperor at that time, possibly Decius, had put to death a young barbarian prince, confided to him as a hostage. With this blood on his hands, he wished to enter the Church of the Christians. St. Babylas opposed him. The opposition cost the bishop first his liberty, and then his life. His remains were buried at Antioch. Nearly a century afterwards, the Emperor Gallus had them translated to Daphne, a suburb of Antioch. This Daphne was a place consecrated to the worship of Apollo, and like all heathen shrines in the later days of heathendom, it was a hotbed of gross immorality, the scandal of the town. Gallus hoped that the presence of the martyr's relics would bridle the abuse. Gallus' successor in the Empire, Julian the Apostate, restored Daphne to Apollo ; and, in consequence of an oracle from that god, saying that corpses stopped his utterance, he transferred St. Babylas' body from Daphne back to Antioch. Shortly after, the Temple of Apollo at Daphne was struck by lightning, the roof burned off, and the idol charred to a cinder. When John wrote, the ruin remained as the lightning had left it, thirty years before. The treatise *On the Martyr Babylas* is directed against the pagans, and, in these days of reviving paganism, it is not without its value. The writer quotes our Lord's words—"He that believeth in Me, shall do the works that I do, and greater than these shall he do." No pagan teacher ever gave such a promise to his followers. The miracles of Christ and His Apostles are contrasted with the witcheries of the heathen ; and the holiness of Christian precept, with the child-murders which the false gods exacted from their votaries. Christianity has developed from infancy to its present mature age in the midst of mighty foes ; this alone is sufficient fulfilment of its Founder's promise of miracles. But there are other

miracles besides; witness the history of St. Babylas. His outspoken language to Decius was the language of heroism; that of Diogenes to Alexander, an idle bravado. "For a good man must direct all his actions to public utility, and to the rectification of other men's lives. But as for the request to stand out of the sunlight, what city, house, man, or woman, has it preserved? Tell me the profit of that free speech?" Whereas St. Babylas' holy boldness was an assertion of God's law, which Decius had broken, and a lesson teaching kings the inviolability of the Church. Yet Babylas, though he rebuked his sovereign, did so with modesty and respect; while the sanctimonious pagan philosophers were affected, extravagant, and secretly impure.<sup>4</sup> Babylas was bound, and led to death, and buried, at his own request, with his chains on, like a warrior with his decorations. Death would have been the end of his glories, had he been one of the world's great men. "But after the power of their speech, the tombs of the saints have a second power to quicken to a like zeal the souls of the beholders." Such a power Babylas put forth, while he lay at Daphne. Apollo was mute. He could not speak for lack of sacrifices. Julian afforded him these. Then he could not speak for corpses. Julian removed St. Babylas; for that was the corpse that Apollo dreaded, though he would not mention it. Then fire from heaven came and consumed Apollo in his temple. Whereupon Libanius gave vent to this ridiculous effusion—"O unjust fire! wherever did it first light? what was the beginning of the mischief? Did it start from the roof, and thence proceed to other parts, to Apollo's head, face, hat, head-dress, and long gown? . . . Loud lamentation, I ween, did the nymphs set up, leaping out of their streams; and loudly did Zeus lament, sitting somewhere at hand, on occasion of the downfall of his son's honours; and great was the grief of the throng of countless genii, that are quartered in the grove; and not less of a wail did Calliope strike up from the midst of the city, for that the leader of the dance of the Muses had been wrongfully used by fire."

<sup>4</sup> Compare the English "saints" of the seventeenth century.

But Julian was no better for this warning, nor for that former prodigy of the fire bursting out of the earth, when he strove to set stone upon stone of the Temple at Jerusalem. So, like another Pharaoh, neglectful of the signs sent him, he came to be engulfed with his army in the desert. And still the ruin at Daphne stands, "preaching to the world the shame, the ridicule, and the weakness of the devil, and the laurels, the victory, and the power of the martyr. Such is the strength of the saints; so resistless and terrible to kings and devils and to the prince of devils himself."

The treatise *On Virginity* opens with a reprehension of the monks and nuns of the Marcionite, Valentinian, and Manichæan heresies. These heretics taught that marriage was a sin. Whereupon John very pertinently and properly remarks, that to set down the married state for evil is to shear virginity of its glories, and rate it no better than abstinence from murder. He then enlarges upon the blessedness of marriage as an aid to holiness. Still, he continues, marriage has its drawbacks in the distractions which it entails. Whence rather blessed are they to whom God gives grace to be holy without such aid. In this view he alleges the seventh chapter of the First Epistle to the Corinthians, which he copiously expounds.

Whoever wishes for a personal knowledge of St. John Chrysostom, should begin by reading his treatise *On the Priesthood*. The difficulties of the episcopate there exposed are the difficulties which John overcame, and the bishop there desiderated is the bishop that he was. Man is sometimes providentially led to elaborate an ideal character without thinking of being such himself, and when he is dead and has done his work, people turn to the portrait, and say, "There is he." So it was with John. The book that he wrote in his diaconate is well nigh an autobiography of his episcopal career. Parts of that book are almost too divinely beautiful for quotation in a review; I will, however, give such extracts as appear to me appropriate and instructive.

The treatise is in the form of a dialogue between the author and that bosom friend of his who had so unwillingly

taken charge of the Church of Raphana. John exhorts him to value his dignity, and not be displeased that he was cajoled in the affair of his consecration. Thus he addresses him—

Will you still contend that you have been unfairly deceived by us, seeing yourself about to be set over all the possessions of God, and engaged in the same duties, the performance of which enabled Peter to surpass the rest of the Apostles? "Peter, lovest thou Me more than these? Feed My sheep." Yet He might have told him—If thou lovest Me, practise fasting, sleeping on the bare ground, and long watchings; take up the cause of them that suffer wrong; become as a father to orphans, and stand in the father's stead towards their mother. But now, omitting all this, what does He say? "Feed My sheep."<sup>5</sup>

The friend retorts—

What then, do you not love Christ? *John*. That I do, and I will never cease from loving Him; but I am afraid of irritating Him Whom I love. *Basil*. What riddle could be more puzzling than this? Christ has ordered the man that loves Him to feed His sheep; and here you say that you do not feed them precisely because you love the Giver of that order. *John*. What I say is no riddle, but a very clear and simple statement. For if I had the ability to administer the charge as Christ wished, and then declined it, you might with reason be perplexed at my words; but since my soul's weakness renders me incompetent for this ministry, where is there anything to call for inquiry in what I say? Really I am afraid lest, receiving the flock of Christ sleek and well-conditioned, I might come to waste it away for want of care, thereby irritating against myself the God that has loved it so much as to give Himself for the price of its salvation.<sup>6</sup>

Correction is part of the pastoral office. John shows how difficult it is to accord a rebuke to the temper of the offender—

If you put your hand too tenderly to a case that needs much incision, and give not a deep stroke to one that requires it, you have cut off part of the ulcer and left the rest. And if you inflict the required gash mercilessly, perhaps the pain will drive the patient to despair; so that, throwing away all at once salve and bandage, he will take and cast himself headlong, like a beast that has shivered the yoke and burst through the collar. I could quote many instances of persons that have run their bark on to the direst miseries, in consequence of condign punishment having been imposed upon them for their faults. You must not apply correction simply in proportion to the measure of the transgression; you must also aim to hit the mark of the offender's disposition, lest perchance, meaning to sew up the hole, you make the rent worse, and in your eagerness to raise the fallen, you make the fall greater; for weak and frivolous characters that are much attached to worldly luxury, and have, moreover, something to be proud of on the score of birth and high position, may gently, and by small degrees, be won round in the matter of their sins, so as to emerge, if not altogether, at least in great part, out of their envelope of woes; but

<sup>5</sup> *De Sacerdotio*, ii., 1.

<sup>6</sup> *Ibid.*, ii., 5.

if one administer the correction all at once, he deprives them even of that lesser amendment. Once drive a soul to turn shameless, and it lapses into insensibility; henceforth it neither yields to kind words, nor bows to threats, nor is coaxed by favours, but becomes far worse than that city to which the prophet reproachfully said, "Thy look is become the look of a harlot; thou hast flung away shame before all."<sup>7</sup>

He avers that any one that shall promote him to the episcopate will deliver him, with his hands bound, to the beasts that range upon the rock of vainglory—

And what are these beasts? Wrath, discouragement, envy, contention, slanders, accusations, lying, hypocrisy, treachery: angry outbursts against them that have done no wrong, unworthy connivances at the misconduct of subordinates in the ministry; grief at others' successes, passion for praises, yearning after honour (this last it is that most of all unsettles the soul of man); teaching with desire to please, ignoble flatteries, base trucklings, contempt of the poor, courting of the rich, inconsiderate bestowals of honour; harmful favours that endanger givers and receivers alike; slavish fear, such as befits only the meanest of bondsmen; destruction of outspoken freedom; great show of humility, but nowhere the real substance; removal of rebukes and reprehensions; or rather, against the lowly there are rebukes and reprehensions enow, but against them that are clad in power, no one dares open his lips. All these, and more than these, are the beasts which that rock supports, and prelates that have once become their prey are dragged down perforce into such a slavery, that often, to please ladies, they do many acts dishonourable even to name.<sup>8</sup>

This is very well from the future scourge of the pampered dames of Constantinople, the defier of Imperial tyranny, and stern degrader of a simoniacal bench of bishops! He goes on to enunciate a maxim which he is fond of quoting upon a variety of subjects, that the good or evil of a thing lies, not in the thing itself, but in the use to which men put it—

I would not charge these evils upon the priestly office; let me never be so insensate. Neither would I charge murders upon steel, nor drunkenness upon wine, nor insolence upon strength, nor foolhardiness upon courage. But they that use improperly the gifts given by God, they it is that are called blameworthy, and are chastised as such by all reasonable people.<sup>9</sup>

He strongly insists on the necessity of a bishop being potent in word as well as in work—

By them that attend to bodily diseases a variety of medicines has been invented, and divers arrays of instruments, and diet schemes

<sup>7</sup> *De Sacerdotio*, ii., 4. Cf. *Deprehensus pudor amittitur*; Seneca, *De Beneficiis*, vii., 28.

<sup>8</sup> *Ibid.*, iii., 9.

<sup>9</sup> *Ibid.*, iii., 10.

sued to the several maladies. Often, too, mere change of air has sufficed for the recovery of a sick person's health, and sometimes a seasonable access of sleep has eased the physician of all trouble. But here there is no room for any of these inventions; but after deeds, one only means and way of treatment has been granted, which is instruction by word of mouth. This is the instrument, this the diet scheme, this the best climate; this serves in place of medicine, fire, and steel. If there is need to cut and burn, this we must use; when this is no longer available, all the rest is lost. With this we rouse the lethargic soul and quiet the feverish; we cut off excrescences and supply deficiencies, and perform all other operations that contribute to the health of the soul.<sup>10</sup>

Besides power of speech, the bishop must possess that outspoken freedom which comes of rising superior as well to the applause as to the murmurs of his hearers—

Just as he who is neither affected by acclamations, nor yet knows how to speak, is incapable either of pandering to the pleasures of the multitude, or of doing them any notable good, from his having nothing to say, so he that is egged on by a hankering after compliments, though he has wherewithal to improve the multitude, supplies them rather with what may delight them than with what may improve them, being bought by the clatter of their applause. Therefore the perfection of a prelate is, to be strong on both hands, that competence on one may not be spoilt by incompetence on the other. For when a man stands out in the middle and says what is calculated to set wry faces on people of easygoing lives, and then stumbles and stops short, and is brought to blush for want of words, the profit of what he has said oozes away at once. For the censured parties, vexed at his discourse, and having no other means of retort, assail him with sneers for his want of skill, thereby thinking to veil their own reproach.<sup>11</sup>

He points out the secret of command in a preacher—

Let the perfect artist be himself judge of his own works, and rate his productions good or bad, according as the genius that has contrived them decides; but as for that false popular renown which originates from the unprofessional public, never let it enter his thoughts. Let not, then, him that has undertaken the task of instructing give heed to unprofessional acclamations, nor be dejected for lack of them; but let him work at his discourses so as to please God; let Him be the sole rule and standard of the excellence of their composition—not claps, nor acclamations; and then, if he is praised by men also, let him not reject their encomiums; but if they are not forthcoming from the audience, let him not seek them, nor be pained about them. It is solace enough for his labours, and a greater than all solaces, when he can be conscious to himself of having composed and harmonized his instruction to the good pleasure of God.<sup>12</sup>

John now came forth to put these precepts in practice. He was ordained priest by Flavian of Antioch, in the year 386, the thirty-third year of his age. On that occasion

<sup>10</sup> *De Sacerdotio*, iv., 3.

<sup>11</sup> *Ibid.*, v., 2, 3.

<sup>12</sup> *Ibid.*, v., 7.

he preached his first sermon. It is pleasant to go up and see the source where a great river appears as a tiny brook, and pleasant also to see the commencements of a great man. But there is this difference: you cannot, from seeing the brook, tell to what volume of water it will swell; but you can from seeing the man, augur his future greatness. John was a great preacher from the time that he first opened his lips in the pulpit. There is nothing of the beginner about that address, except the humility. There is in it the same luxuriance of imagery, the same definiteness of purpose, the same habitual reference to Scripture, the same depreciation of riches, the same crying down of sin, the same extolling of the power of prayer, which characterizes the maturest emanations of the Golden Mouth. It is, in fact, a very good specimen of his style, and a fine piece of Greek. As my object is to exhibit the writer, I shall quote from it largely. This is the beginning—

Is it true what has befallen us? Has that really happened which has happened, and is there no mistake? Is the present not night and a dream, but really day; and are we all in our waking senses? Who could have believed it, that in the daytime, when men are sober and awake, a mean and castaway stripling should have been raised to such a commanding height? At night there would be no seeming improbability in such an occurrence. Before now, persons maimed in body and in want of necessary sustenance have seen themselves in sleep made whole and beautiful, and enjoying a prince's table; but the appearance was slumber and the deceit of a dream. Such is the nature of dreams; weird and wonderful, and having its revelry and delight in the marvellous. Not so in the day; nor is an event of that kind readily to be seen in the full light of facts. But it has all now happened and taken place, and found accomplishment, as you behold—a reality more incredible than a dream. A city of this size and population, an admirable and great people, is gazing open-mouthed at our meanness, thinking to hear from us some great and noble utterance.

He avows his fear of breaking down—

Were I as fluent as the ever-flowing rivers, and were fountains of words stored in my mouth, when such a concourse of people throng to listen, my stream would quickly shrink for fear, and hurry its waters backwards. But seeing that we attain not to the measure, I do not say of rivers or fountains, but even of an insignificant drizzle, how can we but fear lest even that tiny flow be stopped and dried up with terror, and the like be our case that is wont to happen in bodies. What is that about bodies? Often when we hold things in our hand and grasp them tight in our fingers, we let them all drop in a fright, our



sinews becoming relaxed and our flesh unstrung. There is fear lest this accident may today befall our soul, and what little and insignificant thoughts we have with much labour collected, may, under stress of excitement, all vanish and be gone.

He says he should be glad to consecrate the firstfruits of his preaching to the praise of God—

We must offer firstfruits, not only of the threshingfloor and winepress, but also of words to the Word, and much more of words than of sheaves, for this fruit is more properly our own, and more acceptable to the God Whom we honour. As for the grapebunch and the wheatear, the bosom of the earth bears them, the rains downpouring feed them, and husbandmen's hands cultivate them; but a hymn of sacred eloquence is conceived of a pious soul, it is fed by a good conscience, and God gathers it into the granaries of heaven. As much as a soul is better than earth, so much is the latter production better than the former.

But he feels a difficulty—

A wise man stops my mouth and terrifies me, saying—"Praise is not comely in the mouth of a sinner." As in chaplets, not only the flowers must be clean but also the hand that weaves them; so in these sacred hymns, not only the words should partake of piety, but likewise the soul of him who strings them together. But ours is a polluted soul, dumb for shame, and fraught with many sins.

He proceeds to read aloud the one-hundred-and-forty-eighth Psalm, on which he remarks—

David, after calling both creations, upper and lower, intelligible and sensible, visible and invisible, above the sky and below the sky, and after making one choir of each, and so bidding them sing the glory of the King of them all, nowhere calls the sinner, but here also against such a one the gates are shut.

At the end of the tenth verse of the Psalm he breaks off and exclaims—

It is not idly, nor at random, that I have become silent in the midst of this reading, but truly the thought of my understanding is confounded, and bitter lamentation and great groaning has supervened upon me. What could be a more pitiful case, tell me? Scorpions and snakes and dragons are called to bless Him that made them; only the sinner is left out of this sacred choir, and deservedly, for sin is an evil beast—an evil untamable beast, not displaying its fell character by working on fellow-servants among material things, but outpouring the venom of its villainy upon the glory of the Lord. "Through you," says the Sacred Text, "My name is blasphemed among the nations." For this reason the prophet has driven sin out of the universe and banished it beyond the border.

The rest of the discourse is a panegyric on the bishop, whom the preacher says he will praise as his fellow-man,

since his sins prevent his praising God. He concludes with these words about himself—

And if you have any regard for us (for we will not dare to enumerate ourselves among the priests, since it is not right to count abortive births among those that are born in due season), if then you have any regard for me, as for one born out of due time, pray that we may receive great grace from above. We needed succour before, when we were leading that quiet life by ourselves; but now that we have been brought forward in public (I pass over how that was done, whether by human interest or by the grace of God; I waive that question, lest any may say that I am a dissembler), now, however, that we have been brought forward, and have put on the yoke, so strong and heavy, we need many hands and countless prayers to be able to render back the deposit safe to the Master that has committed it to us, on that day when those that have been intrusted with talents are to be summoned and brought up to stand their trial. Pray, then, that we be not of the number of the bound, nor of the cast out into darkness, but of them that are able to meet with some pardon at least, through the grace and clemency of our Lord Jesus Christ, to Whom be glory and power and adoration for ever and ever. Amen.

The twelve years of John's priesthood at Antioch glided smoothly and swiftly away. Probably they were the happiest in his life. There was, however, one cloud which enveloped him, in common with the city in which he lived. At the end of February, in the year 387, there was a riot at Antioch, on the score of over-taxation. The statues of the Emperor Theodosius were torn from their pedestals, dragged with ropes round their necks through the streets, and then broken to pieces. Order was at length restored, and couriers started for the Court of Constantinople with tidings of the outrage. The city stood aghast, and not without reason. Three years later the inhabitants of Thessalonica murdered an Imperial officer, and a passionate command of Theodosius butchered seven thousand Thessalonians together to expiate one man's blood. Though this tragedy was not yet enacted, the inhabitants of Antioch knew well the temper of the prince whom they had offended. They were stupefied with terror. In that condition John addressed them, seven days after the deed was done. "Grant me," he says, "to bewail the state of affairs; grant me to open my mouth to-day, and lament over this common calamity." The city that yesterday was like a honeycomb, all buzzing with bees, is now deserted—as a terebinth tree that has

shed its leaves, and as a garden without water. Men are flying from it, as they fly from a burning house—a flight without enemies, a rout without a battle. The inhabitants bear the brand of Cain. Arrests are already being made; the talk is of prisons and executions. The marketplace is empty, only a skulking loiterer here and there.

Even the very air, and the orb of the sun's beams, seem to frown upon me now and to show more dim, not that the elements are changing their nature, but that our eyes, darkened with the cloud of despondency, are unable to see clearly, or with the same disposition to receive the light of those beams. This is what the prophet lamented of old, saying—"The sun shall set for them at noontide, and the day shall grow dark." This he said, not meaning that the luminary was to be eclipsed, or that the daylight was to disappear, but that men who have lost heart cannot even at noon see the light for the gloom of their grief. Such is our present state. Wherever you look—at the ground, at the walls, at the pillars of the city, at the people about you, you seem to see night and deep gloom, so utter the humiliation that everywhere abounds. Silence, fraught with horror, and solitude reign universally, and that hum of the multitude, so lovely to the ear, has been quenched, and dumbness possesses the city now, as though all the people had gone down into the earth; and they seem all like stones; and, tongue-tied by the calamity, they keep a most grievous rest, such as there would be if an enemy were coming to massacre them all together with fire and sword.<sup>13</sup> Now is the hour to say—"Send for the wailing women, and let them come, and for the wise women, and let them cry out; let your eyes run with water and your eyelids shed tears; ye hills take to beating of breasts, and ye mountains to lamentation." Let us call all creation to sympathize with our woes. A city of this magnitude, the head of the cities in the East, is in danger of being swept off from the midst of the inhabited world.<sup>14</sup>

A day or two after this homily was delivered, the Bishop Flavian set out to intercede for his flock with Theodosius. John began his sermon on Sunday, March 14, with these words—

When I look at this throne, vacant and void of the teacher, I rejoice and weep together; I weep at not seeing our Father present, I rejoice that he has gone abroad for our preservation.<sup>15</sup>

<sup>13</sup> Compare the scene in Troy at the death of Hector—

And the people  
Filled Troy's streets with the sound of deep lamentation and groaning.  
Such was the deep consternation as if from her loftiest summit  
Ilion, towering town, were enveloped in one conflagration.

(Dart's *Iliad*, xxii., 408—411.)

<sup>14</sup> *Hom. ii. ad Pop. Antioch.*

<sup>15</sup> *Hom. iii. ad Pop. Antioch.*

He lays before the people a specimen of arguments, such as Flavian may use to win the Emperor to clemency: the parable of the two debtors, the petition about forgiveness in the Lord's Prayer, the fewness of those concerned in the sedition, the great size of Antioch, the fact that there the disciples were first called Christians. But more than in the clemency of Theodosius, he bids them trust in the clemency of God, and abet their bishop's pleadings by their own supplications to the Most High.

On the day following, the first Monday of Lent, which then began in the beginning of the week, he congratulates the afflicted people on their good attendance at church—

The marketplace is empty, but the church is full—the former circumstance is matter of doleful complaint, but the latter a source of joy and spiritual gladness. When then, dearly-beloved, you enter the marketplace, and sigh at beholding its emptiness, fly to your mother, and she will console you immediately with the multitude of children in her house; she will show you the marshalled choir of them, and shake off all your despondency. In the city we long to see men, as do they that inhabit the deserts; but flying to the church, we are hemmed in by the crowd. And just as when the sea is troubled, and raging under a heavy gale, fear forces all to fly from outside into the harbour, so now the waves in the marketplace, and the storm in the city, drive people to church in troops from all sides, and knit the members tight together by the bond of charity.<sup>16</sup>

He then breaks into a beautiful discourse on the blessings of adversity, and clenches his words, as he was wont, with a Bible story, that of the Three Children.

The sermon of Tuesday, March 16, is very characteristic of St. John Chrysostom, both as a preacher and as a man. He instances Job, the man after his own heart, to prove his favourite thesis, that sin, and not suffering, is the evil to shun. To those who dread death, he quotes the text, "Every one that believeth in Me, though he be dead, shall live," and exclaims—

Is our doctrine a myth? If you are Christians, believe Christ; if you believe Christ, show your belief by your works. And how may you show your belief by your works? If you despise death. . . . But I fear not death, some one says, nor dying, but dying miserably, by having my head cut off. . . . Dying miserably, my friend, is not dying a violent death, but dying in sin. Listen to the prophet saying, "The death of the wicked is miserable." He said not, "A violent death is miserable." . . . But some one else says, It is not

<sup>16</sup> *Hom. iv. ad Pop. Antioch.*

death by violence that we fear, but death by injustice. . . . What say you, pray? Do you fear to die unjustly? But would you die justly? Where is the wretch that, having an opportunity of dying an unjust death, would rather die a just one? . . . See you that it is not a violent death, nor an unjust death that we should fear, but a death in sin?

John, like a true orator, avails himself of the circumstances of the time to drive his instructions home—

When the letter came from the Emperor, ordering the imposition of that tax which was accounted unbearable, all began to grumble, all were contentious, irate, indignant, and meeting one another they said, Our life is not worth living for, our city is ruined, none will be able to bear the weight of the imposition; and everybody was in commotion, as though his highest interests were at stake. Then happened those daring outrages, and some villains, utter villains, set the law at naught, and destroyed the statues. Thence all were imperilled to the last degree, and now we fear for our very lives, by reason of our provocation of the Emperor. No longer now does the loss of our goods give us a pang, but I hear quite another story from before, people saying, Let the Emperor take our property, we will resign our lands and possessions gladly, provided we are promised the preservation of our bare lives. As then, before the fear of death stood over us, the loss of our goods caused us annoyance, but, after the perpetration of those lawless and audacious crimes, the fear of death entered, and expelled the pain of the loss, so, if the fear of hell possessed our souls, no fear of death could seize them; but as in our bodies, when two pains attack us, the more violent pain usually sinks the slighter, so would it be now; if the fear of the punishment to come remained in the soul, it would put all human terrors out of sight.<sup>17</sup>

The following is a profitable lesson, happily conveyed—

For this is sorrow made, not that we may grieve at loss of goods, nor at death, nor at anything else of the sort, but that we may employ it for the undoing of sin. The truth of this assertion I will manifest to you by an example. Medicines are made for the sake of those diseases only which they are able to remove, not for those that are nowise relieved by them. For instance (for I wish to make my meaning still plainer), the medicine that has power to benefit diseased eyes only, and is powerless in any other malady, would justly be said to have been made for the disease of the eyes alone, not for the stomach, nor for the hands, nor for any other part of the body. Let us, then, apply this consideration to sorrow, and we shall find that it is useful in no other of the ills that befall us, but it remedies only sin; evidently, therefore, sorrow is made for the undoing of sin alone. Let us go over each of the dangers incident to our life, and apply sadness, and see what gain accrues to us from the application. Has one sustained a pecuniary loss? He sorrows; he does not repair the loss. Has he lost a son? He grieves; he does not raise the dead, nor benefit the departed. Has one been whipped, cudgelled, insulted? He is vexed; he does not revoke the insult. Has he fallen into

<sup>17</sup> *Hom. v. ad Pop. Antioch.*

sickness and dire disease? He loses heart; he does not remove the disease, but aggravates it. See you that sorrow is no good in any of these cases? Has one sinned? He is sorry; he does away with the sin, he annuls the transgression.<sup>18</sup>

On the morrow, Wednesday, John cheers his hearers with an account of the delays which the couriers, carrying the news of the sedition, had met with on the way.<sup>19</sup> Flavian had already caught them up, and it was hoped he would be at Court before them, to break the Emperor's ire. This hope, however, was not realized. At the time at which John spoke, the couriers were already at Constantinople, whither the bishop had not arrived.

On the Thursday, John found the people so far recovered, that he was able to resume the Scripture exegesis, of which his sermons usually consisted. He takes the first chapter of Genesis, and argues thence, much in the style of Plato,<sup>20</sup> that God is good, not only in His favours to man, but also in His punishments.

Not less than the promise of heaven, does the threat of hell show God's goodness. I will tell you how. Had He not threatened us with hell, had He not prepared that chastisement, not many people would have reached heaven. For the promise of good things does not invite the majority of mankind to virtue so forcibly as the threat of evil things coerces them and rouses them to attend to their souls. So that although hell is the opposite of the kingdom of heaven, yet both make for the same end, the salvation of men—the one by drawing towards itself, the other by thrusting towards the other.<sup>21</sup>

Friday's is also a scriptural discourse, not on the beauty but on the strength of holiness, which is contrasted with the inability that Adam felt to appear before God when he had sinned.<sup>22</sup> On Saturday, John delivered what stands as the fifteenth homily to the people of Antioch, on the good of mourning, and on occasions of sin. On Monday and Tuesday, he dealt with the question, why a written Word of God had not been given to mankind from the first. He answers, with St. Paul, that the hidden things of God from the creation of the world, are known and

<sup>18</sup> *Hom. v. ad Pop. Antioch.*

<sup>19</sup> *Hom. vi. ad Pop. Antioch.*

<sup>20</sup> *Republic*, ii., 379, 380.

<sup>21</sup> *Hom. vii. ad Pop. Antioch.* An illustration of John's way of arguing from facts rather than from speculations.

<sup>22</sup> *Hom. viii. ad Pop. Antioch.*

discerned by His works. Thereupon, he sets forth at great length what we know as the argument from design. He finds a design even in the imperfections of nature. They are to keep men from taking nature for God.<sup>23</sup>

And now there arrived the Imperial decree for the punishment of the city. The metropolis of Syria was degraded to the rank of a small town; there were to be no more games in the circus, no more plays in the theatre; the public baths were closed, and two judges, Hellebichus and Cæsarius, were sent down with a commission to try for their lives those who had had a hand in the riot. The terror of this inquisition again confounded the Antiochenes. On Sunday, the 28th of March, they crowded into the church, but their behaviour was more like that of sheep in a slaughter-house than of a congregation assembled for worship. Fearing one of those accidents that often happen when panic possesses a large crowd, the prefect of the city addressed the people within the sacred building. His words abated their alarm so that the service was able to proceed. There was much ado to find a preacher for that day; at the earnest call of his fellow priests, John at length mounted the pulpit. He scolds his hearers severely for having had so little of Christian manhood in them as to need encouragement from a pagan official.

I thank the prefect for his care, in that, seeing the city disturbed, and all the inhabitants meditating flight, he entered and consoled you and led you to hope. But I blush for shame on your account, that you have stood in need of consolation from those outside the faith, after so many long discourses. I prayed that the earth might open and swallow me up, when I heard him addressing you, now consoling you, and now blaming that ill-timed and unreasonable cowardice. Instead of receiving lessons from him, you should have given a lesson to all unbelievers. . . . But I hear you say, How could we help it? we are men. On that very account we ought not to be disturbed, because we are men and not brutes. The latter are all scared by noise and clatter, for they have no reflection enabling them to repel the sentiment of fear; but you, honoured with reason and reflection, how can you fall into their craven ways?

He tells them that they are more insensate than the fool who built upon sand.<sup>24</sup> For the rain fell, and the flood came, and the wind blew, and the fool's house was

<sup>23</sup> *Hom.* ix. x. *ad Pop. Antioch.*

<sup>24</sup> *St. Matt.* vii. 26.



swept away; but before the access of wind, or flood, or rain, the Antiochenes are upset by the mere hearing of danger. At this he continues—

Imagine my present state of mind, how I hide my face, how I shrink, how I blush! Had I not undergone much constraint from the Fathers, I would not have got up nor discoursed, so dazed am I with disappointment at your pusillanimity. Even now, I cannot return to myself for the vexation and disappointment that beset my soul. Who would not be indignant, who would not feel aggrieved, when, after so much teaching, you need heathen teachers to encourage and persuade you generously to bear the present alarm? Pray, therefore, that utterance may be vouchsafed us, in the opening of our mouth, that we may be able to shake off this disappointment, and revive a little, for our soul is very much cast down with shame at your littleness of spirit.

He then addresses them on the subject of St. Paul's chains. In the discourse I find two of those homely turns of thought which stamp the author, not as a rhetorician, but as a man speaking to men.

Behold, this is the second year that I have been addressing your charity, and I have not been able to expound to you so much as one hundred verses of Scripture. The reason is, that you require to learn of us what you might successfully accomplish of yourselves and by your own means. The greater part of our sermon is taken up with moral exhortation. This should not be; you should train yourselves out of your own resources to mend your manners, and leave to us the investigation of the sense of Scripture.

And again—

It is everybody's custom during Lent to ask how many weeks every one else has fasted, and you may hear some saying that they have fasted two, others three, and others all the weeks. And what use is that, if we spend the Lent without good works? When another says, I have fasted the forty days through, do you reply, I had an enemy and I have made it up with him; I had a habit of detraction and I have checked it; I had a habit of swearing and I have broken off the evil custom.<sup>25</sup>

The third week of Lent in that year 387 was truly a time of mourning at Antioch. The judges, Hellebichus and Cæsarius, commenced their sittings; the greater part of the population fled to the mountains, hardly would you meet a man in the streets or find a woman in the houses. Such of the inhabitants as did remain were congregated

<sup>25</sup> *Hom. xvi. ad Pop. Antioch.*

round the door of the court where the trials were going on. There they stood without conversing, for no one knew who might be an informer: they spoke only in prayer to God, and lamentation over themselves and theirs. But the saddest, because the most unusual part of the demonstration, was the attitude of the women. The strict rule of inclosure which hems in the modern Syrian lady was little less strict then; but, for once, nature got the better of convention, and women were now to be seen publicly doing all that women will do in a hour of agony. Inside the court the witnesses were flogged to induce them to give testimony. Their cries struck terror into the hearers, as well from compassion as from fear of what tales they might tell. When the day was drawing to a close and judgment was expected, the agitation of the multitude increased. Then the court rose, and the accused persons were marched in irons through the middle of the marketplace to the prison; their goods were confiscated, seals set on their doors, and their families sent begging from house to house for a lodging. This tragedy was repeated on three successive days, but on the fourth day, which was Thursday, the light of deliverance broke upon the city from an unexpected quarter. The hills of Syria were then as now thickly studded with convents: from far and near the monks left their cloisters and flocked to Antioch; they threw themselves before the magistrates, and declared that they would not let them go, till either the prisoners were discharged or they themselves were slain. "The statues," said one of them, "the statues that have been thrown down, can be set up again and restored to their pristine shape, but if you kill the image of God, who shall repair that mischance?" The clergy of the city, and doubtless John amongst them, seconded these entreaties. The judges replied that their commission was to condemn the guilty, and they durst not pardon them. The monks urged a suspension of the sentence while they went to Constantinople to solicit the Emperor. Hellebichus and Cæsarius in the end gave way, and the trials were stopped. But the judges thought it unnecessary for the monks to undertake so long a journey; let them write out what they had to

say, and they, the judges, would present it to the Emperor. It was done accordingly.

Of course there had been no preaching during that reign of terror; but on Saturday the city was quiet, and John spoke once more.

Seasonably have we all sung in common to-day, "Blessed be the Lord God of Israel, Who worketh wonders alone."<sup>26</sup> For wonderful and marvellous are the things that have happened. An entire city, with a population so numerous, was on the point of being submerged and sunk and altogether lost; and God has delivered it at once, in one moment of time, from utter shipwreck.

He proceeds to extol the intrepid supplication of the monks. He compares the behaviour of the heathen philosophers—

Where are they now that throw old mantles over their shoulders, and display a long beard, and carry staves in their hands, those philosophers of the heathen, those scurrilous cynics, that lead a baser life than the dogs under the table, and do anything to get a meal? They all left the city on that occasion, they all made off and buried themselves in caverns; only they that make real profession of philosophy by works appeared in the marketplace, as fearlessly as though no danger encompassed the city.

He consoles the citizens for the loss of the title of metropolis.

Learn in what consists the glory of a city; then you will understand that, if the inhabitants betray it not, no other can bereave the city of its glory. It is not being a metropolis, nor being large, nor possessing splendid edifices, and numerous columns, and broad porticoes and parades, nor precedence over other cities; it is the virtue and piety of the inhabitants that form the glory and ornament and security of a city.<sup>27</sup> . . . To me a city without God-fearing citizens is viler than any village and meaner than any cave. . . . If you are a Christian, you have not your city upon the earth. God is the contriver and builder of our city. Though we should gain the whole world, we are strangers and sojourners in it all. We have been registered in heaven

<sup>26</sup> Psalm lxxi. 19.

<sup>27</sup> Cf.

What constitutes a State?

Not high raised battlement or laboured mound,

Thick wall or moated gate;

Not cities proud with spires and turrets crown'd;

Not bays nor broad-armed ports,

Where, laughing at the storm, rich navies ride;

Not starred and spangled courts,

Where lowbrowed baseness wafts perfume to pride.

No! men, highminded men.

(Sir William Jones.)

—there is our citizenship. Let us not, like little children, overlook valuables and gaze after trifles. . . . I heard many persons saying in the marketplace—"Alas for thee, Antioch! what has befallen thee? how art thou dishonoured." And when I heard, I laughed at the childish disposition of them that said this. It is not the time for saying such things now; but when you see dancers, and drunkards, and singers, and blasphemers, and swearers, and perjurers, and liars, then repeat that phrase—"Alas for thee, my city! what has befallen thee?"<sup>28</sup>

On the next day, the fourth Sunday in Lent, John began—

I see many jubilant faces saying to one another—"We have conquered, we have gained the day; half of Lent is cleared." I recommend such persons not to rejoice because half of Lent is cleared, but to consider whether half of their sins are cleared.

From this appropriate exordium he passes to St. Paul's words, "Rejoice in the Lord always." He shows how such perpetual joy is possible. "For," he says, "as I am always telling you, it is not the nature of things, but our frame of mind, that is wont to pain and rejoice us." He denounces some indecent bathing that had been going on in the Orontes—

The remnants of the calamity still endure, the Emperor's decision is still uncertain, the administrators of the city are all in chains, . . . the head of the city is in prison, our members are in exile, the issue is undecided; and pray, do you dance and sport and laugh? "Well, but we can't go unwashed," is the reply. O shameless spirit, mean and unprincipled! How many months have elapsed, tell me? how many years? It is not yet twenty days since you were shut out of the baths, and you fret and chafe as though you had gone unwashed for a year.<sup>29</sup>

In the sermon on Monday,<sup>30</sup> he resumes the biblical exposition, interrupted for twelve days, and proves that man's body, with all its imperfections, is still the work of a good God, and that those very imperfections conduce to man's good.

The next day's sermon continues on the providence of God in creation, about which the preacher has this remark—

If you go into a surgery, and see many instruments set out to view, you admire the variety of the instruments, although you are ignorant of their use. So act in regard to creation; and when you see many

<sup>28</sup> *Hom. xvii. ad Pop. Antioch.*

<sup>29</sup> *Hom. xviii. ad Pop. Antioch.*

<sup>30</sup> *Hom. xi. ad Pop. Antioch.*

animals and herbs and plants and other things, the uses of which are unknown to you, admire their variety, and stand awestricken at the excellent device of God, in neither making all things clear to you nor leaving all things obscure. He left not them all obscure, that you might not say there was no providence in the world; He has not allowed all to become known to you, that the greatness of your knowledge might not lift you up to pride.<sup>31</sup>

He maintains the existence of a natural law; observing that, when the Jewish law was given, reasons were rendered for the positive ordinances, such as the keeping of the Sabbath; but murder and adultery, and other acts against nature, were forbidden without remark, since nature itself witnessed their unlawfulness to all men.

On Wednesday, with a view of sobering his audience, John rehearsed to them the sad scenes of the previous week. He then completed the disquisition on the natural law. The burden of what he says is—"God has planted in our nature the knowledge of virtue, but left the practice and right accomplishment of the same to our freewill."<sup>32</sup>

After this, false rumours arose that the attempts to pacify the Emperor had failed, and that the city was about to feel the full weight of his deferred vengeance. John delivered a discourse on that alarm.<sup>33</sup> On the Sunday following, there was, for some reason, a large influx of monks from the country. John eulogized these forerunners of Clairvaux, of whom he says—

You may see each of them, now yoking oxen and driving a plough and cutting a deep furrow, and now mounting the sacred pulpit and ploughing the souls of his hearers; sometimes with his sickle cutting the thorns out of the land, and sometimes with his speech clearing sins out of souls.<sup>34</sup>

A day or two before Easter, John preached again. To understand this sermon, it is necessary to call to mind that the preacher had done something more during his Lenten course than comfort the terrified citizens and explain the creation to them. He had also attacked one of their sins. The ancient Greeks, as every one knows, were prodigal of their oaths, with little regard for the

<sup>31</sup> *Hom. xii. ad Pop. Antioch.*

<sup>32</sup> *Hom. xiii. ad Pop. Antioch.*

<sup>33</sup> *Hom. xiv. ad Pop. Antioch.*

<sup>34</sup> *Hom. xix. ad Pop. Antioch.*

truth, and less for the necessity of them. This feature of character had gone down to the Hellenized cities of Asia. John determined to efface it at Antioch. At the end of thirteen of the discourses which I have mentioned, he made thirteen separate attacks upon the vice of swearing. In this discourse, after exhorting the people to forgive their enemies, as they hoped the Emperor would forgive them, in view of the coming festival, he threatens excommunication against such persons as shall still continue to swear.

I give you all warning, and declare that if, in my private visits and experience amongst you, I shall catch (as certainly I shall catch) and find any that have not corrected this defect, I will make them atone for it by ordering them to stay away from the sacred mysteries, not that they may stay away, but that they may correct themselves, and so approach, and with a clean conscience enjoy the holy table.<sup>35</sup>

Meanwhile Flavian's mediation at Court for his flock had gone on well. Theodosius was induced to remit the whole punishment which the riot had provoked. The bishop started for his diocese, bearing this pardon with him. When near Antioch, he sent a horseman forward with the news. He reached the city himself at the very end of Holy Week. On Easter Sunday he heard John in the pulpit.

With the saying wherewith all along during the season of danger I was wont to preface my addresses to your charity, with that same I will open my discourse to you to-day, and say along with you—Blessed be God, that has granted us to celebrate this holy festival with joy and great gladness to-day, and has given back the head to the body, the shepherd to the sheep, the teacher to the scholars, the general to the soldiers, the chief priest to the priests. Blessed be God, Who does things beyond our asking or conceiving. We thought it enough to escape the evils lately impending over us, and all our supplication was for that; but the merciful God, Who in His gifts always outdoes our prayers and far outstrips them, has restored our Father to us with a rapidity beyond all hope. Who would have thought that in such a few days he could go and converse with the Emperor and dissipate the danger, and come back to us so quickly as to be able to be in time for the holy feast of Easter and keep it with us? But lo, that unhoped for boon is an accomplished fact, and we have recovered our Father, and the pleasure that we enjoy is all the greater from our having gotten him back beyond our expectation. On all these grounds, then, let us give thanks to the merciful God, and admire His power and clemency and wisdom, and the providence that He has exercised over this city.<sup>36</sup>

<sup>35</sup> *Hom. xx. ad Pop. Antioch.*

<sup>36</sup> *Hom. xxi. ad Pop. Antioch.*

There follows a description of the bishop's interview with the Emperor. When admitted to an audience, Flavian could not speak for tears. The Emperor began the conversation, enumerating the benefits that he had conferred on Antioch, and complaining of the ill return which had been made them. The bishop then found voice to represent how splendid the opportunity was for a manifestation of Imperial clemency: he narrated in commiseration the actual terror of the Antiochenes, and exhorted the Emperor to have mercy on them as he hoped for mercy himself at the last day. Theodosius answered in words which, John says, "adorned him much more than his diadem"—

What great wonder if we, men as we are ourselves, remit our anger upon the men that have insulted us, seeing that the Master of the universe, coming upon earth and becoming for our sakes a servant, and being crucified by them that had received His bounty, invoked His Father on behalf of His executioners, saying—"Forgive them, for they know not what they do." What wonder, then, if we forgive our fellow servants!

There is a certain pathos in these words, coming from the author of the massacre which, three years later, roused the righteous indignation of St. Ambrose. But Theodosius repented of that sin. He forgave Antioch: he was forgiven for Thessalonica.

The above full account of the Lent of 387 may stand for a specimen of the labours in which John spent his priestly career. Besides many occasional discourses, he exposed in the pulpit a goodly portion of Sacred Scripture. The book of Genesis, the Psalms, the Gospels of St. Matthew and St. John, and St. Paul's Epistles (except those to the Colossians, the Thessalonians, and the Hebrews) were thus commented on by him at Antioch. A little Judaism at times was fashionable among the Christians at that age: this fashion drew from the vigilant pastor a course of sermons *Against the Jews*.

I may be allowed here with diffidence to say a word on the characteristics of St. John Chrysostom as a preacher. To his Bible-loving genius I have already referred. He was, moreover, what I may call a preacher with a policy. In a legislative chamber, whoever would



attain to the reputation of a public speaker must provide himself, not with rhetoric merely, but with political views. These views may be sound or the reverse; he may be a Chatham or a Bolingbroke; but the important thing is that he should have views—clear, decided, and peculiar views—fastened upon him by his own consideration of State affairs. The same is the condition of the ecclesiastical orator. He must have views of his own on subjects of piety. The articles of the Christian faith are believed alike by all the faithful, but they are not realized by all in the same way. When a believer is reclaimed from sin by attending the exercises of a mission, it is his realization, not his belief, of the eternal truths, that is altered and increased. Besides the articles of faith, there are also deductions that may be made from them, and applications of them to the circumstances of life. These deductions and applications are developed very variously in various minds. The realizing the truths of faith, and the arguing from them and applying them to circumstances, constitute the possession of spiritual views. This possession cannot be achieved without deep meditation. After a man has achieved it, if he likes to open his mouth, he will be heard with interest, and will command disciples though he be destitute of eloquence. We find men of this class—Catholics call them spiritual men.

What special views then had St. John Chrysostom on subjects of piety? They will appear whenever a faithful portrait shall be drawn of the Saint's personal character; for the views that he held, he acted upon. Meanwhile I must have quoted beside the mark, if the reader has not been struck already with the manly spirit of Christian self-reliance, strong in trust in God and love of His Divine Majesty, that John's writings breathe. From them it would be possible to extract a complete scheme of asceticism; and a useful work it would be, as well to the compiler as to those to whom he might communicate it. New spiritual books are constantly being written. It were ill done to blame the authors of them. Such productions are healthy signs of the continued working of the Spirit of God, bringing forth in every age fruits adapted to

the needs and tastes of the time. But there may be occasion to remind some persons that the writing of ascetic works is anything but an easy task; indeed, quite as difficult as writing works of science, although the two difficulties differ in kind. Might not what we call our good books be rendered a little more solid and reliable and practically enlightening than they sometimes are, if they had more of the old Fathers about them? Without something of a martyr's strength of will, a man in the nineteenth century can scarcely save his soul; and I know not who gives better lessons in that quality than St. John Chrysostom.

John, however, was eloquent as well as spiritual. He had been carefully trained. Libanius did at least some good in the world by cultivating such a youth. John's works bear the fullest evidence to his familiarity with the Greek classics; with Homer, Euripides, Demosthenes, and Plato. Not that he quoted them in the pulpit, after the manner of the Renaissance preachers; he justly considered that pedantry to be profane. But he built upon them silently, as Milton built upon Virgil. Besides training and erudition, John was seconded in his oratory by an impetuous and ardent nature. His thoughts fly so fast, that he has often hardly time to string them together. Long sentences, with *and, and, and*, repeated, roll on till we wonder when the train will come to an end. From this the reader may gather that his was not the parenthetical style, but the open style. He did not, after the manner of Thucydides, begin a sentence, and insert in the middle of it all the other sentences that occurred to him while writing that; but he first finished one sentence and then the others successively. Hence he is an easy author to read. Frequently, however, the rapidity and vehemence of his diction invest it with all the force of that terseness in which he is deficient. I recollect nothing in any of the Attic orators which I prefer to the following specimen.

Are you irreligious? think of the Magi. Are you rapacious? think of the publican. Are you unclean? think of the adulteress. Are you a murderer? think of the thief. Are you a transgressor? think of the blasphemer Paul becoming afterwards an apostle; formerly a persecutor, and afterwards a preacher of the Gospel; formerly a fornicator,

and afterwards a bridesman ; formerly cockle, and afterwards wheat ; formerly a wolf, afterwards a shepherd ; formerly lead, afterwards gold ; formerly a pirate and buccaneer, and afterwards a pilot ; formerly a ravager of the Church, and afterwards intrusted with the Church ; formerly cutting down the vines, and afterwards dressing them ; formerly a destroyer of the temple, and afterwards turning builder. See you the excess of wickedness ? see the perfection of virtue. See you the contumaciousness of the servant ? see the clemency of the Master. Tell me not—I am a blasphemer : tell me not—I am a persecutor—I am unclean. You have examples on all hands ; take refuge in what harbour you will. Will you in the Old Testament ? will you in the New ? In the New there is Paul ; in the Old, David. Tell me of no excuses, tell me of no delay. Have you sinned ? repent. Have you sinned ten thousand times ? repent ten thousand times.<sup>37</sup>

None can fail to be struck with the profuseness of imagery throughout John's writings. A poet, anxious for similes but unable to invent them, would find there a mine of gems to pilfer. Another very remarkable point in an author of the fifth century is the absence of affectation. There is no straining after effect, and yet the effect comes. How it comes is hard to say ; everything said is so natural, so obvious, that it seems as though it could not have been said otherwise. I will quote one more passage, rather a long one, to illustrate this point. Having, the day before, tried his hearers' patience with a disquisition on Melchisedech, which they had taken kindly, John resolved to reward them, as he says, by resuming his shepherd's pipe. He wished on this occasion to be ornate : he is profusely so, and yet how simple ! He speaks of church music—

God, beholding great part of mankind sunk in idolence, and impatient of the labour of investigating spiritual things, wished to render the toil more loveable, and to steal away the perception of the fatigue. He therefore mingled melody with prophecy, that all being captivated by the music's measured flow, might waft up to Him the sacred canticles with a hearty good will. For nothing—nothing so raises the soul, and gives it wings, and separates it from earth, and frees it from the fetters of the body, and sets it musing on the things of heaven, and inspires it with contempt for worldly goods, as the melody of voices meeting, and a divine chant tunelessly arranged. Such pleasant kindred is there between our nature and musical airs, that even babes at the breast, crying with vexation, are by this means lulled to sleep. The nurses that bear them in their arms, often going away, and coming back again and singing them some childish ditty, thus close their eyes in slumber. For this do travellers often, as they drive their beasts at noon, sing over their drive, beguiling the weariness of the road with their songs. And not only travellers, but husbandmen

<sup>37</sup> *Hom. in Psalm. l.*

also often sing as they tread the winepress, and gather the grapes, and dress the vines, or otherwise employ themselves. The like do sailors at the oar. Then again, women at the loom, as they divide with their shuttle the mixed threads of the warf, often sing each by herself; often too, all joining in chorus, they execute some one piece in unison. This is the way of women, and travellers, and husbandmen, and sailors. They seek by singing to beguile the toil of their labours, thinking that the soul is able to bear all hardships and difficulties the easier for listening to melody and song. Since, then, our soul has an affinity for this kind of delight, that devils may not spread havoc on all hands by the importation of lewd ballads, God has planted the Psalms as a means of combining pleasure with profit. From pagan ballads, harm and destruction, and many dangers would be incurred, inasmuch as the more wanton and licentious of those ballads fasten upon the members of the soul to weaken and soften it; but from spiritual canticles great is the gain that will accrue, great the profit, great the sanctification. They will minister to all devotion, the words cleansing the soul, while the Holy Spirit hastens to descend on the soul that sings them. In proof that such as sing intelligently call down the grace of the Spirit, hear what Paul says—"Be not drunk with wine, wherein is luxury, but be filled with the Spirit." He adds the manner of the filling—"Singing and making melody in your hearts to the Lord." What means *in your hearts*? *Intelligently* is the meaning; that the mouth may not utter the words, and the mind play truant and go wandering everywhere, but that the soul may give ear to the tongue. And as swine run where there is a slough, but bees settle where there are perfumes and spices, so where there are lewd ballads devils congregate, but where spiritual canticles are sung the grace of the Spirit descends and sanctifies the mouth and soul.

In the September of 397 died Nectarius, the successor of St. Gregory Nazianzene in the metropolitan see of Constantinople. The fame of the great Syrian preacher had crossed the Hellespont. The clergy and people of the Greek capital, fond as Englishmen are of eloquence, called loudly for him to be their bishop. John received a message from Asterius, the Count of the East, requesting his presence at a chapel some way out of Antioch. There retribution awaited him for the artifice which, twenty-two years before, he had practised on the Bishop of Raphana. Imperial officers, sent for the purpose, took him in charge and carried him off to Constantinople. He was consecrated by the Patriarch of Alexandria, Theophilus; and enthroned in St. Sophia on the 26th of February, in the year 398.

J. R.

## *A Remembrance.*

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'Tis strange that the deeps in our hearts should be stirred  
By the light winds wandering o'er;  
Yet a passing strain, or a whispered word,  
Oft thrills to one's inmost core.  
And eager hopes, and golden dreams,  
As vague and as undefined  
As the subtle flash of the lightning-gleams,  
Awake in the startled mind;  
While, crushed 'neath its burden of sorrow and strife,  
Some heaven-born feeling tells  
That a better, a purer, a holier life  
In the heart of our being dwells.

Why do I lean on the window-sill,  
Building up thoughts so vast,  
While the world around is hushed and still,  
And the midnight hours flit past?  
Why do I think of my wayward life,  
And sigh for the far-off years,  
When my heart knew nought of doubt or strife,  
And my cheek was unstained with tears?—  
When there yet was hope that the opening flower,  
That smiled on the smiling earth,  
Would bear undimmed, till its latest hour,  
The fragrance and bloom of its birth;—

Why? For this little book of thine  
Has touched on a tender string,  
Whose echoing notes to the inmost shrine  
Of my softened spirit ring.  
Others may laugh, that a passing gift  
Should loosen one's fixed control—  
That a trivial act should have power to lift  
The screen from a human soul;  
But, ah! they know not the gentle heart—  
They know not the noble mind,  
Whose lightest thoughts to thy gift impart  
A value no words can find.

E. H.

### *Our despised Relatives.*

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PERHAPS nothing is more remarkable in this age of scientific development than the high position which has been assumed by the votaries of certain branches of study which, up to a recent date, were scarcely honoured with the title of science at all. It would appear that, in the eyes of many, the various branches of natural history, with chemistry and the microscope, on which they so much depend, were the only matters which really deserve the name of science. The most perfectly equipped scientific expedition which has ever left the shores of any country has lately been sent out with the view of exhausting, as far as the skill of man can do it, the secrets of life which the deep ocean alone can reveal. We have nothing to say against this impulse in itself; we feel quite sure that the comparison of the conditions of life of widely differing creatures must lead to the possession of a vast amount of knowledge which, like everything else which deserves the character of truth, must be of service, in one way or another, to the human race. We even think that the suggestions and marvellous hypotheses with which scientific journals are crowded by those who fear to be behind-hand in giving forth their discoveries to the world, though themselves often absurd enough, may still be useful as giving the key to a new direction of investigation. In other words, we do not complain that all the world have become physiologists, but we do very much resent it that physiologists should think that they have become all the world. The one fact is merely a sign of the times: it is the way of the world to run to extremes, and though much evil may come of it, there will undoubtedly be good too. The other

is simply falsehood : it is the pride of narrow-minded men, the conceit arising from the possession of a single source of strength, when all else is weakness. It is like the vision of one who looks through a telescope which is bright and distinct with reference to the one object to which it is directed, but darkness itself with respect to all around. These remarks refer to the readiness with which it is usual in our days to settle the question regarding the origin of man and his relation to lower animals, mainly, if not entirely, on principles derived from the anatomical similarity between men and animals, and without taking into account those principles of philosophy which are absolutely at variance with such results. Or if these principles are taken into account, they are summarily laid aside as if they had been proved to be false, and rejected by authorities who, from a thorough understanding of both sides of the question, are acknowledged to be competent to pass a judgment.

In a work by Dr. Büchner, entitled *Man ; his past, his present, his future*, a book professing to give the latest results of science, a book so impious that we think that the "legitimate results" of scientific research which are there laid down should be a sad caution to any one who ventures lightly into this onesided science, the question of man's present place in nature, occupying upwards of seventy closely printed pages, is discussed solely on physiological grounds, and the few pages that are given to other matters are but lame efforts to escape from the unconquerable difficulties which beset the theory in the way of language and other radical differences. But the real difficulty of the difference of nature between the soul of man and that of beasts is not only not explained, but not even alluded to ; and yet this is called the result of all that science has taught on the subject up to the year 1872. In Mr. Darwin's work, now so notorious, in which he has the boldness to assert that he has satisfactorily proved the great probability of our ape descent, the only proofs alleged are again drawn from the side of our animal nature. There are, indeed, feeble efforts to show that there is nothing in the phenomena of mind and conscience



to interfere with this conclusion—we have already seen with what success; but the question arising from the real nature of our senses, of thought, and of consciousness, are not touched, or, if they are, are so confused as to show that the very terms are not understood. We know very well that it is now the fashion to consider the philosophy of the middle ages exploded; but we ask any candid student of these questions whether agreement should not be secured upon such matters of principle before novelties are assumed in argument, and whether it is honest to use long established terms in a sense which they were never destined to convey, thus to have the appearance of arguing on principles common to both sides.

We have another writer to whom we must call attention, and then we shall proceed with the particular object of this paper.

Mr. Huxley, in an article originally printed in the *Contemporary*, but now reissued in a volume of essays—an article which it is no purpose of ours to answer, because that has, we consider, been very triumphantly done by the author who was the principal object of attack—asks, “What is the value of the evidence which leads us to believe that our fellow man feels?” And he answers, the only evidence in this argument of analogy is the similarity of his structure and action to our own. We should find no fault with this sentence in itself, because the actions of man are indications of his nature, as well as his individual character, but from what follows it is evident that it is the similarity of structure upon which he bases his argument, for, in the sentence immediately following, the word functions is substituted for actions, *i.e.*, it is the physical system with its functional operations to which he refers. Now, in this we must beg his pardon if we express our entire dissent. We are convinced that other men feel, reason, and will, because the testimony of our senses tells us that they have the same nature as ourselves, and we are convinced that animals feel, but do not reason, because we have evidence that they partake of the animal nature which we also share, but are deprived of that spiritual nature which is our privilege. Our argument then is placed on a

much wider basis than the mere similarity of structure. This is the original sin of Mr. Huxley and his followers. They are unable to see anything higher in man than the flesh which is a subject for the dissecting knife, and the skeleton which, in their ideas, survives only to be placed on a shelf with that of a chimpanzee. But there is much to be said on the remainder of this passage. Mr. Huxley is endeavouring to establish that brutes are capable of thought. "The difference," he tells us, "of structure and function between men and apes is utterly insufficient to warrant the assumption that while men have these states of consciousness we call sensations, apes have nothing of the kind. Moreover, we have as good evidence that apes are capable of emotion and volition as we have that men other than ourselves are. But if apes possess three of the four kinds of states of consciousness which we discover in ourselves, what possible reason is there of denying them the fourth? If they are capable of sensation, emotion, and volition, why are they to be denied thought (in the sense of predication)?" Mr. Huxley opens a new paragraph with the triumphant remark, "No answer has ever been given to the question," but we shall leave him here for the present, and shall only say with reference to his last remark, that it seems to have escaped him that no one ever before thought of asking such questions, nor would have done so now but for that extreme confusion of ideas into which his ignorance of the old philosophy has allowed him to fall.

Nothing serves more than this passage to convince us how much of the present difference of opinion concerning the nature of brutes arises from a difference of principle, and a mingling up of terms, which by one party are employed in a definite and fixed sense, but by the other in a loose, indistinct, and therefore inaccurate manner. To speak of sensation, emotion, and volition, as three states of consciousness, and to argue as is done to the existence of volition, and then to that of thought, exhibits a state of mind which no explanation of the acts of beasts could satisfy, no accumulation of instances of curious instinct otherwise than blind. It is our intention to show what

very distinct things are here confused together, but we must first explain what is to be understood by the several terms here employed, and which of them are common to beasts and which are proper to man.

It was taught by the scholastics, and before them by the founder of the peripatetic philosophy, that there are in the life of man three distinct classes of operations which, though they are due to one only principle, which we may call that of human life, may yet be considered as due to three distinct vital forces, which are called the vegetative, the sensitive, and the intellectual. These forces are represented in the three great classes of organized beings, viz., plants, brutes, and man; in the first the vegetative only appearing, in the second the vegetative and sensitive, whilst man exhibits all three.

To the first are to be attributed those operations upon which the support, increase, and reproduction of the organisms immediately depend, and which are independent of all voluntary or even instinctive actions. Such are the separation of the fit elements of the soil, or of the food once introduced into the stomach, their assimilation into the tissues, the aeration of sap in the leaves of plants, the oxydation of the blood by exposure to the air in the lungs of animals, and the fertilization and development of the ovum for the formation of new individuals. All these belong to what we call the vegetative life, are found in everything that grows, or feels, or thinks, from the foraminifer of the deepest ocean to the most cultured human being, and might be conceived to exist if there were no such thing as sensitive or intellectual life, and if the beauty of nature were confined to the marvellous varieties of the vegetable world, or if our bodies were attached to the earth like trees, drawing in their nutriment from the soil, stirred only by the wind, like a prodigious pantomime, full of vigorous life, but insensible as death.

The sensitive life includes these phenomena, but adds to them four great classes of operations, the exterior and interior senses, the emotions and spontaneous movements. First we have those of the external senses by which we see, feel, hear, smell, and taste

objects external to us. These senses we know are as perfect, and in many cases far more perfect in animals than in ourselves. It is needless to illustrate this by citing examples of the keen scent of a hound, the delicacy of sight which enables a dog to recognize its master after a long absence, the wonderful vision of a bird of prey that can descry its victim at a distance at which it would be quite lost to the keenest human sight, and so on. About this there is no controversy. The only conclusion immediately to be drawn from such facts is that there is in every creature a marvellous perfection according to its kind—but so far we have seen nothing but what is acknowledged by all. This perfection of every, even the lowest creature, and its adaptation to its end, is a marvel of the creation, a right knowledge of which has ever filled the greatest minds with admiration expressed by that exclamation of the Psalmist, *Quam magnificata sunt opera tua Domine, omnia in sapientia fecisti.*<sup>1</sup> The scientific world is now opening its eyes to this beauty as far as the anatomy is concerned, but it ignores or misinterprets the much more admirable adaptation of its interior sensitive nature, which, however, was long since accurately described, while its most surprising phenomena were accounted for by the now despised scholastics.

It is laid down by St. Thomas,<sup>2</sup> that as nature cannot be wanting in what is necessary, there must be as many actions of the sensitive soul as are sufficient for the life of a perfect animal. We shall pursue this principle into some of its consequences, and we shall see how much of the difficulty now felt in explaining the actions of beasts, or we would rather say, how much of the assurance in pronouncing upon them, is due to an ignorance of the nature and properties of a sensitive as distinguished from a rational soul. The perfection of vegetable life consists in nutrition, growth, and reproduction. In the animal these three operations are retained, but in a higher, more perfect form, and to them are added what are the distinctive characters of animal life, sensation, spontaneous action, and, in the higher animals, locomotion. The plant is fixed to the soil,

<sup>1</sup> Psalm ciii.<sup>2</sup> Pt. i., q. 78, a. 4.

the earth and air provide its nourishment, chemical action introduces it into the tissue, its cells are multiplied and enlarged, a thousand wonderful provisions are made for the spread of the fertilizing dust. Heat and light affect it by their chemical influence, the wind blasts it, the frost withers it, it shrinks from contact with other individuals, and the weaker ceases to put forth its arms as the stronger overpowers it. It shines with marvellous beauty, raises its head as if conscious of its majesty ; but as far as any perception of what is around or within it, it is, as it were, dead ; like the rock on which it grows, it is insensible to everything. It has eyes and sees not, ears and hears not. It is mere matter, but transformed immeasurably above its native element, elevated to the state of organic life, which no art, no science, no combination of elements can reproduce. The same rain and sun falls upon various plants, but such is the perfect adaptation of the nature of each one to its end, that the same influences produce in the various organisms all that marvellous variety of leaf and flower which renders our valleys on a sunny day in spring a very Paradise upon earth. But if we can conceive a plant possessing all the organism of the human eye, it might indeed reflect the light to those who looked on it, but the plant would be in darkness, it would be like the peacock's glory, beautiful to behold, but mere adornment for the eyes of others. It would be as with one that is dead, the organization of whose eye was still perfect. The messenger from without may indeed penetrate the chamber, but there is no response, all is darkness, all silence within.

It is not then merely the organism which constitutes the faculty of sensation of which we are now speaking. There is something within to which the impression from without is conveyed ; something that sees, hears, feels, and smells ; something beyond all the senses, something central to them all, capable of appreciating an impression of colour, of sweetness, of hardness, of tone, and of scent. What is this ? It is what we call the soul. We shall see something of its nature later ; its first faculty is an interior sense which, in a way, takes cognizance of all impressions conveyed by the exterior senses. It is called the common sense, and

has this wonderful faculty of proportion to such varied impressions. The impressions are received as it were upon a screen or mirror, which is called the sensorium. It is the common sense that sees, smells, hears, what is printed there. The eye of the dog conveys the image of the partridge, its palate carries the impression of flavour, the nostrils the scent; but without this interior sense common to all, these impressions would be as though they were brought to different subjects, and there would be no cooperation for the good of the individual. But something much more was required. The sense of the dog might be regaled with the scent and flavour of the game, but this would give little to the preservation of its life unless the impressions so acquired could be retained. It is in the nature of animals, especially the higher, to seek their food. Unless this is to be considered as a mechanical operation, inexplicable on account of its ever varying character, it must be looked on as due to some allurements which can only have its source in an impression of good to follow, and evil to be averted, which either is inherited, or once acquired, is retained for the future. The principle of this, again, is the imagination, which St. Thomas describes as a kind of treasure house of forms, or impressions received through the senses. Hence, as was evidently necessary for the perfection of animal life, an animal has impressions of absent and past as well as of present things. The imagination may form images under various circumstances; they may be delusive as in madness or dreams, or under the influence of morbid action of the nerves.

In addition to this, there are other faculties which exceed what is the immediate part of the exterior senses. The sight of a wolf fills a lamb with terror, but it is certainly not anything in the sight which is hideous or terrible, it is the evil that the wolf can do that excites the alarm, but this is not an object of any of the exterior senses. This is a provision of nature which supplies the place of rational judgment, and is sufficient for the purposes of animal nature. It is called by the scholastics *vis aestimativa*, a sort of sensitive judgment, which connects the object visible to the eye with the good or evil to the

individual, and this without any use of abstract ideas, with no conception of the dangerous or the good, but by direct perception of the good or evil to the individual, associated with the impression, in itself indifferent, conveyed by the eye or the nostrils. So it is when a bird gathers straws for its nest; there is no perception of the useful, but there is an associated perception that that which sends such an impression to the eye is also useful as a protection for the young. These are not ideas, for ideas essentially suppose a knowledge of something in the abstract, and it is a misuse of words and a falsification of argument to speak of them as such. Neither in this is there necessarily any memorative faculty. The bird does not learn by experience the most suitable form of nest, nor the fittest materials of which to compose it, but there are other circumstances in which a faculty comparable in some sort to our memory is necessary for the well being of the animal. This may be called experience, or sensitive memory. It is not by experience that a lamb fears a wolf, it is as much a part of its nature as to love its mother's milk, and the internal sense or estimative faculty tell it that the animal which has nothing exterior to render it odious, but rather a wonderful grace and beauty, as the leopard or the tiger, is nevertheless, though never seen by it before, its deadly enemy. If, however, an animal has been wounded by a gun, or caught in a trap from which it narrowly escaped with its life, there is now a new danger to be averted, which nature has not revealed to it. A sensitive memory, still purely in the animal nature, retains the impression of danger associated with the visible image of the snare or the smell of powder.

No intellectual operation is required for this, no idea, properly so called, no reflection on the past, and deduction for the future, but simply a combination of impressions received upon the imagination viewed by the interior sense common to all, rightly estimated by the sensitive judgment and retained by the memorative faculty. These faculties, it can easily be shown, are sufficient for a very large class of the necessities of animal nature, and without them we cannot conceive such a nature to exist. They are evidently



insufficient for circumstances in which the intelligence of man may place them. And we shall presently see that something still more refined is required even for the exigencies of natural life. The larger fish are so accustomed to the bright shining scales which betray their prey, that they dash voraciously upon any brightly coloured object which comes in their path. Hence the popularity and successfulness of the calling of a fisherman. So too our cornfields are for a time successfully guarded against the depredations of birds by a painted figure; but the operation of the faculties we have been speaking of is well illustrated by the proverb that old birds are not caught with chaff; and it is well known that a fish that has once slipped the hook is wary in the future.

Before proceeding to another class of phenomena, we shall here point out that all that is said about the judgment of animals, the reasoning faculties of dogs, the social qualities of birds and ants, their adaptation to various circumstances, the recognition of a master, in fact, the various circumstances which are brought forward to prove that animals are endowed with a beginning of intelligence, are explained on the principles we have laid down. They show the beginning of reason in the same sense, and only as much, as a plant may be said to have the beginning of animal life. It possesses a life common to animals with themselves, but of an inferior order, bearing great analogy to much that is witnessed in animals, but in no true sense a commencement, because that cannot be called a commencement which has in it no element of progress to the higher state. It is different in kind, if it has its origin from an inferior principle, and by its nature is limited to a restricted class of operations. We are not now proving that this is the case, but we are proving that the phenomena adduced as arguments of reason in animals are fully explained, as far as anything in such matters can be explained, without any recourse to an intellectual faculty even in its lowest degree, and to argue as if it were otherwise, is to show an ignorance of the nature of animal life as proved to exist apart from intelligence, by a study of animal life itself, of our own operations which

are independent of, and anterior to, reason, and by comparison with the phenomena observed in idiots and infants where the use of reason is impeded.

It has always been held as a thing demonstrated in philosophy, that the principle within us which thinks and reflects and reasons, must be a simple spiritual being, which no development from matter, and no progress from an inferior order, could produce, but that no such necessity is involved in direct perceptions or sensations. Those who speak of such development either are ignorant of the first idea of a spiritual substance, or they deny that there is any such in us, or they assert that beasts have it perfectly like ourselves. There is no other alternative to choose. If they choose the last, we say their assertion is gratuitous. The arguments they rely on have no validity, and are dispelled by a slight acquaintance with the old philosophy. A few lines will explain what we mean. We have seen that perception and sensation have been from the dawn of philosophy attributed to animal life, whereas thought, in its proper sense, belongs to intellectual life only. The radical distinction is this—the object of sensation is something individual and particular. A hare starts up before a dog. The image of that individual hare is pictured on the sensorium of the dog. The impression, a material one, on its brain, retained from its past training, or imprinted by inheritance, is renewed, and a necessary impulse to the motive nerves, which supplies what in us would be an act of the will, causes the dog to start in pursuit. Now the changes that take place in the dog in this series of operations are all organic. There is no need of ascending beyond the region of matter to find the principles of the sensation. But it is very different in those operations which we call intellectual. The thought gathers from the object perceived that in it which is common to other individuals of its kind, as the qualities of the hare in general; instead of merely perceiving an object good or suitable to itself, its object is good in general. In other words, it abstracts from matter, and considers the essences of things—a hare inasmuch as it is a hare, a stone as it

is a stone. This operation is what we call understanding, and it is evident that this understanding is no organic change produced by the object. And from this power of the soul, Aristotle, and all the scholastics after him, demonstrated that the soul, being thus in its action independent of organism, is therefore independent of organism, *i.e.* of matter in its own nature, according to the principle laid down by Aristotle, *Quod recipitur in aliquo recipitur in eo per modum recipientis*—that is, as the soul is obliged to separate its object from matter, so as in a manner to assimilate it before it can comprehend it, it is argued that the soul itself must be independent of matter. It therefore subsists in itself, and is a spiritual substance. The argument may seem difficult; but it must be evident to every one how great is the distinction between the two classes of operations. The knowledge of an essence is in a totally different order from a sensation, and brings quite a new faculty into play. There is nothing in mere sensitive life which approaches this.

But there is something more to be said to the same effect. The experience of the human race in its daily intercourse with brutes from the beginning of the world, the absolute dominion over them which we feel is our right, their incapability of being taught—a fact which it is futile to deny, notwithstanding the arguments deduced to the contrary from learned pigs telling their letters, or from parrots educated to repeat a sentence—all confirm the same truth. Only let any one adduce the greatest progress ever made in all generations, whether with dogs, elephants, or monkeys, let them say if it was ever known that the most proficient ever uttered a sentence implying an abstract thought of its own, or predicated something about itself which had not been drummed into it by starvation and blows, and then compare such result with the facility with which a negro, or bushman, or Fuegian child, can be taught not only to speak and show by use his implied knowledge of abstract things, though he remain ignorant of the meaning of the word, but even to write, and exhibit all the signs of intellect and education familiar to us among the most favoured races of men. This is so notorious, that to argue as if there were

anything in the faculty of learning of an ape which can be said to differ only in degree from that of a child of the most degraded human race, is to speak in the face of facts, and to argue in spite of evidence.

If, in the second place, our adversaries retire on the assertion that there is no such thing as a spiritual substance in us, we can only refer them to the demonstrations which have been a thousand times repeated and never refuted, of the truth we have already mentioned, that to entertain a true idea, and still more, to compare one with another, is an operation in which organism has no part, of which no compound being as such can be the subject. This, consequently, is a doctrine which no development of science can affect, because no development can alter the fundamental nature of matter as a compound substance. There remains then nothing but to confess the ignorance which we believe to be lamentably prevalent—which should at least dictate some modesty in speaking of such subjects. An absence of this modesty removes that excuse which might otherwise have been accorded to the necessary result of the contempt in which metaphysical studies have so long been held in this country, a contempt which has laid the way for the acceptance of systems the effects of which are already disastrous. We might put our argument in brief in this form. There is nothing to show that the souls of lower animals are spiritual, but all arguments lead to the opposite conclusion. What is not spiritual cannot develop into what is spiritual. Therefore, the soul of man cannot be a development of that of a brute. We have here really concern only with the first assertion. The second follows immediately from what we have said.

We shall now discuss a passage of Mr. Huxley in the essay above referred to. Speaking of this distinction between sensation and thought, which his antagonist has very properly insisted on, and referring to the proposition that "sensation is not thought, and no amount of the former would constitute the most rudimentary condition of the latter," he says—"This proposition is true or not true, according to the sense in which the word *thought* is employed." This is certainly a sapient

remark, but we should presume that in discussing a question of philosophy, the word is used only in its accurate and acknowledged strict sense. Thought may be described as the operation of the mind reflecting upon an object presented to it, which object may be an image on the imagination presented by the external senses, the mind itself or its own operations, whereas sensation is simply the perception by the mind of the impression made on the imagination by the external object. The one is simply a particular perception, the other involves an abstraction, or the predicating of something abstract of the object. It is one thing to perceive the smell of musk. It is another thing to recall by a voluntary or an involuntary act that perception, and it is a very different thing again to reflect upon the particular odour here referred to. The perception is an animal faculty belonging in greater or less degree to every creature of the animal kingdom. Involuntary recalling of such impressions is what we have called sensitive memory, and is a provision for animal life also quite independent of any intellectual power. The voluntary recalling of the perception is, of course, an exercise of freewill, and as such requires a knowledge of what we are doing, and therefore evidently belongs to intellectual nature. Still more so the reflecting on the odour, which implies the predication of some abstract idea as belonging to the subject in question. If this reflection has for its object the operations of the mind, as our own perceptions or our own thoughts, or the mind itself, it is consciousness. These are the meanings ordinarily attached to these words, and to use them in another sense without guarding the reader is to use unsound and deceptive reasoning. It is like a foreigner picking up some words of our language, and using them in his own sense. We shall now see what Mr. Huxley makes of this distinction, and the summary way in which he dismisses it. "Thought is not uncommonly used in a sense coextensive with consciousness, and especially with those states of consciousness which we call memory. If I recall the impression made by a colour or an odour, and distinctly remember blueness or muskiness, I may say

with perfect propriety that I think of blue or musk, and so long as the thought lasts, it is simply a faint reproduction of the state of consciousness to which I gave the name in question when it first became known to me as a sensation."

We should have thought it would be hard to find so great a piece of confusion in so small a space. It is not enough to say that there are as many errors as lines. Thought is not consciousness, nor is memory a state of consciousness. The mere recalling of an impression is not a thought, and if it were so, the calling it "a faint reproduction" of the original sensation would be to place brutes on a pinnacle far above us in that which is the greatest boast of our nature—for what would they want with thought if it were only a *faint reproduction* of those sensations which they possess in so perfect a degree? Still more opposed to elementary notions of philosophy is the assumption in the same lines that the original sensation can in any way be called a state of consciousness. To suppose such a thing is to assume the whole question as a basis for the demonstration of what is assumed. Our readers will not now be surprised to find that Mr. Huxley considers the whole difficulty to be solved.

"If that faint reproduction of a sensation which we call the memory of it is properly termed a thought, it seems to me to be a somewhat forced proceeding to draw a hard and fast line of demarcation between thoughts and sensations." Of course the supposition here put is perfectly false, and so the hard line remains. The fact is, it is not easy, with the possession of our superior faculty, quite to realize the process of simple perception as distinct from thought, but we know how often we feel an aching pain, and see and hear external objects without any attention of the mind to them—indeed, with a firm effort to fix the mind on some other object. Now it is quite impossible to think of more than one thing at once; there is therefore, even in ordinary experience, some distinction between a sensation and a thought. In this distinction, indeed, is the main battle. If it could be shown that animals can think as they can feel, there is

nothing wanting to prove that the difference between our souls is one only of degree.

It is plain, however, that there is nothing to be feared to an instructed reader from such arguments as we have been discussing. Indeed, we can really hardly conceive anything more futile than the character of argument with which this question is pursued. "If sensations are not rudimentary thoughts (he had just told us thoughts were faint reproductions of sensations), it may be said that some thoughts are rudimentary sensations." This is curious, and we cannot see a justification for such an assertion, even according to his ordinary standard of argument; but the attempt which follows to escape from Mr. Mivart's assertion, that no amount of sensation would constitute the most rudimentary condition of the latter, surprises us. "No amount of sound," he adds, "constitutes an echo, but for all that no one would pretend that echo is something of a totally different nature from sound." It is needless to deny the parity, as it is needless to say that it is not merely because no amount of sensations would make a thought that Mr. Mivart argues the difference of kind. It is one consequence of the difference of kind which consists in the radical difference between the operations. Sound is to echo as genus is to species. Echo is sound, though sound is not echo; but thought is no more sensation than sensation is thought. The next sentence still more clearly reveals how sadly the physiologist has got beyond his depth, or we would rather say, how much more at home he would have been among the zoophytes of the deep ocean than in the intricate channels of philosophical dispute. "Nothing," he tells us, "can be looser or more inaccurate than the assertion that sensations supply the conditions for the exertion of thought or knowledge." This expression really contains the alphabet of the subject, and is expressed in the words of the old philosopher—*Nihil in intellectu quod non prius in sensu*. But Mr. Huxley sees in it either a solemn truism or a falsehood. "If this implies that sensations supply the conditions for the existence of our memory, of sensations, or of our thoughts about sensations,



it is a truism which it is hardly worth while to state so solemnly. If it implies that sensations supply anything else, it is obviously erroneous." The truth is that the objects of our thoughts the most removed from what is sensual are themselves abstractions and generalizations from particular perceptions which we have originally through the senses alone.

We must now say a few words on Mr. Huxley's analysis of the process by which a gamekeeper looses the greyhound from the leash, and by which the greyhound pursues the game. The illustration is a good one, and exhibits well the falseness of the principle with which he himself works. Starting from the first sighting of the hare, he says, "He becomes the subject of those states of consciousness which we call visual sensations. This is all he receives from without. Sensation as such tells him nothing whatever about the causes of these states of consciousness." Of course we must remark that here there is not necessarily a state of consciousness at all, but merely the perception of the object and the estimation of its character by the interior sense which we have already spoken of, and upon which the new hand, with deliberate mental act, follows through all the processes of desire to the loosing of the hound in pursuit. Now he tells us that by practice the great majority of the mental acts vanish, and the loosing of the dog follows unconsciously, or, as we say, without thinking about it, upon the sight of the hare. He therefore argues that as the series of interior acts when the gamekeeper was still without practice were rational and intellectual acts, therefore of course they are still the same, but he forgets that he has just said the loosing of the dog was unconscious—how then can he call it an intellectual act? The difference is just there. When he was new at his work, it required the full attention of his mind and the effort of his will at the right instant to effect what was required, but habit has by degrees supplied the place of the conscious exertion of the mind; the nerves tell their tale as before, the interior senses correspond, and the muscles, so accustomed to receive the command, act as if by mechanism, and would do so in the same circumstances if he were asleep. But it is not a

conscious act, and therefore not an intellectual one. To say, then, that the gamekeeper reasons whether he is conscious or not, is to misuse terms. It is not true of the gamekeeper, neither is it as he argues of the dog. "The essential resemblances in all points of structure and function," he continues, "so far as they can be studied between the nervous system of the man and that of the dog, leave no reasonable doubt that the processes which go on in the one are just like those which take place in the other." As far as structure and the action of nerves and senses are concerned, we agree, and here is to be put the limit of the likeness. In the actions of men which are not purely mechanical or unconscious, or, in other words, merely animal or spontaneous, all of which are used to mean the same thing, there supervenes the action of the intellect, which separates what is abstract from the individual perception, predicates it of the object with consciousness of its own act, and of the will, which freely, and with power of refusing its commands, sends the motor influence to the muscle; whereas, in the animal, the perception of the object, its recognition by the interior sense of the *vis æstimatoria*, and its inherited instinct or the memorative faculty belonging to animals, necessarily give the impulse to the nerve which results in the dog bounding forth in quest of the game.

Mr. Huxley continually confounds sensation with consciousness, and this accounts for much of the confusion and error of his reasoning. If, he tells us, we deny that consciousness accompanies those nervous changes which in the dog correspond with those which underlie thought in man, we are equally bound to deny that the nervous changes in a dog which correspond with those in man which underlie sensation are accompanied by consciousness, which he will evidently be surprised to learn we do; but it does not follow, as he concludes, that therefore there is no more ground for believing that a dog feels than that he thinks. The argument of Mr. Huxley is founded on a confusion between consciousness and feeling. They are quite different things. This is the secret of it all. We acknowledge that a dog feels, as freely as that it sees, but we deny that it adverts to or reflects upon its own feeling.

This constitutes the state of consciousness, and requires implicitly the predication of an abstraction.

A little later we find the passage to which we referred at the beginning. "What," he asks, "is the ground for supposing that our fellow man feels?" He answers—"It is the similarity of his structure and actions to our own," and argues that the same reason suffices to prove that the ape feels; "but," he adds, "we have also as good reason for attributing to apes emotion and volition as we have to other men." He then sums up with the passage we have cited before. "If, then, we allow to apes three of the four states of consciousness—sensation, emotion, and volition, what reason is there of denying him the fourth, thought." This is a very sad specimen of Mr. Huxley's philosophy; a greater piece of nonsense it would be hard to write.

We shall add a few remarks on this passage, and shall then proceed to another subject. Similarity of structure and action is not the only reason why we are convinced that other men feel. The experience of the human race from the beginning of the world, our knowledge of the origin of other men, and experience of similarity even in the most refined and ever varied shades of character and disposition, show us without possibility of doubt that they are of the same nature as ourselves. No one, therefore, however paradoxical, has proposed the theory that men, even the most degraded of men, were devoid of feeling; but it is otherwise with brutes. Considerable similarity of structure, which cannot be denied, has not prevented the universal conviction that there is a difference of nature so great that some have gone so far as to deny to brutes the faculty of feeling. We do not agree with them, but it is enough for our argument that our fellow men, of whatever race, stand on quite a different footing in this point from that on which the most favoured beasts can be placed. Mr. Huxley's argument, therefore, fails at the outset. We need hardly again point to the error of speaking of sensation as a state of consciousness into which he again falls, but the assertion that we have as good evidence that apes are capable of emotion and volition as we ourselves are, must not be

allowed to pass. In the first place, we freely admit that they are capable of emotion; it belongs to the animal nature, and the ignorance of this fact is another source of confusion to which we hope to allude, if only briefly, before we end this paper. But that apes show as great signs of volition—that is, of freewill—as we do, we should not have thought even Mr. Huxley would have dared to assert. It is false, and in opposition to the evidence of the most ordinary daily life. It is the assertion of one who is unable to distinguish the free intelligent act of a man from the blind necessary spontaneity with which a beast is drawn to that which is presented to his senses as suitable there and then to his wants. Volition in its idea is free, and, if free, intelligent. We have, then, in this one line an assumption of the actual question at issue, which Mr. Huxley himself would not have asserted in its naked fulness—that there is as much reason to believe that beasts enjoy intelligence and freewill as ourselves. Having said thus much, there was no need to go further. The conclusion that they have thought is contained in the assertion of volition, with what foundation our readers can now judge.

How far the remarks we have made apply to Mr. Darwin may be shown from the following extract from the *Descent*<sup>3</sup>—"Can we feel sure that an old dog with an excellent memory and some power of imagination, as shown by his dreams, never reflects on his past pleasures in the chase? And this would be a form of self-consciousness. And on the other hand, as Dr. Büchner has observed, how little can the hard-worked wife of a degraded Australian savage, who uses hardly any abstract words and cannot count above four, exert her self-consciousness or reflect on the nature of her own existence." Here are many errors and gratuitous assumptions. Imaginative faculty is not wanting to a dog, neither is what we have called a sensitive memory, *i.e.*, the recalling of a perception already received. But this is quite independent of reflection, which he has no authority whatever to assume; neither would such reflection be self-consciousness, though it would suppose it. But the Australian woman who uses hardly

<sup>3</sup> Vol. xix., p. 62.

any abstract words is a figment of his own imagination. Abstract words are an essential of a language even in its simplest form. If she only asserts that her food is good, there is an abstract idea predicated of a subject, which is quite enough to convince us that she has the faculty of reason and needs only education to develop it. That she does not reflect on the nature of her existence is likely enough. But we would submit that many a philosopher has reflected on that with no more success than an Australian savage.

At what age, asks Mr. Darwin, does a newborn infant acquire the power of abstraction? We do not know, he answers; and he argues that beasts are in the state of infants. But the difference is that we know that infants do learn, and that the individual develops to a perfect man, and we know that no education in the world has ever extorted from an ape more than a ridiculous imitation for the amusement of children. In infants, the faculty is there, though it is dormant. In itself it is as perfect as in the wisest. If it existed even in the higher races of animals, it would be complete in the individual and could at least be developed to a certain extent, whereas we see no sign whatever of such a faculty.

The signs of intelligence in animals chosen by Mr. Darwin are chiefly drawn from the emotions, such as fear, joy, &c.; of these we shall speak presently. Amongst instances of reason, he mentions the Esquimaux dogs, whose divergence from one another was the first indication to the traveller that the ice was thin; monkeys, which learned by experience how to open an egg; others, which being once cut with a sharp tool would not touch it again; another, which being stung by a wasp which was wrapped instead of a piece of sugar in a piece of paper, would not open another till it had first listened to know if there was danger within; and the dog which deliberately killed a wounded bird to be able to carry it and one that had been killed together. The cautious animal learns by seeing others killed. But these and innumerable other such instances are explained without any difficulty on the principles we have mentioned. Nature has given all that is necessary for the complex circumstances of their

existence, and without such provision animal life could not exist; but that there is in them conscious action or reflex thought, there is no indication.

A writer in the *Quarterly Review* adduces many pretty instances of affection, sagacity, and cunning in dogs. A dog deserted by his master will take some cast off garment and lie on it for days; the sight of the cleaning of guns preparatory to the 12th of August fills him with rapturous anticipations of sport; the taking up a hat or stick makes him leap for joy. As it is probable he has dreams in which are reproduced the impressions made on his memory, so it is probable that when waking he may follow imaginary scenes, which the memorative faculty or hope or fear may depict on the imagination. He is said to distinguish at a glance a tramp or swell-mob's man from a gentleman, even in the most soiled attire. He will steal away unperceived on a poaching expedition, perhaps invite a serviceable companion to assist him, and when all is over, steal back into the kennel, and sometimes even wriggle his head back into his collar. A dog which once saw its master drop a gold coin on the floor is related to have picked it up, and to have sat the whole day with it in its mouth, refusing to eat anything till his master returned for fear he should drop the treasure. A poodle puppy, unable to resist temptation, stole a pigeon out of a pie, and to avoid detection filled up the hole with a bit of damp inky sponge taken from a writing table. A dog has been known to simulate a quarrel with another dog outside a door into which he wished to gain admission, because a real quarrel the day before had led to that result. The story of the dog, which being discarded by its master, was seen deliberately to stand gazing at the rushing waters of the Loire, then painfully lift himself on his crippled legs and leap into the water, and when a stick was stretched out to him, gave a look of despair, turned his head away, and floated down without an effort to save himself, has a little of poetry in it, but we are not prepared to deny anything except the consciousness, *i.e.*, real deliberation or the intention of the act. With this exception, there is nothing here or in much more

wonderful stories of the cunning and affection of animals that is at all inconsistent with the theory we lay down. The combinations of direct perception, feeling, memorative and estimative power, and adaptations to the ever changing circumstances of their life, are only second to the variation of operations of intellectual life. The difference is that in animals the perception is of the individual and particular good or evil, and that the operations that lead to the wonderful variety of the acts which so much resemble men, are without reflex consciousness, whereas the human mind perceives the good and evil in the abstract at least implicitly, and is capable of conscious reflection in its acts. And if we wish to realize in some sense the state of beasts, we have only to remember that many of our most complicated acts which in themselves seem to require a long train of thought, may be performed unconsciously by the mere force of habit. What is thus an occasional state in us is in a certain sense the normal state of beasts, who have not the power of consciousness, but for whom nature supplies that concatenation of sensitive operations which in us minister to our intellect, but would have been sufficient for our animal nature and are all that is given to beasts.

We have said that Mr. Darwin makes much account of the signs of the emotions in animals, which are often seen to show signs of joy, fear, anger, &c. Surely, we are told, these are signs of the existence of a true intellect. We must here show, as we have before promised, very briefly however, that this is an error. The emotions, as we may feel within ourselves, are direct sensations of something particular presented to us without involving any abstraction or generalization. There is, therefore, nothing in them which exceeds the nature of the sensitive or animal soul. They are, in fact, produced immediately by organic changes, like any other perceptions. Thus, St. Thomas lays down the principle that the passions are situated where there is corporal change, and therefore are in the sensitive appetite, not in the intellectual, which is independent of organic alteration. It is enough for us here that such feelings, involving no even implicit generalization,



do not therefore exceed the powers of material organism, and there is therefore no justification for ascribing them to any higher faculty. It follows that all arguments drawn by Mr. Darwin and others from the emotions of fear, pleasure, hope, rage, and the various minor subdivisions of the same passions, are of no avail in proving even the most rudimentary intellect. We know that in ourselves these feelings precede reason and often take possession of us in spite of the efforts of our higher powers. We see them in infants where the use of reason does not exist. We have seen that in their nature there is nothing to require any higher cause.

Mr. Darwin tells us that animals are seen to hesitate, pause, and evidently to deliberate, and thus to act from what can only be called deliberate choice. We reply that they seem to do all this, but in the face of so much greater difficulty attending any other hypothesis, we may confidently assert that these are only more complicated phenomena of the ordinary instinctive and spontaneous actions. The same impulses that in various circumstances cause a dog to dart after his game, to remain by his master's side, to fly at a stranger, to caress a friend, to pursue a wounded bird, or to leave it alone, may easily be conceived to follow each other in such rapid succession, and of course, because they are natural, in an order so befitting the occasion, that the animal in obeying them appears to us who see only the surface to be hesitating and deliberating, whereas he is really necessarily and blindly following a series of impulses exerted on him by the situation he is in, which act upon him exactly as they would upon us, the difference being that we should be conscious of their influence and free to resist them, whereas in him there is only an unconscious and involuntary act, the knowledge and the will being in Him Who founded the order of things which leads him on.

Mr. Darwin makes much of the curiosity that is found in apes; but there is nothing in this which need be attributed even to a rudimentary intellect. The sensitive nature is sufficient for the phenomena which are exhibited. There is a sensitive pleasure in the faculty of sight. There

is a sensitive memory of the past, and a similar hope of gratifying it in the future. The imperfect sight of something half concealed from view, antecedently to all exercise of reason, creates a desire to see more perfectly what it is. An intellectual being can restrain this, and children are taught to do so; but an ape has no faculty to restrain it, unless it be some other appetite which in the particular occasion is more powerful. It is, therefore, no wonder if he shows sometimes more apparent curiosity than a man; but it is not the curiosity of knowledge, it is the sensitive impulse which is drawn to seek an impression suitable to it. The exhibition of wonder is perhaps more curious. No one has travelled in a railway train without seeing the cattle stand fixed, with their heads erect, looking at the passing carriages, and then scamper wildly off. It is hard not to imagine that their feelings are the same as those of a lot of boys who for the first time see an express train. Probably there is not much difference in the feelings—but it is all in their thoughts. The fact is, the wonder of beasts is partly fear, partly surprise, which are merely sensitive emotions, and partly that balancing of impulses which, according as the stronger prevails, may lead them to fly or not, but there is no need of supposing any generalization or reflection, which alone would indicate an intellectual soul.

We shall now illustrate much of what we have said by a very familiar example. Jackdaws are very fond of potatoes. No sooner has the young shoot put its head well above the soil than a flock of them is allured from their nearest haunt. We may be told there is hope of a plentiful feast. It is not hope, but it is a sensitive anticipation of what is suitable to their nature, guided either by an impression retained on the sensorium of former feasts, or by an inherited or natural instinct which tells them of something good for them. It differs in nothing from an infant for the first time held to the breast of its mother. But here is something very wonderful. The nutritious root does not appear on the surface, but only the green leaves. There are probably many other leaves in the same field if the season is damp; but these

are all passed over; and, as it were with the eye of a botanist, the tuberous plants are singled out. Even from a considerable height in the air, the dark rough leaf is selected. A hole is bored by the side till the tuber is discovered; the shoot is broken off and discarded, after having done its work, and the potatoe is carried off to the nest. We have no reason to believe that the young are taught to discriminate any more than they are taught to build their nests; reason itself, therefore, would not teach them what was beneath the soil. There is the interior sense, or *vis aestimativa*, which tells them which shoot is a sign of the proximity of food, and after they have once tasted it there is the impression, which is recalled by the opening leaf. It is merely an operation of the sensitive appetite which, even among men, where reason is clouded or allowed to be prevailed over by passion, always leads to impetuous action. There is no one who is not familiar with the cunning of these birds; but this is not reason. There are a variety of different impulses at work, regenerating the different appetites by which they are governed. There is the greed for food. There is the instinct of self-preservation. There is the impression retained from the sight of former disasters, perhaps the loss of a dear friend, attached to the sight of a gun. There is the impression also remaining, that when the fowler's back is turned the danger is over. All these would be so many motives for acting one way or another in a reasoning subject, whereas in brutes they act in exactly the same way on the sensitive nature, but the result is a necessary obedience to the stronger impulse. The consequence is that there are exhibited all the external phenomena of eagerness, fear, caution, cunning, which in us would be governed by reason. Let a bird be shot and hung up *in terrorem*, and we have all the phenomena of curiosity, alarm, and flight, that to us seem perfectly rational, but for which the provisions of animal life abundantly satisfy.

It may be remarked that we have passed over without respect certain systems of philosophy which have sprung up in our own day, and for which the authors have become so famous. It is quite true that we have done so, and

the reason is this. Our object has been to show that the phenomena of animal life could be all explained without attributing them to intelligence, and this on a system which, introduced by one who perhaps surpassed all other men in his penetration of the nature of things, supported by the greatest minds that have illustrated the world for two thousand years, has never been successfully met. The systems of the present day being based on materialism, not only condemn themselves by the untenability of their principles, but remove the whole question from dispute by denying the fundamental nature of an intellectual being as it has always been understood. And to argue as if the old philosophy did not exist, is to be ignorant or unfair.

We cannot close this paper without noticing another point on which the Quarterly Reviewer, not without hesitation, enters. "Must our tenderness," he asks, "for our humble friends end at the hour when their brief life come to a close?" He certainly hopes that it is not so, and tells us that, probably, immortality is one of those privileges which we have acquired by development, that there may have been a period anterior to its acquirement; that dogs may probably be above the line, and have as much at least to recommend them to such happiness as infants of a year old. We can hardly help remarking here, that some persons we have heard of who used to look forward to meeting again with their dogs in the next life, and who were scared by the fear that, if dogs were to be admitted, fleas could hardly be excluded, might derive comfort from this argument. For it might appear probable that whereas dogs might have reached the limits of immortality, their still humbler brethren might yet be many generations behind. We shall leave the reviewer to hold his own opinions as to the immortality of a child of a year old, as we leave Dr. Büchner and his followers the consoling prospect of an immortality in the memory of future generations, such, for example, as is now enjoyed by the Trojan horse. But there is a chord that vibrates through every human breast that is not corrupted by vice or blinded by scepticism, and this tells us that it is not for such an immortality that we are born.

A. W.

*To a little Sister.*

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LITTLE baby sister,  
Come to say good-night,  
Waiting till I've kissed her  
Sleepy gray eyes bright ;  
Does she think me cruel,  
Naughty brother Fred,  
Thus to keep my jewel,  
From her little bed ?

Baby, sister dearie,  
Does she wonder why,  
When she is so weary,  
Wide awake am I ?  
Why I look so sadly,  
Why I keep her so,  
When my darling gladly,  
Up to bed would go ?

Sleepy gray eyes blinking,  
I will tell you why.  
Darling, I was thinking  
Of one night gone by,  
Of the dear dead sister ;  
That is why I weep,  
Thinking how I kissed her  
Heavy eyes asleep.

Eyes that used to glisten,  
Grave sweet face that shone,  
While she loved to listen,  
E'en as you have done.  
Think of her, my darling,  
Do what she would do,  
We shall see her daily  
More and more in you.

Baby, sister dearie,  
    Clinging to my hand,  
Are you very weary,  
    Do you understand?  
Have you often missed her,  
    Since the night she died—  
Gentle loving sister—  
    In the winter-tide?

You are like her, darling,  
    As she used to be,  
When we played together,  
    Babies, I and she :  
Like, so like her, darling,  
    With your thoughtful eyes,  
With your happy laughter,  
    And your grave replies.

Wondering little sister,  
    Kissing you to-night,  
I could deem I kissed her  
    Eyes, like yours so bright.  
Good-night, little darling,  
    I shall pray for you ;  
Put your hands together,  
    You can pray so too :

That you may grow like her  
    Who is in the skies,  
Like in heart and goodness,  
    As in face and eyes.  
I can wish no better  
    Thing for you than this ;  
Good night, little darling,  
    Give me one more kiss.

F. E. W.

*The "Monita Secreta" of the Society of Jesus.*

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"How you have felt, O men of Athens, at hearing the speeches of my accusers, I cannot tell; but I know that their persuasive words almost make me forget who I was. Such was the effect of them; and yet they have hardly spoken a word of truth."<sup>1</sup> These words, put into the mouth of Socrates by Plato at the commencement of his defence before the judges who condemned him, will fairly represent the feelings of a Jesuit when he rises from the perusal of a paper entitled "The Jesuits and their expulsion from Germany," published in the May number of *Fraser's Magazine*. Why the article in question should have this title it is at first sight difficult to understand, for the subject that the title suggests is glided over in a few fallacious sentences, and the remainder of the paper is devoted to a rapid sketch of the history of the Society from its foundation by St. Ignatius. "The policy of the German Chancellor," we are told with reference to the expulsion, "is merely protective; his determination is to resist any aggressive attempts against a power which the Pope has already denounced as the European Colossus. That great Minister, while rejecting all pretensions to religious supremacy, is willing to concede to the priesthood their rights as German citizens. We may therefore assume that any measures which he may be compelled to adopt, apparently opposed to the spirit of toleration, must be dictated by imperious necessity, and by a high sense of duty to the sovereign and his subjects."

We have elsewhere dealt with language of this kind. Doubtless, the domestic policy of Bismarck is protective

<sup>1</sup> *Apology*. Jowett's translation.



in the same sense that his public policy has been protective—a policy that has violated all the principles of honour and justice, and trampled upon the recognized obligations of the public law of Europe in the process of its blood and iron realization. There is no pretension to religious supremacy in a system that guarantees to the priesthood their rights as German citizens on condition that they square their belief and practice in the minutest details to the regulations of the German Chancellor! Are Englishmen to be gradually schooled into the acceptance of such an interpretation of their rights and privileges as this? So then, measures are to be regarded as only “apparently opposed to the spirit of toleration,” which have condemned, by an exercise of arbitrary power and mere brute force, a body of men whose lives were professedly devoted to peaceful and benevolent objects, without definite charges being alleged against them, without judicial investigation, without public trial, without the observance of the most ordinary forms that decency prescribes in procedures that touch the rights and liberties of the members of well administered States! Does this writer really mean that measures of this kind would be submitted to as only “apparently opposed to the principles of toleration” in any country where freedom and justice are something more than mere ordinary names? Certainly, unless the bulk of Englishmen have followed the example and adopted the views of the editor of and contributors to *Fraser's Magazine*, the attempt to neutralize the principles of toleration in Prussian fashion would kindle such a flame in England—even, we will trust, if it were only Jesuits that were the objects of the experiment—as would require a liberal application of the waters of Britain's silver seas for its extinction. But the violation of the first principles of justice in the case of the German Jesuits is “dictated by imperious necessity, and by a high sense of duty to the sovereign and his subjects.” So, then, the end justifies the means. Is this the conclusion the writer would have us come to?

But, in truth, the writer has been guided by a prudent instinct to say very little indeed about the

case of the German Jesuits in particular. There is very little to be said for Bismarck: but a good deal can be said about Jesuits in general. Now, as regards the portion of the article devoted to the *resumé* of the Society's history, it is not too much to say that there is hardly a sentence in it that is not characterized by inaccuracy, ignorance, insidious insinuation, suppression of the truth, or positive falsehood. For the most part, it is one of those compositions that assert nothing definitely, but dexterously inject into the mind of the reader all sorts of sinister views and constructions with reference to the matter treated of, delicately keeping in the background all that may bear a favourable aspect, and uniformly shrinking from any straightforward investigation, any honest search after truth. It is precisely this that constitutes the unfairness of such writings, and renders them so difficult to deal with in the way of reply. Volumes might be written in answer to this very article; nay, indeed, volumes have already been written to rebut the charges it contains, the existence of which seems to have been consistently ignored by its author. Perhaps it is best to assume that such ignorance is real, for some such plea is required to rescue many of the charges expressed or implied in the course of the article from the stigma of pure malignity. To attempt to follow this writer through the mass of topics and incidents that he has crowded into his pages would be simply impossible within the narrow limits of one brief paper. It will be sufficient to select one short passage for present notice—a passage that affords a fair sample of the writer's style, method of treatment, logic, candour, and knowledge of his subject. Besides, it may be regarded as his Achilles, setting forth, as it professes to do, the great charter, and therefore the fundamental principles of Jesuitism.

"The Order of the Jesuits invites our attention in three distinct aspects—religious, educational, and political. The great charter of Jesuitism, which is impressed with the name *Monita Secreta*, or the Secret Instructions, is believed to have been revised by the founder, and forms an encyclopædia of precepts, inculcating in every shape the doctrine

of 'right divine to govern wrong.' The existence of this code has been doubted and denied, but its recent publication in Paris by Charles Sauverne, author of *Les Congrégations Religieuses*, places its authenticity beyond question. In preserving its secrecy, the order has imitated the priests of ancient Egypt, who buried in the ground under the altars the doctrines they reserved to themselves to guide the people, while the Church reposes on the double principles of authority and universality. The aim of Jesuitism has ever been the religious government of the world; and its guiding principle, that but one religion must be tolerated on earth. To encourage their increase, the members are divided into six classes, the probationary or Jesuits proper, the spiritual coadjutors, the approved scholars, the lay-brothers or temporal coadjutors, the novices, and those that are affiliated, or Jesuits of the short robe."

Now, in the first place, let the method of the above extract be remarked. The reader is told, to begin with, that this great charter is believed to have been revised by the founder, though its very existence has been doubted and denied; but the mist of doubt and obscurity has been cleared away, and we arrive at the irresistible evidence of its authenticity from the fact of its recent publication at Paris by "Charles Sauverne." Henceforth the truth of the document must rank amongst first principles, and be regarded as the infallible source of all correct information about the secret modes of procedure followed in the order. Where is the candour, where is the logic of a method like this? What is doubtful rises into certainty from the fact that Charles Sauverne has recently published the *Monita Secreta* in Paris. Is it the fact of its publication that places the authenticity of the book beyond question? If so, then *Don Quixote*, the *Arabian Nights*, and *Gulliver's Travels* must no longer be relegated to the regions of fiction. Besides, if mere publication is to be received as a guarantee of authenticity, then this famous, or rather infamous, book, has been authentic beyond question for well nigh three hundred years, during which it has been in print, notwithstanding the reiterated denials of its authenticity that have during the whole of that period

coexisted with it. But, perhaps, M. Charles Sauverne alleges some special proofs in his new edition that the book is a genuine book and no forgery? The reader is here left to conjecture, for no intimation of the existence of such proofs is vouchsafed to him.

We shall take the liberty of lifting the veil which the writer in Mr. Froude's magazine has thrown about his authority. The author on whose word he assures the world that the genuineness of this well-known and detestable libel is now placed beyond doubt, is a M. Charles Sauvestre, one of a school of *litterateurs* which deserves as much as any ever did the epithet Satanic, which Southey applied to some writers of his time. The language used by the writer in *Fraser* would lead its readers to suppose that M. Sauvestre was some learned man, who had gone into all the history of religious congregations, and had put forth the results of years of patient industry in some calm and judicial treatise. On the contrary, M. Sauvestre is a writer of whose calibre and standing we find it difficult to give an exact idea by means of any parallel among ourselves, except by saying that if Mr. Whalley were to take to writing anti-Catholic or anti-Jesuit pamphlets, he might probably be about as much worth listening to as to his facts, while we should do the member for Peterborough great injustice if we were not to add that he would be, on other grounds, by far the more respectable writer of the two, and for this reason—that his enmity would be directed, not against religion itself, but against what he conceives to be false forms or excrescences of religion. We strongly suspect that the writer in *Fraser*, and the editor who passed his article, both know very little about the man whose name they cannot spell correctly. The little *brochure* which they quote as a decisive authority lies before us. It contains some one hundred and sixty eight pages, nearly half of which contain preliminary matter, which is simply a selection from the old libels against the Society of Jesus circulated in France, with a view to bring about its suppression, in the last century. These pages teem with oft refuted lies, and as far as we can see, have nothing new in them, except, perhaps, the author's

ingenious argument for the authenticity of the libel which he has republished. "The Jesuits," he says, "deny their authenticity. We reply, in the words of a *Manuel de la Congrégation de la B. Vierge Marie, à l'usage des écoliers qui étudient dans les Collèges de la Société de Jésus*, that it is lawful to use mental restriction whenever it would be productive of evil to answer in his own sense a person who questions you unjustly, which evil you can avoid by an equivocation. As this is Jesuit doctrine, therefore the *Monita Secreta* are a Jesuit book, notwithstanding the denial of the good Fathers. Moreover, they are expressly enjoined in one of their rules not to communicate to externs the Constitutions and other such books or writings, in which the institute or privileges of the Society are contained, without the express leave of the Superiors. Therefore they have secret writings. Therefore these *Monita* are genuine."

Such is M. Sauverne's logic. We quote it for the benefit of the readers of *Fraser*, that they may understand what sort of authority that is which the writers in that magazine consider as conclusive on matters of literary history. For the rest, it is happily easy to give an idea of the class of writers to whom M. Sauverne belongs by simply transcribing the names of a list of kindred works on the back of his edition of the *Monita*. First come three of M. Sauverne's own books—*Sur les Genoux de l'Église, Les Congrégations Religieuses*, and *Le Parti Dévot, Lettres de Province*. Then follow three of a brother in arms, M. J. M. Cayla, *Le Diable, sa Grandeur et sa Décadence, L'Enfer Démoli*, and *Ces bons Messieurs de Saint Vincent de Paul*. The remainder of the page is filled as follows—*Mille ans de Guerre entre Rome et les Papes*, par Mary Lafon; *Un Philosophe au Coin de feu*, par Louis Jordan; *Action de Jésus sur le Monde, ou Conséquences du Christianisme*, par Daniel Ramée; *Les Actes des Apôtres, traduction et commentaire, Critique nouvelle*, par H. F. Delaunay; *Histoire de la Puissance Pontificale*, par M. Viennet; *Salons et Sacristies*, par Georges Murat. It would, perhaps, be difficult to say which are the worst of these works—the directly or the indirectly Antichristian.

But we must return to our English disciple of this school of infidelity. As regards the knowledge and accuracy displayed in the above extract, it can only be said that they are on a par with its candour and logic. The reader is told that the members of the Society are divided into six classes, the object of which mysterious division is "to encourage their increase." One would have thought that other objects besides the increase of numbers might have occurred to the intelligent writer of the article, such as the training of the members in science and culture, and in the knowledge requisite for the proper discharge of the sacred functions to which they would in the end be called. But numbers and not quality would seem to be the height of conception to which the mental power of the writer is capable of rising. Again, he is hopelessly absurd when he speaks of the first of his classes as that of probationary or Jesuits proper. The professed Fathers of the Society are here no doubt meant, to apply to whom the epithet probationary is simple nonsense. It is much as if the residents at Oxford were divided into classes, and the "freshmen or members of Convocation" put first. Lastly, the sixth division is a mere fiction. That such a grade exists as that of the "affiliated, or Jesuits of the short robe," is absolutely false. These are facts within the reach of any one who will take the trouble to ascertain them, for the Constitutions of the Society have long been open to the world, and there can be no excuse for a writer who gravely undertakes to instruct the public on every point connected with the history of the body without having carefully consulted the sources in which its fundamental principles are contained. Nay, short of that, the perusal of the article headed "Jesuits," in the *Dictionnaire Encyclopédique de la Théologie Catholique*, translated by Goschler from the German, or of that under the same head in *Chambers' Encyclopædia*, would have saved the writer before us from the greater number of his preposterous misstatements.

But it is time to turn to the *Monita Secreta* themselves—"the great charter of Jesuitism"—and to the charges against the Society connected with them. And here it is

happily open to the defenders of the Society to say what has been said over and over again from the time when the charge was first made by the publication of the *Monita* in 1612, that they are a simple forgery—a lie from beginning to end. The history of the forgery and its detection can be traced with a clearness and preciseness uncommon in cases of this kind of deception. The *Monita Secreta* were first published in Cracow in 1612, without any author's name; but Gretser informs us that they had previously been circulated in manuscript far and wide. A priest named Jerome Zahorowski, curé of Gozdziec, who had been dismissed from the Society in 1611, was suspected of being the author of the fabrication, and he was subjected to a judicial examination on the charge by the Bishop of Cracow; but it would seem that the accusation was not quite brought home, for Gretser does not name the author, and Cordara merely asserts that the author had formerly belonged to the Society.<sup>2</sup> The pamphlet had no sooner issued from the press, than it was repudiated on every side. As has been already said, the Bishop of Cracow, Peter Tylicki, was the first to take action in the matter, by instituting a judicial proceeding against Zahorowski, July 14, 1615. This action of the Bishop of Cracow was upheld by Francis Diotallevius, then Papal Nuncio at the Court of Warsaw, who granted extraordinary powers to the commissioners in the cause, November 14, 1615. On August 20, in the following year, Andrew Lipski, who had succeeded to the administration of the diocese of Cracow on the death of Bishop Tylicki, condemned the book as a

<sup>2</sup> *Hist. Soc. Jesu*, pars vi., l. i., p. 29. It must not, however, be supposed that these facts acquit Zahorowski. Gretser and Cordara may have thought him really guilty, and yet have forbore from mentioning his name. We may be inclined to regret that the investigation was not pursued to its utmost limit, as in that case it might probably have ended in a sentence which removed all possibility of doubt as to the actual author. But it may be questioned whether even that would have prevented the reproduction of the libel. It is evidently the work of some one who has been acquainted with the working of the Society, who has given his Superiors trouble, and who has been dismissed. Resentment at this crops up in the form of fictitious directions how to treat refractory subjects. It is also the work either of a German or a Pole.



defamatory libel, and prohibited the sale and perusal of it. This was done by a document affixed to the doors of the churches, in which the book is stigmatized as "falsely bearing the title of Secret Instructions of the Society of Jesus, an infamous libel, an injurious writing, replete with calumnies, outrages, and scurrilities, hurtful and pernicious to all who should read it." Again, Martin Tyskowski, Bishop of Ploezko, and subsequently of Cracow, branded the forgery with his condemnation, September 6, 1616, as "a certain infamous libel, falsely bearing the title of Secret Instructions of the Society of Jesus." But the Congregation of the Index had already delivered the same sentence, as the following document will show—

May 10, 1616, in the General Congregation of the Cardinals of the Index, held in the palace of Cardinal Bellarmine, report having been made of a book entitled *Monita privata Societatis Jesu*, Notobirgæ, 1612, without author's name, four Cardinals decided that the said book, being falsely attributed to the Society of Jesus, and full of calumnious and defamatory inculpations, ought to be absolutely prohibited, ordaining that henceforth it should be allowed to no person whatsoever to sell, or read, or retain the said book in his possession. Witness my hand, December 28, 1616, Franciscus Magdalenus Cappiferreus, Dominican, secretary to the aforesaid Congregation. Rome, at the press of the Apostolic Chamber, 1617. *Permissu Superiorum*.

By another decree of the same Congregation, March, 1621, the work was put on the list of proscribed books. Nor is evidence wanting to show the estimate that was generally formed by Catholics in respect of this monstrous production. Count John of Ostrorog, Palatine of Posnania, thus expresses himself in a letter to his children, which was published at Neiss, in Silesia, in 1616—"There has never existed a writing conceived in a spirit of greater malignity than that which an anonymous impostor, either a heretic or an unprincipled politician, has just published under the false title of Secret Instructions of the Company of Jesus. This impostor has been unable to find anything in the members of that Company that could afford the slightest ground for charges against justice and sound morals. He would have been convicted of falsehood by the evidence of truth; but blinded by passion and the

desire to damage the Company, and wishing at any cost to attempt its subversion, he has taken the line of accusing it of hypocrisy before the whole world; and in order to gain credit for his words, he has pretended to draw the secrets that he reveals from no other source than from the bosom of the Company itself. Many who have refuted this impostor in writing, think that the best and most simple answer to such a calumny is an absolute denial, since it is certain that these instructions have never been seen or recognized in the Company, either publicly, as the author acknowledges, or secretly and by a small number of persons, as he calumniously asserts. Indeed, no answer more proper than this can be given to gratuitous lies." To these testimonies may be added that of M. Barbier, cited by Crétineau-Joly. This writer, whom no one would charge, says Crétineau-Joly, with partiality for the Jesuits, in his *Dictionnaire des Anonymes et Pseudonymes*,<sup>3</sup> avows that the work is apocryphal. Gretser, to whom reference has already been made, more than once refuted the charge against the Society involved in the publication of this book in 1618. This refutation is to be found in the folio edition of Gretser's works,<sup>4</sup> published at Ratisbon, 1738, where most of the documents above brought forward are to be found.

There can be no question then about the prompt repudiation of this infamous libel by the Society, and not by the Society alone, but by the ecclesiastical authorities from Rome downwards, and by the intelligent appreciation of the Catholic laity. The consequence was that the *Monita Secreta* lurked in obscurity till 1761,<sup>5</sup> when they were once more brought to light and used as a weapon against the Society, then engaged in its death struggle with the mistresses and so called philosophic statesmen whose influence was paramount at the Bourbon Courts. In that year a fresh edition, consisting of the Latin text with a translation, was published, really at Paris, though professedly at Paderborn, by an anonymous editor, who, in his preface, gives the following account of the discovery

<sup>3</sup> T. iii., n. 20985.

<sup>4</sup> Vol. xi.

<sup>5</sup> M. Ch. Sauvestre adroitly prints this date 1661 (p. 9).

of the *Monita*. It will be observed that it is entirely inconsistent with the facts stated above, of which it makes no mention at all. These facts are equally ignored by the eminent authority who has been so highly rated by the writer in *Fraser*. M. Charles Sauvestre gives no hint to his readers that the fraud had been denounced more than a century and a half before the earliest copy quoted by him.

"It is some years (*il y a quelques années*)," says the translator, "since the Duke of Brunswick, who styled himself Bishop of Halberstadt, having pillaged the College of the Jesuits at Paderborn, made a present of their library and all their papers to the Capuchin Fathers, who found this *Secret Instruction* amongst the memoranda of the rector of the College. (There are several persons of merit who say that this took place in the College of the Jesuits at Prague). *Be this as it may*, however little knowledge one may have of the conduct of the Jesuits, one cannot doubt but that the superiors of the Society receive instructions of this kind from their Father General, for one sees by experience that their practices and their actions are in perfect agreement with the advice and the maxims contained in this short document. But what is especially true and especially to be deplored, is the fact that these secret instructions are entirely opposed to the rules, the constitutions, and the instructions of which the Society makes public profession in the books that have been printed by the Society concerning matters of this kind, so that there is no difficulty in feeling persuaded that the greater part of the Jesuits (if, however, one excepts some few of them), have a double rule as they have a double habit, a rule for what is secret and special, and another rule that they parade before the public; a rule that produces the interior of a devil, and another which clothes them with an exterior of superficial sanctity."

It is surely fair to ask here—Is this the sort of historical evidence that the preachers of the methods of modern science, as represented by the writers in *Fraser's Magazine*, are content to rest satisfied with? If so, it is well that the world should know it. This highly respectable document

contains the assertion of a fact, the pillage of the Jesuit College at Paderborn by Christian of Brunswick, but, unluckily, the certainty of this fact is shaken by the assurance of some worthy persons that Prague, and not Paderborn, was the scene of the pillage, and the doubt thus introduced must unhappily remain unconquered, for, though the translator is professedly at Paderborn itself, yet, since some years have elapsed since the supposed event took place, he finds himself quite unable to get sufficient data to rid himself of the difficulty. But still the fact remains that a Jesuit College was plundered somewhere, and their library and papers generously bestowed on the Capuchin Fathers. What Capuchin Fathers? Those at Paderborn or at Prague, if such were established at either or both of those places, or to the Capuchin body in general? Clearly we are left very much in the vague as to the precise habitation of the receivers of the stolen goods, amongst which these wonderful *Monita* are asserted to have been discovered.

But we have not yet exhausted the stories as to the discovery of the manuscript. We have seen that the book was really printed early in the seventeenth century. It may have been generally forgotten for a time, but it is too clever a forgery not to have been cherished as a treasure by the many enemies of the Jesuits, for it reappears from time to time, generally with a new story as to the discovery of a manuscript. How often the Paderborn invention, in 1761, had been anticipated, we cannot tell. We have now before us a copy of the *Monita Secreta*, in Latin and English, published in 1723, and dedicated to "Mr. Robert Walpole," then Chancellor of the Exchequer. In the preface we have the statement that the book was published "many years since," in Latin, French, and Dutch, that it had been reprinted at Amsterdam by a M. Schipper, and bought up by the "reverend Fathers." This publication seems to have been occasioned by the Jacobite plot under Atterbury to seize the Bank and the Tower. M. Charles Sauvestre has a still later tale to tell. At the time of the suppression, just a century ago, the Jesuits possessed a College at Ruremonde, in Limbourg, in Holland. The "councillor"

Zuytgens was ordered to make an inventory of the property of the College, and as he proceeded in a manner to make him suspected of a leaning towards the reverend Fathers, he was ordered to send all the papers at once to Brussels. Among these papers was found the manuscript of the *Monita Secreta*. We strongly advise M. Sauvestre, or Mr. Froude, or his contributor, to start a new story at once for the honour of the present century. Let the scene be Germany or Italy. Plenty of houses of the Society have been plundered and confiscated there, and we have not the slightest doubt that if it be extensively asserted that the *Monita* have been discovered by the agents of Prince Bismarck or Victor Emmanuel, the tale will be equally true and equally likely to gain credence as any former statement on the subject, Nay, as the Italian Government is seizing the Gesù, at Rome itself, what could be more appropriate than to place the discovery there?

Then mark the dexterity of the proof offered in the preface for the authenticity of the *Monita*. The ground of proof is delicately shifted from *a priori* to *a posteriori*. It is not because the authenticity of these secret instructions rests on irrefragable evidence that the Jesuits must therefore be the depraved beings they are pictured, but because they are pronounced by this self-constituted judge, and by the crew of libertines and unbelievers with whom he is associated, to be the most unworthy of mankind, therefore these pretended instructions must be true.

But enough has been said for the exposure of this disgraceful fraud, though the disgrace connected with it is deepened in dye a thousandfold by the examination of the document itself. There is hardly anything which is base, unmanly, sneaking, or criminal, that does not find a place in this most unworthy composition. And this is enhanced by the fact that it is openly admitted that these villainous suggestions are in diametrical opposition to the authentic constitutions and regulations of the order. If this fact had not been admitted, it might be proved in a hundred instances, both in respect of the general principles and scope of the Society, and the details prescribed for securing

the objects proposed by its founder.<sup>6</sup> And then, after all, it is surely not too much to claim some weight for the universal repudiation, on the part of the members of the Society, of this atrocious forgery, many of them men of whom the earth was not worthy, men of high and varied attainments, and drawn from all classes of society, from the royal palace as well as from the peasant's hut. It is not too much, we repeat, to claim some measure of consideration for the testimony of men like these, as against the crass unreasoning prejudices of Exeter Hall, or the unrelenting hostility of the infidel sects. As Gretser says, in his preface to the reader—"How is it that so many thousands of us have lived in this Society, and yet, who amongst us has ever set eyes on a copy or manuscript of these *Monita*?" For myself—dropping for the nonce the conventional plural—if I may be permitted to say it, I have now been connected with the Society for nearly twenty-two years, having, at the commencement of that period, been drawn to it from Protestantism, and I can only, in all simplicity declare, that during the whole of that time, never have the principles laid down in this wretched production been in the slightest way suggested to me, far less, if that were possible, has the slightest hint ever been given of the existence of such a document. And in confirmation of this declaration, I can appeal with unhesitating confidence to the evidence of the numerous members of the order scattered throughout the world, for I rest secure in the most certain conviction that no voice will be uplifted from amongst them in contradiction to the statement I

<sup>6</sup> We must add, in all fairness, that the writer in *Fraser* has added to the calumny as he found it a peculiar touch, which, as far as we know, is the offspring of his own fertile brain. No one before him, as far as we are aware, has ever attributed the *Monita* to St. Ignatius' revision. We suspect, from his language as to the book, that this writer has not even read the *Monita* through. To suppose that St. Ignatius had anything to do with them is only possible to a man who knows nothing whatever of the history of the Society. The whole state of things implied in the *Monita*, the position of the order, the number of its Colleges, its influence, the jealousies it had excited, its supposed gains by marriages negotiated for the royal houses of Austria, France, and Poland, the mention of "Cardinal Toletus," and many other such pieces of internal evidence, are quite inconsistent with any date within the lifetime of St. Ignatius.

have made. Should one such utterance be heard, I shall be content for the future to be reckoned either a dupe or a liar amongst my fellow men.

That such a fraudulent document as the *Monita Secreta* should have found its way into existence at all makes one think badly enough of human nature, but if it had been genuine, and ever regarded and acted upon as a real body of principles and regulations for practical guidance by any body of men whatsoever, one would have been ready to despair of one's kind. For myself, I can only say that, rather than seriously charge such a document upon a body of men concerning whom I could have no knowledge—I will not say without a shadow of justification, after the fashion of the writer in *Fraser*, but upon any proof short of what might be justly called solid and convincing—I would cut off my right hand. The old Saxon term of "nidering" fails to express the contempt that falls upon any public writer, or any public organ of the press that gives access to its pages to such a writer, who deliberately stabs the reputation of others on less potential grounds.

*Ex uno disce omnes.* The sample of this writer's fairness and accuracy that has been produced may be taken as a true indication of the value of the remainder of his article. It would be tedious to point out his many inaccuracies, impossible within the limits of one short notice to run down his numerous misstatements and misrepresentations. We suspect that his acquaintance with the literature and history of his subject is limited to Gioberti's *Gesuita Moderno* and Niccolini's *farrago* of facts called the *History of the Jesuits*.<sup>7</sup> We shall limit ourselves to noticing one class of misrepresentations, relating to a subject lately discussed in these pages, the supposed Jesuit doctrine of tyrannicide. P. Guignard, who was executed in the Place de Grève, January 7, 1595, in connection with Châtel's attempt upon the life of Henry the Fourth, notwithstanding the failure of all attempts to prove his complicity, is stated to have been convicted of having

<sup>7</sup> Niccolini, however, knows a little too much history to adopt the *Monita Secreta*. He distinctly states that he considers it "inconceivable" that the book can be genuine (p. 252).



written several seditious libels to prove that it was lawful to kill the King. The facts are that certain writings are said to have been found in P. Guignard's chamber, though they were never produced, written in the time of Henry the Third, and having no personal reference to Henry the Fourth; and on account of these writings, true or pretended, P. Guignard was condemned by the very men who had themselves been loudest in the assertion of regicide doctrines in the times of the League. He died with the calmness that a pure conscience bestows, protesting his innocence to the last. Though the recall of the order by Henry the Fourth in 1603 is stated, yet the impression is left upon the mind of the reader that Henry's attitude towards the Society subsequently was one of hostility more or less. How contrary this is to the fact is known to any one conversant with the history of the time. Henry the Fourth not only recalled the Jesuits, but honoured them with his confidence, had frequent dealings with them, chose P. Coton, a Jesuit, for his confessor, built a magnificent College for them at La Flèche, restored the College at Dijon, granted them the right of treating of polemical matters in the pulpit—a right they did not exercise in order not to wound anew the susceptibilities of the Professors of the University and of the Protestants. But the most convincing evidence afforded by the King of his esteem for the Jesuits was the fact that by will he confided his heart to their care in the church of La Flèche.<sup>8</sup>

These facts are of themselves a sufficient answer to the underhand attempt to connect the Society with the act of Ravallac. But on other grounds, nothing could have been more clearly proved than their innocence of the slightest complicity with the assassin. Ravallac himself, even under torture, persisted in his denial of any collusion. Further proof is furnished by the countenance given to the Society by Louis the Thirteenth, Richelieu, Anne of Austria, and Louis the Fourteenth, in succession. Even Voltaire could moralize on the absurdity of the accusation against the Jesuits on the score of Henry's assassination.

<sup>8</sup> *Dict. de Théologie.* Art. "Jésuites."

Of course the *Provincial Letters* are dragged into the fray. And yet Voltaire again could say of these famous productions, "It is true the whole book rested on a false foundation. The extravagant opinions of certain Spanish and Flemish Jesuits were attributed to the whole Society. As many advanced by Dominican and Franciscan casuists might have been unearthed; but the Jesuits only were the objects of attack. These letters attempted to prove that they had the deliberate design of corrupting men's morals; a design which no sect, no society, ever did or could entertain. But the great thing was not to have reason on their side, but to divert the public."<sup>9</sup> But enough has been said to show the nature of this most unfair and blundering article. No better general answer can be given to it than in the words of the author of the article on the Jesuits in Goshler's Dictionary already mentioned. "The accusations of which the Jesuits have been the object are so numerous that we cannot notice them in detail. On closer examination they are found to be so entirely devoid of foundation, so completely false, that in fact they are not worth refuting. An attentive consideration of the method of procedure of their opponents, and of the nature of their complaints, will be sufficient to show the vanity of all these criminations. Every time that the Jesuits have been proceeded against in accordance with the ordinary forms of justice, and that they have been allowed to defend themselves, they have established the falsehood of the charges against them; and every time that they have been attacked without being called before the ordinary tribunals and without a hearing being afforded them, all care has been taken to leave in profound obscurity both the procedure and the denial of a fair hearing, notwithstanding all their reclamations and appeals to the judgment of the public. What reasonable man will give credence to accusations without proof, of which contradiction is prohibited, of which the publicity is shrunk from, and which are no sooner made public than they are at once recognized as false, lying, null, and calumnious?"

<sup>9</sup> *Siccle de Louis XIV.*

We may be allowed to make a single remark in conclusion, not so much upon the article itself to which we are referring, as upon the fact of its appearance in what has usually been considered a respectable organ of public opinion, issued under the name of booksellers of the highest character. If a writer in *Fraser* were to display the profoundest ignorance of any subject matter of which he happened to treat, except that of Catholicism, it would probably be felt as a disgrace to the magazine itself, and to the class of literature in general to which that magazine belongs. If Mr. Froude were to admit a contribution on geology, which showed an ignorance of the common elements of that branch of physical knowledge, of almost all that had ever been written upon it, and of the theories at present dominant among geologists, he would be thought to have discredited himself and his magazine. If one of his articles had treated of classical literature, and displayed at the same time an infantine want of acquaintance with grammar or quantity; or of the late German war, and revealed great ignorance of the geography of France, or of the composition of a modern army, something of the same kind would have been said about magazine and editor. We forbear, for obvious reasons, from using as an illustration a writer who might attempt a history of England without knowing its alphabet. But why is it supposed to be tolerable among men whose profession it is to maintain a high standard of cultivation and historical knowledge, to be on the one hand utterly and childishly ignorant about the history and character of what is, at all events, a considerable Catholic institution; and on the other hand, to instruct their world of readers about it in a manner which betrays a want of ordinary information, almost ridiculous enough to absolve the writers from the charge of malignity? If such an article as that of which we are speaking is no discredit to a first-class English periodical—we mean simply on the ground of ignorance—it would certainly be far from disgraceful to write as if the *Book of Mormon* were no fiction, and with absolute faith in the disclosures of *Maria Monk*.

T. B. P.

## *A Legend of Cannes.*

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Two islands floating on the glassy wave,  
Two islands anchored in the golden haze,  
Two islands—twins—just severed by a band  
Of crystal sapphire, like a peacock's neck,  
Or liker to the heart of hyacinths  
Fresh blown in woods—a rose-streaked blue.  
That long green island anchored next the shore,  
"Sainte Marguérite," was once the home of nuns  
Ruled by Sainte Marguérite; a happy troop  
Of simple maids, to prayer and labour trained.  
But still a burthen to their mother fair,  
Who toiled and moiled, while still her mind was lost;  
And rose at night and prayed, and oftentimes wept,  
Then waking, cried aloud, "O Honora!  
Dear Honora the good, oh, come to me!"  
That farther island, floating in the haze,  
Was tilled to one fair garden by a monk  
Who wrought and prayed in silence; for he loved  
His loneliness, and toiling, severed life,  
And golden hours of rapt sweet speech with God.  
He only spoke when Marguérite's great cry—  
She was his sister—wrought him 'cross the sea,  
The crystal band between those islets green,  
To shrive that sisterhood of childlike souls,  
And comfort Marguérite in her troubled rule,  
And bid her live in peace and braver grow.  
Yet still that trembling heart would wake and cry,  
"Dear Honora, O brother, come to me!"  
Then deeply grieving that his peace was robbed,  
The monk beshrew his sister sharp and stern,  
And said, "I will not come across the sea  
For childish things that dance in air like motes  
In dusty rooms! Once only, every spring,  
When white as snow your cherry trees have flowered,  
Then call, and I will come. God keep you all!"

His boat slow glided o'er the crystal sea,  
He signed the Cross in air, but spoke no more.  
Sainte Marguérite betook her to her cell,  
And moaned, and wept, and spent the night in prayer.

"Twas August then, and all the land was baked  
Beneath those Alpine heights beside the sea ;  
The birds were dumb, the grass like yellow flax,  
The gasping mules could scarcely drag a load ;  
The very lemons dropt for weariness,  
And lay along the terraces in showers,  
Unheeded by the weary sleeping hinds ;  
When lo, in green Sainte Marguérite, the isle,  
The cherries burst in snowy flake-like flower,  
And laughing in her heart the nun did cry,  
"Dear Honora the good, oh, come to me !"  
Much marvelled that she called so soon again,  
The monk was fain to cross the crystal sea ;  
But when he touched the strand he marvelled more,  
For like a fall of snow the orchards showed,  
And all the cherry trees were full in flower.  
So was he forced to shrive the sisterhood,  
And counsel Marguérite the livelong day.  
And thus each month was bound to marvel still,  
For twelve times yearly did those cherries bloom,  
Twelve times St. Honora must cross the sea.  
The grey-hair'd hind who told me this brief tale  
Would tip it with a moral. "See," he said,  
"How even saints obey, when women will !"

E. B.

## *Among the Prophets.*

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### CHAPTER XXI.—COMPLICATIONS.

MY pleasure at Shotterton would have been quite incomplete, if I had not found time to spend half an hour in a visit at Mr. North's. I had only known him slightly until a short time ago, when his taking my friend Edward Malham into partnership gave us a common interest, which was enhanced by Edward's marriage to Louisa North. After that I had something to do with him in business connected with the Shotterton and Shotcote estates. At the time of my visit I had not seen him for more than a year, and I was struck with the change in his appearance. He had become more decidedly an old man, grey hairs had spread over his head and had turned to silver, his face seemed thinner, and his expression softer than before. His cheerfulness and brightness were the same as ever, perhaps tinged with greater sweetness and gentleness. The changes around him had something to do with this, but he seemed to me to be feeling his advance in age more than many old men do. I knew that the death of Margaret Wilton had been a very severe blow to him: she had wound herself round his heart with a singular power. Then his own home had been visited: Mrs. North had been frequently ill, and was now a confirmed invalid to a greater extent than before, and Willie's affliction had been another blow. I should have thought Willie not very likely to make the best of any such trouble, but he certainly surprised me by his patience and good temper under it, and I could see from Mr. North's manner that it had brought out all his latent tenderness for his only son. There was now a tendency in the whole household—and

not in that household only, I imagine—to make this poor blind young man—for he was practically blind already—the centre of interest and attention. Charlotte had always been his obedient servant, and now Mary vied with her. Willie had always been fond of music, and this was now declared to be one of his great resources. I suppose it was for this reason that Rosa Pedallion and her father were very frequently at Mr. North's.

There were other changes which I noticed, which were to be set down to another influence. Mr. North and his family had always been numbered among the High Church party; but their High Churchism had been of that moderate colour which is represented, in the main, by the *Guardian* newspaper. They had been faithful disciples of Mr. Wychwood, the former incumbent of Shotterton, who, although he had ultimately become a Catholic, had never, while an Anglican, joined in the movement initiated, chiefly, by men of a younger generation than his own, towards a kind of reproduction of Catholic usages in the Anglican Establishment. They had felt Mr. Wychwood's loss very much, and had been disconcerted at his conversion and that of his family, as well as at what had happened in their own in the same way, in the case of Charles North and John Wilton. But at my last visit to Shotterton I had seen no external tokens of a change in their own opinions. Now, however, I found two or three of the Ritualistic papers lying on the table, which also displayed what I may almost call a new "flora" of "adaptations" of Catholic works, lives of saints, books about retreats, and the like. I remarked also that Mr. Lorner's name was frequently mentioned in conversation, especially by the young ladies and Rosa Pedallion. It was quite clear that Mr. Lorner's presence was felt in the family, as, indeed, it was felt in every circle, more or less, into which I happened to be admitted at Shotterton.

Mr. Lorner, as it happened, paid a call at Mr. North's while I was there one afternoon. Charlotte and Miss Pedallion were singing at the piano as I entered the drawing-room, where Willie was installed by the fireplace



in a large arm chair, his eyes almost covered by a huge shade which he was recommended to wear. As the ladies rose at our approach, Willie caught hold of Rosa's hand.

"Well?" she said, leaning towards him in some confusion. "Oh," said he, "I thought it was Charlotte. I beg your pardon, Rosie."

"What do you want Charlotte for? Can I not do it as well?" It seemed that one of the "industries" that had been hit upon for finding him some amusement and occupation was the making thread nets with large meshes, which he had got to do quite cleverly. His apparatus was in a corner somewhere, and Rosa fetched it for him, greeting me as she passed, and then drew a chair to his side and sat talking to him in a low voice the whole time of the visit. Mr. Lorne came in soon after I did, but though he more than once made an attempt to engage her in conversation, he was quite unsuccessful. At last, in despair, as it seems, he asked her to sing the song which we had heard that first evening at Edward Malham's. She coloured, and refused with a decision which had in it something of indignation.

"It is curious," said Edward Malham to me one day—Wotton had gone home just before, and for the last few days of my own stay I had Edward more entirely to myself—"it is curious how all the world talks about these Ritualists. It strikes me particularly in this neighbourhood, where the people have had what I suppose you could call 'the real thing' close to their doors for generations. It hardly seems to occur to them that Lorne is only trying to do what your friend, Father Miles, has been doing for so many years. I am not saying whether he is right or wrong, but what is there so very new?"

"At all events it is new to the people," I said. "Most of them have never been inside the Catholic chapel or spoken to the Catholic priest, in their lives."

"Well, but the educated part of the community must at all events have had some knowledge of the principles and arguments and practices of Catholics. And yet all these subjects which are forced on our attention by the presence of a man like Lorne, are discussed among us

as if they were new questions altogether—I mean, whether clergymen have the power of absolution, whether such a power is founded on the New Testament, whether there is a Real Presence or a sacrifice, or whether people should pray for the dead or invoke the saints, or do penance or fast, or abstain from marriage—and so on. One would think that these questions had been turned up to-day for the first time, while all the time the good people here have been close to Shotcote where all these new conclusions have been acted upon for centuries.”

“Well, doubtless there is a Providence about it all,” I replied. “I know some of our own people who are glad to a great extent to see and hear what the Ritualists are doing, not, of course, that they believe that there is any reality in what is called their sacerdotalism, but because they draw public attention, in a way that nothing else can, to a number of truths that would otherwise be kept out of sight. People in England are so accustomed to look on Catholics as a set of persons who are hardly Christians, that it is difficult to get them to interest themselves about them and their doctrines. However, I can assure you that in London it is a difficult thing to go into society without coming across Catholic questions, and the Ritualists are not so comparatively foremost in the thoughts of men as they appear to be in Shotterton.”

“The thoughts of women, I should rather say,” said Malham, with a little bitterness. And then, without my asking him any further questions, he opened out something of a battery upon Lorne. I gathered that Mr. North himself was not very happy as to the influence of that gentleman upon his daughters.

I asked him, why Gerald Merton let Lorne have his own way so much. “People used to talk, a year or so ago, of his having a good deal of influence with your sisters-in-law,” I said.

Gerald, he told me, was very much under the influence of his own sisters, and they were considerably bitten with the new views. “He is really an easy going indolent man,” he said, “and likes Lorne to do his work for him. Yes, he used to be great at Mr. North’s, and at one

time—— Well, I hardly like to talk about it, but you are a very old friend, and I am safe with you. At one time we thought he would have married Mary, and I fear she half thought so herself. But it's gone off now."

"He couldn't have done better," I said. "I hope there was no harm done to the young lady?"

"Well, you know it is never nice to be talked about in that way, and Louisa tells me that Mary felt that much, at all events, if she did not feel more. However, she is very happy as she is, but there is a little awkwardness when they are together. She behaves very well. The amusing part of it is, that Merton has been drawn off—at least, so my wife says—by the same young lady who has some kind of influence over the apostolic Mr. Lorne. I am not sure that we shall not have our two priests fighting for the Rose!"

Just at this point of our conversation, Mrs. Malham joined us with little Frankie, and we could say no more. I was just going to tell him of the little scene which I had witnessed that morning at Mr. North's, which made me doubt whether the Rose in question was on very cordial terms with one at least of the "priests" in question. But Edward began questioning his wife, who had just come from the Vicarage, where she had been making a long call, as to the reason of her lingering there. I did not then hear the whole story, but it was evident that there had been a "scene" at Mr. Merton's which it would have been amusing to witness. Mrs. Stiffins, a lady who had once reigned for a short period at Shotterton as queen of the Vicarage, her brother being the incumbent, and who was now settled at the cathedral town, where her husband held a canonry, and was also the Warden of a theological College, had been visiting Mrs. Merton. There she had fallen in with the ubiquitous Mr. Lorne. Mrs. Stiffins was a lady somewhat accustomed to take a leading part in society, and especially in clerical circles, and she had very strong prejudices against the Ritualists and all their practices. From what Mrs. Malham said, I concluded that there had been somewhat of a battle royal between the two on the subject of confession and celibacy. But

Edward Malham was inclined to tease his wife on the subject of Mr. Lorner, and Louisa evidently did not like to tell the story in its fulness in my presence. Moreover, she was apparently somewhat indignant with one or both of the parties concerned.

However, when she had left us over our wine in the evening, I heard the sum of what had taken place. Mrs. Stiffins had been very great in describing the extreme propriety and ecclesiastical regularity with which she had managed the entertainment of a number of candidates for ordination who had been housed in the College the week before Christmas. It was her first effort of the kind, and she was evidently proud of her success. "Cold mutton and currant dumplings on the Ember days, quite plain, and a good dinner on the Sunday before they went off." This, it seems, had been too much for Lorner's gravity, and he set off the Miss Mertons into a fit of subdued laughter for a moment or two, which jarred upon the good Mrs. Warden. To divert the rising storm, Mrs. Merton unfortunately asked her whether they had a sisterhood in the cathedral town? This brought on an outburst about the Apostolic directions for the younger women to marry, and the like, and that bishops ought to be the husband of one wife. Lorner, still unfortunate, explained that St. Paul meant to show a sort of disapprobation of the marriage of widowers or widows. "He didn't know, probably," said Malham, "that Mrs. Stiffins had been a widow, but at all events he must have known that Louisa married a widower." After this, it appears that the lady carried the war into the enemy's camp by mentioning a report that a certain eminent Ritualist leader was about to be married, although he directed sisterhoods and the like. This blow—which was gratuitous, as I afterwards heard, for the report was quite untrue—seems to have extinguished Mr. Lorner in a manner quite inexplicable to the rest of the party. He had begun to defend his friend in a faltering confused manner, when something happily turned up to interrupt the conversation.

## CHAPTER XXII.—A VISIT TO AN ECSTATICA—HOLY COMMUNION.

THE last time I saw Father Miles, he was reading a letter from a good priest, a friend in the midland counties, giving an account of his visit last summer to the famous "ecstatica" of Bois d'Haine. I borrowed it of him to read on my journey home, and found it so interesting, that I think my readers will be glad to have a sight of it. The writer called it

## A THURSDAY AND FRIDAY AT BOIS D'HAINES.

Week by week the extraordinary (may we not now say miraculous?) life of Louise Lateau pictures to us the Sacred Passion of our Blessed Lord. Day by day it is a new commentary of His words, "I am the Bread of Life,"<sup>1</sup> so that each new description of a separate visit to that roadside cottage is new evidence, if it tell nothing new. But the visit that the writer, along with the Very Reverend the Prior of Douay College, was permitted to make to Bois d'Haine, was not made "pen in hand." It was for other reasons. A special written permission to present ourselves there was kindly granted by his lordship the late Bishop of Tournay, for the Catholic instinct of every one of the faithful tells them that, otherwise, they are out of place. In plain words, it has been designated "an undue intrusion on the privacy of that poor family."

More than ordinary facilities for observing this marvellous weekly occurrence fell to our lot. We were admitted to the cottage at six a.m. on the Friday when the adorable Sacrament was taken to Louise, and again, we were there from quarter to two till quarter past three, p.m. His lordship the Bishop of Bruges being present, added much to the exact and thorough insight of all the phenomena which was granted to us. Even non-Catholics, when the plain truth is told to them in simple unstudied words, will weigh well evidence, however extraordinary; and then our national common sense will put on their lips such words as these—"I cannot well see how anybody could possibly deny what you have narrated, or doubt of its being miraculous in the supernatural order." These were the words of a young and wealthy merchant, not a Catholic, nor apparently likely to become one. He is a distinguished Cambridge man. I had been relating to him the visit which it had been permitted me to make to Bois d'Haine, on the 11th and 12th of July, 1872, and what I had witnessed on those days. But what gave rise to this description being given to him? We were conversing, a few weeks afterwards, on the topics usually now discussed in the monthly and other reviews, and on the usual mode of treating those subjects. This brought me to speak of a kind of supernatural evidence which had just come before my own eyes.

The substance of what was said is as follows—On the 11th July, 1872, as we drew near to the station of Manage, the ticket collector, seeing my English countenance, and yet finding my ticket was for Manage, quickly concluded, "Ah, you are going to the cottage of Louise Lateau, *n'est ce pas?* I will show it to you from the train."

<sup>1</sup> St. John vi. 48.

In a moment, our carriage was passing a level crossing. Close to it was a small whitewashed cottage, half hidden amidst bushes, yet shining out in the summer's sun. "That's it, that's it!" said the railway official, as we dashed by, the engine whistling shrill. From Manage station we<sup>2</sup> went up the Fayt road, and turning through cornfields, were soon at the road side chapel of St. Hubert. A few steps farther, and we were walking past the same little cottage. It was Thursday afternoon. The green painted door and windows were studiously kept closed, the white muslin curtains carefully drawn. The cottagers evidently avoided being noticed by passers by. Of course we did not intrude so far as to approach the door. We had to present our credentials to the curé of Bois d'Haine, along with a written permission from his lordship the Bishop of Tournay<sup>3</sup> to visit Louise on the morrow, so, walking by widow Lateau's little patch of wheat and hops, we again passed the railway level crossing, about seventy yards from the cottage, towards Bois d'Haine. "The church is there!" said the woman with the flag signal at the crossing. We turned through another cornfield. The curé was standing near the presbytery garden. We presented our letters. "Well," said his reverence, "that is not much." He intimated too, that it was not at all certain that we should be able to see Louise Lateau to-morrow. "You English are always coming." He left us to rest awhile in the presbytery, but informed us that other visitors would occupy the rooms which his hospitality could offer.

We began to feel that our journey might not be successful, as we had hoped. But we had heard that, although Louise goes daily to Holy Communion in the church of Bois d'Haine, yet on Fridays an exception has been granted by the bishop in her favour. The priest can, on that one day, administer the adorable Sacrament to her at the little cottage. In Belgium, when Holy Communion is taken to the sick in villages, a certain solemnity is observed. The prescribed rubrics of the Roman ritual are carried out, so that other persons go processional with the priest on the way, in homage to our adorable Lord, truly present. One or two of these persons enter the room of the communicant, to say the *Confiteor*, &c. We ventured to ask whether we might attend in this way. "How can that be?" was the curé's reply; "others are going to administer it. But you may read some papers which I have here," said his reverence, "if you will go into the other room." These were written accounts of the tests which were called for by the phenomena of the stigmata, and total abstinence from food, observed in Louise. They were instituted at the special request of the ecclesiastical authorities. There were the reports of no less than six examinations of the case by the Père Seraphin, a learned Passionist: his thesis on the "asitia"<sup>4</sup> of Louise. There was also the account, week by week, which the curé himself was required to give to his bishop. Each of these shows the incessant and scrupulous care which is taken to guard an extraordinary case from deception or mistake. No sort of scrutiny is spared. Indeed, it seems improbable that a more searching inquiry could be made, and that the most clever detective would find here that his wonted and legitimate

<sup>2</sup> The Very Rev. the Prior of Douai College, Dom Edmund A. O'Gorman, was with me.

<sup>3</sup> Bois d'Haine is in the diocese of Tournay.

<sup>4</sup> Her abstinence from food and drink, its reality, its conditions, effects, continuity.

dexterity, foresight, and sagacity, in his allotted task, is here equalled in the interest of truth and religion. Of course, all that decorum and delicate sense of the sanctity of virtue which religion enforces, shines forth at all times.

My mind was forcibly struck by seven or eight of her answers, here recorded. (1) "I never wished for the ecstasy, or the stigmata, or such like." (2) "I prayed for it to be taken away exteriorly, but not interiorly, unless God wills it" (she is said to suffer great interior pain every time these occur). (3) Her obedience—absolute, instantaneous, always, whether in her ecstasy or not. (4) She testifies in all simplicity that, in these extraordinary states, no temptation to pride or vanity ever assails her, nor aught that would in the least sully the childlike purity which she clings to. (5) In that ecstasy she sees nought save God's almighty grandeur and her own nothingness. That grandeur of God unfolds to her a clearer and clearer knowledge of the mystery of the adorable Trinity. The Sacred Humanity of our Lord Jesus Christ is better known by her, as also the most Blessed Virgin, and certain saints. (6) The candour with which she, in obedience, said that "she does not think that she ever commits a deliberate fault;" and then added, in self-disparagement, "But I commit many indeliberate ones, of which I immediately repent." (7) The solid evidence that "she never drinks anything, save about three mouthfuls of water a week;" that "she never eats," never needs to eat, and hence that she sleeps but little. (8) The clear and simple, yet mysterious (mystical) way in which she describes the degrees of light upon light into which she gazes, and in which she beholds, for example, the Second Person of the adorable Trinity in one light and His Sacred Humanity in another; in which she also contemplates the adorable Sacrament; in which she sees our adorable Lord, as sacrificed in the holy Mass, and as the Divine Victim upon the Cross, each in its own mode and light.

But the object of our visit seemed no nearer when the curé again entered the room, and told us that a dinner could be procured at the village of Fayt, distant about half a league. He added—"You may come up here again to Bois d'Haine at eight p.m.; I will then tell you what you can do."

Once more through the sultry harvest field, once more walking past the carefully closed cottage. Lest we had mistaken the right road, we asked a lady who was approaching. She directed us, and volunteered to say that she was going to the widow Lateau's for a few moments, to take a bottle of wine to the poor sick mother. "I am allowed to do so," laying great stress on the "I am allowed." "She lets me, for Louise was so good to my poor child when she was dying." The mother's heart soon told us enough to show why she was privileged to go to the cottage and welcomed by its simple inmates. We went on our way to the Fayt Hôtel, "de la Poste," as directed. Towards eight o'clock once more we had to pass down the hill from Fayt, and in front of the cottage. The sun was near setting, and they had ventured to open the door. Whilst we stood at the railway cross-bar for a train to pass, we noticed two young girls toiling in the garden at the back of the whitewashed cottage. They were digging apparently, or rather one was picking out the potatoes which the other was digging. "Could a young person who never eats be strong enough to dig?" The woman with the flag signal came up to the gate at this moment, and I could not avoid saying, "Is one of these Louise Lateau?" She answered in Flemish *patois*, "I don't know, but I will go up there and see in a moment if you want to know." When she



came down from the bank of earth which skirts the railway she answered, "Yes, that is Louise." But as the notice of the worker had been aroused, and she looked up to see if anybody was gazing, I immediately withdrew, and went on to Bois d'Haine.

The curé this time was conversing with two other ecclesiastics. After we had been conversing for awhile, his reverence interposed. "I am going to tell you what you may do. You two (pointing to the other visitors) may go to-morrow morning at six a.m.; the one will administer the Holy Communion, the other be the assistant." All he told us was that we might (as any Catholic may, and is wont) meet the adorable Sacrament on the road and accompany It to the house. If we were then allowed to enter, he did not object. "Let everything be done respectfully," was the final caution. The curé, ere he bade us good-night, had to hear and refuse the appeal of an earnest poor woman, who had come from Germany herself to ask the prayers of Louise. Two sisters were walking a few yards from the door of the cottage, as for the last time we drew near to it on our way to Fayt. They hurriedly turned into the house when they saw us approaching. The summer's evening was fast closing.

On Friday morning, at a quarter to six, we were walking down the hill slope towards Bois d'Haine. Of course we were silently preparing to offer up the holy sacrifice of the mass. This reminds me how beautifully appropriate to what is in a priest's mind was the grand July sun, rising up above the distant hills and coming towards us, gilding the busy valley, its village spires, its undulations of cornfields, coppices, and rows of poplars. The true Sun of Righteousness was also on His way. *Tu Sol salutis!* This thought was absorbing the hearts of the inmates of the cottage evidently. At the door was standing one of the sisters, ready to catch the first sign of the coming of our hidden God.

We had just passed across the rails. A little bell was tinkling in the cornfield path. Its gentle sound came to us across the golden ears of wheat. "The adorable Sacrament is coming," whispered my brother priest (the Very Rev. Father Prior). In a moment the little children were kneeling on the stony road, with their mothers at the cottage door. The woman with the flag signal knelt too. Then the crucifix appeared above the standing corn, and the lighted torches in their lanterns, the server with the bell. The Most Holy was borne reverently by a priest, whose hands were veiled and held before his breast. We knelt as He approached, then joined the little procession. "What miracle could a Christian want to witness, believing as we believed?" . . . The Father Prior held open the bar at the crossing, whilst the heavenly Visitor passed over.

Out of reverence to the adorable Sacrament the sister was kneeling with her lighted taper. She allowed us, as attendants on our Blessed Lord, to pass through the front little room, and the next. Thus the most Blessed Sacrament,<sup>6</sup> and the reverence due to it, had brought us to the inner room where Louise was kneeling. Of course I could not gaze whilst the most Holy Communion was there present on that little altar in the one corner. It was adorned with fresh flowers and lights and a snowy white cloth. I knelt down about five feet from the communicant. I was glad to find that her eyes were close shut, lest

<sup>6</sup> What better *entrée* could we desire or procure, after every means had been used to avoid intrusion, and provide ourselves with due ecclesiastical permission?

our presence should distract her. But afterwards we heard that she was then in ecstasy, and that this is customary on Friday morning's communion. There was nothing but the most ordinary external marks of devotion. "I should so like to teach all our first communion children to receive with common sense, just like this," passed through my mind, as she very slightly raised her head and opened her lips to welcome the Divine Guest. Her eyelids never moved. They were ever closed, even when she received the "ablution" of water, as prescribed by the rubric. She was kneeling near the further corner of the iron bedstead. Her face was fronting the window, slightly turned towards the altar. The light from the window was falling directly on her head.

But now I feared not to be irreverent if I took notice of that white communion cloth which the communicant held before her breast. In two places it was red with two large patches of fresh, wet blood. The blood had fallen, and was falling, in big drops from each side of her forehead. That forehead was punctured in five or six places, irregularly across, about midway between the eyelashes and the hair of the young girl.<sup>6</sup> The blood had issued copiously from the wounds on each side of the forehead, hence it had trickled down and fallen on the communion cloth, even during the few minutes whilst she held it there before her. It seemed to me, from what cause I knew not, that a streamlet of blood had run across (in a curved and zig-zag way) from side to side, imitating the stem of a thorn branch. Her countenance bespoke no emotion, save that of calm and peace and possession of all that her heart craved. There was no change of features, no movement of the lips in prayer. The ministering priest now gave the usual blessing, and all bowed down, then arose, save Louise: she was motionless.

As we stood up to depart, we saw five or six large pieces of white linen in a heap, behind her on the bed. They were all saturated with fresh blood, and had been folded in thick fillets. We were turning away, when, to my surprise and pain, I saw that an ecclesiastic drew a folded white handkerchief from a side pocket, and slightly pressed it on the bleeding forehead. Happily, she seemed unconscious. I said nothing till we had passed again the sister of Louise. She was now standing back, near the fireplace, quietly taking note of what persons had accompanied the adorable Sacrament. She spoke to nobody. Scarcely had we regained the public road, when I said to the ecclesiastic with the now red-stained handkerchief, "How could you do that, and just after her Holy Communion? Were you not afraid of distracting and disturbing her?" "By no means," he replied. "Having been allowed to go, at this time on five occasions, I knew well that she was in ecstasy and unconscious." I still regretted, and still more so did the Father Prior. What impression had the interior and the inmates of that cottage left upon us? Simply a perfect confidence in the absence of all show, or sham, or concealment. Nothing more, nothing less. During the last seventeen years my sacerdotal duties have called me to every kind of sick room, to every sort of house and cottage. Nowhere had the very walls, as well as everybody within them, bespoken more truth, less attempt to hide. To use a figurative expression, there were no cupboards, nor closed drawers; no pre-arranged covers, nothing to conceal. But plainly the little family would have us feel that we were on sufferance, not invited. The way in which the sister stood told us this.

<sup>6</sup> One of the persons present said that he saw that the blood had flowed and clotted into the hair around her head. I did not observe this.

I felt no inclination to speak of what had just passed. So, silently preparing to say mass, we went our way up the field way to the temporary chapel of Bois d'Haine. It is a barn converted into a chapel whilst the village church is being rebuilt. The villagers, hard-working people, came to church, some to one mass, some to the next. Each priest offered up the adorable Sacrifice. The curé, as is customary in Belgium as elsewhere, invited all the clergy to take breakfast in his house. "He is just the man for such a difficult position, week after week:" cool common sense, solid and straightforward, without an atom of pretension, save perhaps, a tinge of silent roughness. We begged to be allowed to spend the morning in perusing still further the written depositions and examinations of which I spoke yesterday. Other visitors, priests, laymen, and ladies, and three nuns. The curé quietly but firmly and inflexibly refused permission for them to present themselves at the house of Louise, if they were not already provided with a special permission. A Catholic clergyman from England was greatly disappointed at this result of the end of his journey. Three other priests from the diocese of Liverpool were met with the same calm reply. "But, gentlemen how can I admit everybody?" or, "It is a strict rule of the bishop, that no more than such a number be permitted to enter the cottage;" or, "One who will be there to-day is an aged priest from the diocese of Soissons (France), who, six weeks ago, was obliged to return home without obtaining what he had sought with so much fatigue. To-day he comes, wiser, properly authorized."

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CHAPTER XXIII.—A VISIT TO AN ECSTATICA—FRIDAY  
AFTERNOON.

IN order to make the second part of this letter intelligible to the reader who may not have seen any of the already published accounts of Louise Lateau, I must simply mention that she ordinarily passes the Friday in a sort of ecstatic contemplation of the Passion of our Lord. It was towards the middle of the Three Hours that the narrator was again present in the cottage.

The curé gave us distinctly to understand that nobody could go to the cottage of Louise until half past one p.m. So we bent our steps, towards midday, back to the village. As we climbed over a stile at the little brook in the fields, it was a gratification to us to see the green and gold cord of the hat of a Catholic bishop. It was the Bishop of B——. His lordship saluted us, and thanks to an introduction to him which we brought from England, we were able to converse with him, and to find that he had that day, for the first time, come to Bois d'Haine.<sup>7</sup> He was walking towards the presbytery of the village.

<sup>7</sup> "Are you sure? . . . Are you quite sure that it was the Bishop of B——? Because his lordship kept away so studiously from there. He has so invariably stood aloof from giving any opinion about Louise Lateau." These were the words of some of the English Austin nuns of Bruges, a few days afterwards.

"This good man," said his lordship, smiling, and pointing to one of the ecclesiastics who had failed with the curé, "was formerly from my diocese. He asks me to take him with me. But I have no leave myself!" "Could you not arrange for us to be allowed to enter for a few minutes, and take your place when you leave the cottage," say the three Liverpool priests, when we again meet at the Hôtel de la Poste. In their eagerness, they forgot it was a widow's private cottage, and had to be respected as such.

Towards half past one p.m., we were once more descending the little hill in torrents of rain. Two or three highly respectable persons were bending their steps the same way. Several others were standing near the last turn of the road near the cottage. Presently the Bishop of B—, attended by M. le Curé and a group of persons, passed the railway crossing. We were all in front of the cottage door. But there the phlegmatic curé kept us in the rain, whilst he quietly took a scrap of paper, wrote or called over each name, and inquired—"Is there anybody whose name I have not written?" He then asked at the cottage whether we might enter? But the inmates were in no hurry to open the door-latch.

At last we entered. The sisters, as we passed through, seemed little disposed to be hindered at their sewing. Of course they asked the bishop's blessing, as his lordship walked on towards the second room. Everybody who could enter was soon in the room of Louise; and at the first glance, two nuns and some ladies, struck with awe, were on their knees close to the ecstatic peasant girl. Everybody was silent. She was seated now on a wicker chair, near the foot of the bed. Her back was towards the little door. Her head was greatly upraised, her hands slightly so. She moved not. The curé told the writer to pass beyond the bishop, and to stand next to his lordship, quite close to the front of the chair.

The sudden presence of a crowd of persons was totally lost on her. The bishop's blessing was ignored. Her eyes, her whole person, were fixed intently on something else. The curé moved the chair somewhat, to enable as many as possible to see the forehead. But there, fixed and unchanging, stood the eyes, looking out towards the east. The eyes were those as of a little child, when opened wide with all its astonished heart at a magnificent church window and golden tabernacle, now new to its gaze, and so absorbing rivetting. Those child-like eyes were wide open, to the very widest. And yet in them was all the intelligence of a grown-up person. The low ceiling of the little room was only five feet from them; but their looking out seemed to be on some vast object, all absorbing, all sufficing. They were captive, never did those eyes turn from looking on and into the one vision. Nor did they tire of it (during the hour and a half). It was ever fresh. Nor were they weary, for the eyelashes never once moved; not even when the sun broke out, and its July rays beat upon that upraised, wide open, unprotected pupil of the eye.

The curé thought fit to raise up the two hands of the ecstasica somewhat more. They were now in a similar position to those of a priest when he stands just after the consecration at the mass. But each hand of Louise was pierced with a large, fresh bleeding wound. The curé removed a blood-stained cloth which was hanging over one of them. The wounds were deep, red, jagged. They were about the size of half a penny postage stamp, cut lengthwise, and with the corners rounded off. Some one near her held a white folded handkerchief on the left hand, that the flowing blood might pass into it.

"Ne faites pas cela," said his reverence, "cessez!" The Bishop of B—— was greatly struck, and full of reverence, whilst he began to test the truth of what had been heard of the ecstatica. His lordship first said, "Louise!" But she answered not. He then placed his episcopal ring close to her lips. At that instant a beautiful fresh smile arose and passed on the countenance. It was innocence itself. It was swift as the smile of a sleeping infant in its cradle. It played on the face whilst the holy ring was there. But the smile was gone the instant the ring moved away. "Might an ordinary priest, in a bishop's presence," said I, "be allowed to place his hand near the lips of Louise?" "By all means," said his lordship. And the moment that the hand (without touching her lips, was near her, the same sort of delicate, rejoicing smile, rose on her countenance. But it was not so full and strong as when the bishop's ring was there. Other priests, in like manner, placed their consecrated hands near to her, and with the same effect. From time to time blessed rosaries, medals, relics, &c., were by one or other put near her lips (to see if she would smile), or on her still bleeding hands. "Stop all those rosaries and relics," said the demure curé; "let us priests say our vespers, if your lordship thinks well?" The curé there and then began. Louise was gazing out, unchanging. At the very first *Gloria Patri*, &c., the same smile played on her cheek. It had passed away at the last word. At every word in every psalm which spoke of mercy, or pleaded for compassion (e.g., *Misericors et miserator Dominus. Redemptionem misit populo suo*<sup>8</sup>), her face smiled with the same joy. But "*Sanctum et terribile nomen ejus*," made no change in her. The *Ave*, the *Magnificat*, specially moved her with delight. The *Salve Regina* seemed to have an electric effect. But "electric" is a poor word.

Vespers over, we were desired to give place to others, who had not been so near. They all moved round, others nearer, others went farther away. I was thus placed between the window and Louise. The bishop repeated little devout prayers and aspirations as they occurred to his mind. She responded with what was by this time the well-known smile. His lordship spoke in every language which came to his lips, English, French, Italian, German, as well as Latin. Each had the same effect. "Pray for the conversion of England;" she smiled, as though a special object of regard had passed between her eyes and the immense object on which they incessantly gazed. "Pray for Belgium;" still more this moved her. "Pray for France;" a pause. She noticed not the request. "Pray for France;" no. Some French persons present now spoke and pleaded—"Pray for poor France, *priez, priez!*" But no wonted sign came on her countenance. How a thrill went through everybody! All was silence. [I am only relating what happened. Let others judge, as their discretion may lead them.] The bishop continued—"Pray for my diocese;" "for Brittany;" "for the Holy Father." At each of these requests, the same mark of gladness was around her lips. The blood was still flowing from each hand, afresh and afresh. Again it was wiped off by the bystanders. The window of the little room was wide open. The storm of rain had now ceased. The clouds had passed on. The sun's rays broke out, and poured their light through the window on the heads of the little crowd. At one time it passed straight on to the head of Louise. Her eyes remained just as they had been during the last hour—open, widely stretched open, gazing, undazzled, untried, absorpt, insensible to the light of the sun. But were I asked to

<sup>8</sup> Psalm cx.

describe her features—"Those of an ordinary hardworking scullery maid; somewhat sallow, not ruddy complexion."

As I write there is one sentence which comes up in my mind, "But he, being full of the Holy Ghost, looking up steadfastly to heaven, saw the glory of God, and Jesus standing at the right hand of God. And he said, Behold, I see the heavens opened, and the Son of Man standing at the right hand of God."<sup>9</sup> Are these words any explanation of what was now before the eyes of Louise? I know not; but she is at this moment a living commentary of the words. We had been in the little room nearly an hour. The curé again opened his Breviary, and asked us to say compline with him, alternate verses. The same effect arose when the Psalms were recited, as we had witnessed on Louise during the verses bespeaking mercy, compassion, forgiveness, &c., at vespers. And now the watch of the curé told him that three o'clock was near at hand. The place where the altar for the adorable Sacrament had stood in the early morning, was now crowded by the visitors. "Move out of that corner, please," said his reverence, "leave that spot free. She does not follow the time of the village clock when she falls prostrate, but the sun." He then, to our great surprise, took one of the heap of blood-stained white cloths from near the foot of the bed. He placed it on the floor. In about five minutes, whilst some of us were speaking in a whisper, others changing place with their neighbours, she suddenly fell from her chair. She gave no warning. No preparation was on her countenance, or in any muscle. She fell as a dead weight, a lifeless body, on to the tiles of the floor. Yet she followed not the centre of attraction of the earth, something invisible drew her to it. Now we saw why the white cloth was there. It was a relief at least to us, to see that that face, which had fallen flat, and was now buried on the floor, was respected by the forethought of her director. I had managed to stand quite close up in the corner, during the five minutes previous, so that the head of the ecstasica was now lying about one foot from my feet.

The only thing I can say of that sudden and dead fall of her whole body is that it bespoke to us her own nothingness. Everybody trembled. Her left arm, by the fall, had been pressed down close to her breast and was still under her body. Up to this moment it had been in its uplifted position, as before described. The other arm and hand were outstretched on the tiled floor. On placing my hand against the wounded hand of Louise, it seemed to be of the ordinary warmth. A medical doctor felt her pulse, and told us that it was in a perfectly healthy state. Two English ladies, who were now near the bishop, noticed that the feet of Louise were fixed across each other as if nailed. One of these ladies asked whether she might remove the one foot from the other. With permission she did so, but instantly it sprang back to the instep of the other, clinging to it as though one single nail had passed through both. We did not see the wounds of the feet. Evidently, the stockings had been drawn on over the bandages which absorbed the blood from the wounds there.

The nuns and the ladies were kneeling close up to her. A sort of enthusiasm had taken possession of nearly everybody except her director. Many were weeping. The bishop was greatly moved. A blessed rosary was put to her right hand; she grasped it tightly. "*Laissez,*" said the curé. It fell instantaneously from her obedient hand. Her fingers moved to grasp a priest's hand when he placed it near hers on the ground: a lay person's she would not touch. Her

<sup>9</sup> Acts vii. 56.



face was all this time as if buried in the floor. In all these movements, in the way she fell, in the position in which her wounded body was lying, the utmost, the most delicate propriety bespoke itself always. Angels could not have placed that body, those garments, more reverently, more seemly.<sup>10</sup> During the next quarter of an hour the wounds of the hands were still bleeding, but those of the crown of thorns were nearly closed, on the side of her temples. I was putting my hand reverently near the one on which she was lying, when suddenly both arms were extended to their full length. She was fixed to the floor, in the form of a cross.

"Lord, it is good for us to be here," was, I believe, in the heart of everybody present, in whatever frame of mind they had entered that cottage. "Lord, it is good for us to be here," for never before have we seen how the Passion and death of our Lord Jesus Christ can take full possession of a soul and body, and steep it through and through. But evidently, the watchful curé is intending to dismiss us. "She gradually rises up on her knees," his reverence said: "she is then still in an ecstasy. Afterwards she sits down; soon she returns to consciousness of what is around her. We must go away now." The time was somewhat sooner than on other Fridays, but, added the curé, "there are so many in the room." Everybody would fain linger on, but at once we drew back reverently from that prostrate maid. She moved not. One gentleman, overcome by a desire to obtain a piece of blood-stained linen, was picking it up from the bed. The eye of the priest noticed this instantly, and required him to restore it. The stranger begged so hard that he was allowed to retain a part of it. She was immovable as before, as amongst the last I passed out of the little chamber, following the little crowd.

The sisters, in the front room, were all this time busy at their work of dressmaking. Another young girl was with them. The poor aged mother was sitting in an armchair, looking at us as we passed through the room, but keeping quite aloof from everybody. One of the English ladies ventured to go near the widow's chair and to speak to her. Two or three others were slow in passing out at the front door. One sister could bear this no longer. "*Monsieur le curé ne nous défend pas,*" said she petulantly, and standing up from her needlework. She was then nearer to me, so I ventured to say, "I shall get prayers for her, that she may grow in the love of God and may persevere to the end."

We hastened along the field way towards the railway station. My companion, breaking the silence in which we were walking on, said, "We have been living in another world."

<sup>10</sup> Dom Gueranger speaking, in his *Life of St. Cecilia*, of the beautiful white marble statue of the martyred saint, tells us that its most chaste and modest pose bespeaks the very position in which the virgin martyr was lying, when dying, weltered in her own blood. This is a similar instance of the impression which a simple position may give. Louise was a living image of the Passion of our Blessed Lord.



## CHAPTER XXIV.—THE “PROPHETICAL OFFICE” OF THE PRESS.

I MUST make a leap in point of time in my narrative, and transplant my readers from the first week of the present year to this sunny season of Whitsuntide, at which time a plan of which I had heard while at Shotterton for my Christmas holidays made some approach towards maturity. Other seeds besides this had no doubt been ripening in the interval, especially certain elements of religious and domestic change among my friends in the country, which have been lightly touched upon in former chapters. The particular bantling as to whose further growth I am now about to speak, is the design which I had heard of from Mr. Wilton as to the foundation of a new Catholic organ of public opinion. At the time when it was first discussed, it was not perhaps quite settled what form it should take, but it seems in the course of the spring to have been gradually settled that a new paper should be started. But how often this paper was to appear, what should be its distinctive character and aim, in what degree it should be a mere newspaper or a sort of review of news, as so many of the weekly papers have now become, how far it should be professedly religious, what amount of space it should devote to literature and original writing, how its staff should be maintained, and in whose hands its management should be placed—all these were questions as to which the small set of enterprizing gentlemen who had conceived the idea were rather at sea.

They had begun to take advice, high and low, and received much general encouragement, a great many suggestions and hints, more or less practicable, with not a few quiet snubs, and multitudinous declarations of sympathy from persons who took care also to declare that they had no time to help. There was something, also, of opposition on the score of vested interests, and of friendly warnings that people who embarked in such enterprizes must look out for squalls. A new paper would displease this person if it were too independent, and get into collision with that person if it were too good, and

unless it was commonplace and sensational enough to suit certain classes it would not be popular, while if it were not scientific, thoughtful, learned, and argumentative, it would have no weight with the Protestant world. One kind adviser hated controversy, and another only hoped that there would be no compromise of principle. A third told the projectors that if they wished to succeed they must plunge in fearlessly for nationalism, and a fourth begged them by all that was sacred to uphold loyalty and respect for the laws. Some promised them active support if they would hoist the good old flag of Toryism, and others made it a necessary condition of their adhesion that the debt owed by Catholics to the Liberal leaders should not be ignored. Suggestions poured in as to the size, the type, the colour of the paper. They were urged to keep a sporting prophet—why should Catholics be behindhand about the *Derby*?—to "go in" for new schemes of finance, to pay particular attention to the theatres, to have a perpetual *feuilleton* in the shape of an Irish novel, to have a corner for chess, to write up athletic sports and the antiseptic system, and to do something towards the facilitating of marriages between Catholics who could never meet one another. Other correspondents were content with expressing their enthusiasm or their dislike for the project in apophthegms and proverbs, such as "None but the brave," "Go in and win," "Britons strike home," "Don't send good money after bad," and the like; while a very sagacious but somewhat cautious old politician wrote a long balancing letter of pros and cons, effectually avoiding the responsibility of giving any advice, except that contained in the solemn exhortation at the end—"Do your best."

The confederates principally interested in this promising scheme were chiefly the young men whom I have already mentioned—Reginald and Walter Amyot, John Wilton, and Edward Tesimond. There were two or three others of their own age, Father Miles, who had naturally stepped into the position of their adviser, Mr. Wychwood, and, somehow or other, my friend Bodham Green, already named in these pages. I think he heard of the matter

through Mr. Wychwood, who displayed a surprising amount of activity of mind in the matter, considering his comparatively advanced age, and his usually quiet habits. But he is an instance of what I have sometimes observed in the case of converts: that you cannot always reckon upon their being the same in point of activity and energy after their conversion and before. Some such men seem almost to exhaust themselves in the mental struggle which they have to go through in order to make their way into the Church, while others seem to develope and burst out into fresh youth and vigour, after having been up to that time shy, retired persons. As for Bodham Green, there can be no question about his energy and fondness for action of every kind. He came forward, as soon as he heard of the plan, with a liberal offer of money to help in starting the concern, which was to bear no interest, and only to be repaid in case of success. I think some of the party were a little afraid of him; but he accompanied his offer with a protest that he did not wish to interfere at all in the management, and would leave the conduct of the paper in the hands of the editor or of the little council which it was proposed to establish. He would have it, moreover, that we—for I was drawn into the affair because the young men were good enough to say that I could help them materially if I would—should all spend a day or two at Planes during the Whitsun week, and talk the matter over. Thither, accordingly, we repaired, and thus it is that I have again to ask my readers to listen to an account of what passed in that charming "suburban" retreat.

Curiously enough, the first evening which we spent at Planes we found our good host in a state of depression of spirits as to the very plan for which he had before been so enthusiastic. I was at first sight inclined to account for it by supposing that his worthy wife, who has always a good deal more to do with his affairs than meets the public eye, had been remonstrating with him on the danger to which he might be exposing his money. But I saw afterwards that it was not so. Mrs. Bodham was hearty in her advocacy of the plan, and even took me aside soon after my arrival and urged me to help in

reviving his fainting courage. "Bodham is liable to these fits of depression, you know," she said. "He will be miserable by and bye if he shows the white feather now."

The evening was warm enough for us to hold our first *séance* on the lawn, and we certainly enjoyed that hour or so under the planes immensely. We had had some lively conversation at dinner, and Bodham had risen in spirits so far as to joke with John Wilton and Edward Tesimond about his daughters, whom he declared quite up to any amount of "reviewing" in the new organ—a compliment which the young ladies accepted with serene complacency. But when we got to business, we found our friend once more inclined to croak. We had all come there on the understanding that it was only to be a consultation as to ways and means, and now the very principle of the thing was put up to discussion!

"Haven't we, after all, got enough of these organs going?" said Bodham Green. "As for periodicals, there are almost too many of them. My table is a perfect rainbow at the beginning of the month or the quarter. All colours and hues—from the 'green felicity' of the *Incontrovertible* to the 'blushing innocence' of the *Perambulator*. I suppose it's enough to take them in. I never find time to read more than one or two of them—the girls do the rest for me."

"Well, we are not speaking of periodicals," said Edward Tesimond. "And, for the matter of that, we do want some of our heavier guns to fire a little oftener than at present. We want a Catholic counterpart to the *Contemporary* and the *Fortnightly*. But we shall have that soon, I hope. We have nothing at all like *Good Words*, either. But as to papers, do you think there is no room for more? That would be a real blow to our plan, certainly."

Bodham went on grumbling. The *Phoenix* was very good, and so was the *Banner* and the *Westmonasterian*—each in its own line. Of penny papers we had plenty, and they were good enough. Why try for more? We might injure our own friends—and so on.

The member of the party who took up the cudgels most vigorously was now Mr. Wychwood. He argued, in the

first place, that there was no question at all as to the present Catholic organs. We should all be very sorry to injure any one of them. But, as a matter of fact, all this talk about injury, interference with vested interests, and the like, proceeded upon the supposition not only that newspapers were commercial speculations, which to a certain point was true, but that they were nothing else. On the other hand, the point of view from which we ought to look at the matter was quite different, and he was mistaken if the good men who had originally started the papers in question had not looked at it from the very same. That point of view was the consideration as to what was the work to be done in this age, in this country, and in the English language, by the press in general, and in particular by the newspaper press. "You know," he said, "the other day, one of the hierophants, so to call him, of anti-Catholic literature, spoke of the press as if it had taken up in modern times that teaching office which in earlier days belonged to the Church. That estimation of the press is ridiculous and mischievous, but at the same time it was quite possible that it may be an exaggeration of a truth to which we do not yet pay all the attention that it deserves. If there is anything in the present day to which one might be inclined to apply our Lord's words about the children of this world being wiser in their generation than the children of light, it might perhaps be this matter of the use of the press. It is a sort of abnormal power, a volunteer or guerilla force by the side of the regular army of the Church, and so people have an instinctive shrinking from it, while all the time they can't prevent its action. Now, just let us consider what it is that the Catholic press—I will speak only of the newspaper press, but I might extend my remarks to a much wider range—just consider what it has to do in this time and country. In the first place it has to supply Catholics with correct information—and this is no easy task, because the telegram system and the newspaper-correspondent system are generally worked by the enemies of the Church, and the consequence is that a great part of our news comes to us garbled, and a good deal more which

ought to be told never reaches us at all. Then there is the controversial and corrective part of the same duty, which consists in setting right the lies which are so freely circulated and with so much of entire impunity. But this is the office simply of the newspaper as such. When we come to the higher departments, such as the handling of the questions of the day in a Catholic spirit, the maintenance of Catholic principles as to religion, morality, social polity, and the like, and the application of these principles to the particular instances which happen to be under discussion; or again, the immense field of Catholic criticism, the development of Catholic literature, and the expression of a learned, judicious, well-balanced Catholic judgment upon the teeming and multitudinous crop of books on all sorts of subjects which every week brings forth—I say, in all these departments I am persuaded that no one who has had any experience will think for a moment that there is not room for half a dozen new organs of Catholic opinion, if there were only the men at hand to write them. That is the real question, to my mind—whether we can do anything towards supplying the immense gap which is open to us, even after all that others have done before us. There is room enough and to spare for all. The English Catholic press would not do more than its duty if its organs were multiplied tenfold, provided only that they embodied the results of the real serious industry of intelligent, devoted, and educated men. Up to the present time some effect has been produced upon the mass of Protestant thought around, but only some. The papers which you have named, *Bodham*, have done good service, and will do more, and I say the same, of course, of the periodicals. But they have not yet exercised much appreciable influence upon the wanton unfairness with which Catholic questions are treated and Catholic persons and things are misrepresented in those organs which have the ear, as it is said, of the public. They have not yet made it incumbent upon the *Jupiter* to dismiss a mendacious correspondent, or made it ashamed of its own pompous platitudes which offend against common sense as well as all courtesy and good feeling. Their

influence on society does not yet go far enough to make it a matter for what people have to suffer and be ashamed of themselves, to be portentously ignorant or enormously unfair on any Catholic subject. The mass of mingled ignorance and prejudice with which we have to contend is like a great mountain, which has to be dug down, and of which with our present forces we have removed a few cartloads. Now, it seems to me, we can hardly help doing good by merely beginning. Every additional worker is a gain. He is a gain because he joins a band of labourers sorely overtasked, and he helps to some extent to raise the level of the whole, as well as to do his own particular part. Of late years, more than one venture of the kind has been made. If any have failed, the failure can be traced to the impotence or mismanagement of particular persons—while, on the other hand, the progress on the whole has been very marked. Our people write better, more boldly, more intelligently, and more efficiently than before, and this I say without speaking of the comparative excellence of single writers. The level has been raised, and the frontier has been pushed on. I can't conceive any wise person opposing the increase of our forces. I have heard it said that the late Cardinal, when he was ill some time before his death, but when he thought that he might die, was heard to give thanks that, as far as he remembered, he had not impeded any good scheme. It may not seem, at first sight, a great thing to say, and yet I suspect it was a great thing, because we are so often inclined to resist what is not initiated or guided by ourselves. But the case of the Catholic press seems so plain and urgent, that I cannot imagine any one thinking that this is a time for being backward or halting in encouraging its full development to the utmost."

The general feeling of the party was so manifestly with Mr. Wychwood that Bodham Green gave way, and we proceeded to the discussion of "ways and means." But I must defer my account of the conversation to my next chapter.



## *Reviews and Notices.*

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1. *Memoirs of Baron Stockmar.* By his Son, Baron E. Von Stockmar. From the German ; edited by F. Max Muller. Two vols. Longmans, 1872.

It is probable that the very name of Stockmar was unknown to by far the greater number of Englishmen for the many years during which he mainly resided in this country. This is the more remarkable, as there is always among us a great interest about all that concerns our Court and Royal family—an interest which sometimes shows itself in the exaggerated form of vulgar “flunkiness,” and makes the proceedings and adventures of certain exalted personages rather too much the property of the public to be pleasant for those personages themselves. But it is highly characteristic of our national character to be excessively curious about what the Prince of Wales said to the Mayor of Reading on his marriage trip to Osborne, to pay any number of shillings for the privilege of sitting in the chair at Alton Towers which had been occupied by the Princess of Teck, or to be deeply moved at the Princess Royal’s adventure with a wasps’ nest in the Highlands, and at the same time to be profoundly indifferent to the existence of even the most serviceable of the many good servants of Royalty, and even to feel somewhat of a dislike to and suspicious of them when, as is usually the case with a family in which foreign blood is necessarily always predominant, those good servants or friends happen to be foreigners. Certainly, no royal personages ever had a more faithful, devoted, judicious, and disinterested friend than Queen Victoria and Prince Albert found in Baron Stockmar. His worth was acknowledged by successive Ministers, though there seems in later times to have been a mutual alienation between him and Lord Palmerston, on account of the peculiar policy of the latter. Yet, as we say, his value was known rather to the few than to the people at large ; he was often attacked, and at one time very fiercely, for intriguing at the English Courts the interests of Russia. At that time he was quietly at Coburg, and for many months had not been in England.

The main outlines of Stockmar’s life are easily drawn. He was born at Coburg in 1787, and began his life by studying as a physician at some of the German Universities. In 1812 we find him organizing a great military hospital at Coburg ; and he

afterwards got attached as principal physician to the Saxon contingent on the Rhine. These and similar services brought him under the notice of Prince Leopold, who took a liking to him, which determined his whole career. When Prince Leopold came over to marry our Princess Charlotte, he brought Stockmar with him as his physician in ordinary. He lived with the young couple in England, and was present at the tragic death of Princess Charlotte in 1817. He would take no part in the medical management of her case from the very first, though he thought she was not well cared for by the English doctors. The event justified his prudence, though perhaps if he had been more venturesome he might have saved her. By the side of the corpse Leopold made him promise never to leave him. After this he became Secretary and Comptroller of the Household to the Prince, and he continued in his service until he was firmly established on the new throne of Belgium. This was in 1834. He still continued Leopold's trusted adviser and servant in all important family matters. Thus in 1835 he was employed in arranging the marriage between Ferdinand of Coburg and Donna Maria of Portugal, and in 1836 Leopold began to use him in the service of the Princess Victoria of England, who was approaching her majority, and might at any time become Queen. Her uncle had already formed his plan of marrying her to his nephew, Prince Albert, and the young cousins had met and become to some extent attached to each other. Stockmar was by the young Queen's side, as an unrecognized confidential adviser, almost as soon as she came to the throne in 1837. His help was of the greatest value to the Queen, and was understood as such by the English Ministers; but at one time Mr. Abercrombie, the Speaker of the House of Commons, told Lord Melbourne that he should feel it his duty to call the attention of Parliament "to the unconstitutional position of that foreigner Stockmar." The Speaker wisely held his tongue, after all, but Lord Melbourne was uneasy. In 1838 Stockmar left England, and soon afterwards accompanied Prince Albert and his brother on a journey to Italy. The object was that he should help to form the mind and finish the education of the future husband of the Queen. He was not with Prince Albert when he came over in the autumn of 1839 and obtained the promise of his cousin's hand, but he crossed the Channel in January, 1840, a little before the marriage of the Queen, and from that time till the marriage of her eldest child and daughter, the Princess Royal, to Prince Frederick William of Prussia, he spent a large part of every year at the English Court, as an ever ready and most trustworthy adviser and assistant in all that related to the happiness of the Queen and her husband and the education of their young family. He lived a few years after his retirement, and died in 1863, having lived nearly seventy-six years.

A considerable part of the two volumes before us is not particularly attractive to the general reader of the present day,

unless he has a taste for revelling in the narrative of political complications which are now almost entirely affairs of the past in interest as well as in time. More especially does this remark apply to a large portion of the second volume, which has reference to the German disturbances and constitution-mongerings of 1848 and the years which immediately followed the second French Revolution. We are, in fact, separated from those days by at least half a century of historical distance. But all that relates to the Queen's marriage, the position of Prince Albert, the gradual change which came over him as to active devotion to public affairs, and the bringing up of the royal family, has much importance for us. The same may be said, in some measure, of the chapters on the Spanish marriages—which certainly put M. Guizot and Louis Philippe in a very poor light—and the complications which led to the Crimean war. Although the author of the book has not confined himself to letters and journals, and other documents written at the time, these form, notwithstanding, the greater part of the text, and they always set Stockmar before us as a shrewd, intelligent observer, while they occasionally lift the veil which has hitherto been left upon some political mystery. In the case of the Spanish marriages, it is quite clear now that the astute King of the French overreached the English Court and Ministry in the first instance, and history makes it equally plain that he ultimately overreached himself also. Those marriages form a sort of turning point in his reign, and from that time he lost credit and began to fall. But he had a thoroughly congenial servant in M. Guizot, who was quite as hearty in the shortsighted policy which alienated England and made France somewhat ashamed of herself, as if he had been himself a member of the ambitious family whose interests were mainly considered in the intrigue. At the same time, the two Foreign Ministers whose names are connected with the business show themselves most characteristically in Baron Stockmar's pages. The "excellent" Aberdeen, ready to believe all the world as highminded and honourable as himself, trusted implicitly to the assurances given to Queen Victoria at Eu, that the marriage of the Infanta with the Duc de Montpensier should not be promoted by the French Government or Court until Queen Isabella herself was married and had children. On the other side, it was agreed that England should not support any candidate for the hand of Isabella who was not a Bourbon, and it was particularly mentioned that she should not put forward or recommend the Prince of Coburg. There is no question at all of the perfect loyalty and good faith of Lord Aberdeen, as of the Queen and Prince Albert. But it did not suit M. Guizot that France should adhere to her side of the stipulation, and before the Peel Ministry was overthrown in 1845, he had begun to back out of his engagements. There can be no question that the *dénouement* which ultimately gave such a shock to public opinion in England

was prepared by M. Guizot at a time when to do this was, in truth, to break faith with England. But Lord Aberdeen, good honest soul, did not see it, and could not understand a despatch read to him by Count St. Aulaire, in which the French Minister quietly took up new ground. Then came some imprudences on the part of Sir H. Bulwer, our Minister at Madrid, who assisted Queen Christian in a secret application—whether it was a ruse or not—for the hand of Prince Leopold of Coburg for her eldest daughter. This application was unknown to the French agents at Madrid, and so to the French Government, until they were informed of it by Lord Aberdeen himself, who severely reprimanded Sir Henry Bulwer. When Lord Palmerston succeeded to the Foreign Office, he began at once to make mischief; and it was a despatch from him to Sir Henry Bulwer, in which he inserted the name of the Coburg Prince at the head of the list of candidates for the hand of the Queen, and then read the Spanish Government a long lecture, in his most airy and offensive style, on the necessity of “a constitutional and lawful form of Government,” and the like, which forced Queen Christian to throw herself at once into the arms of France, and bring about the sudden and simultaneous marriages of the two sisters.

Lord Palmerston and his policy were never favourites with Stockmar. His indecent and hasty recognition of the *Coup d'Etat* of 1851 came after the Queen had, a year before, remonstrated on his habit of sending despatches which had not passed under her eye, and altering them after they had so passed. His dismissal in 1851 was, no doubt, to a great extent the act of Prince Albert, but it was thoroughly constitutional and richly deserved. In fact, at the present time, we can see that the French policy of Palmerston, which led him to play entirely into the hands of Louis Napoleon, was as disastrous for this country as other portions of his line of conduct for which he had more excuse, as being more in harmony with the ideas generally prevalent in this country. If England is altogether isolated, she owes it to Lord Palmerston's political zeal for disturbing every country in which he could gain any influence by forcing “constitutional” government down the throats of peoples entirely unfit for the morsel. If she is also despised as a brawling lecturer, who is afraid to act on her own threats, she owes it to Lord Palmerston's despatches almost as much as to those of Lord Russell.

Stockmar had a far lower opinion of the Duke of Wellington than was common in the lifetime of the Duke. The present generation knew Wellington chiefly in his declining years, when he occupied a very useful and very honourable position in the country, for which he was perfectly fitted. But he was a very shortsighted statesman. Stockmar's papers show that he was mainly answerable for the French Revolution of 1830. Here is an account of the Duke as Minister—

*On Wellington.*

"The way in which Wellington would preserve and husband the rewards of his own services and the gifts of fortune, I took as the measure of the higher capabilities of his mind. It required no long time, however, and no great exertion, to perceive that the natural sobriety of his temperament, founded upon an inborn want of sensibility, was unable to withstand the intoxicating influence of the flattery by which he was surrounded. The knowledge of himself became visibly more and more obscured. The restlessness of his activity, and his natural lust for power, became daily more ungovernable.

"Blinded by the language of his admirers, and too much elated to estimate correctly his own powers, he impatiently and of his own accord abandoned the proud position of the victorious general, to exchange it for the most painful position which a human being can occupy, viz., the management of the affairs of a great nation with insufficient mental gifts and inadequate knowledge. He had hardly forced himself upon the nation as Prime Minister,<sup>1</sup> intending to add the glory of a statesman to that of a warrior, when he succeeded, by his manner of conducting business, in shaking the confidence of the people. With laughable infatuation he sedulously employed every opportunity of proving to the world the hopeless incapacity which made it impossible for him to seize the natural connection between cause and effect. With a rare *naïveté* he confessed publicly and without hesitation the mistaken conclusions he had come to in the weightiest affairs of State; mistakes which the commonest understanding could have discovered, which filled the impartial with pitying astonishment, and caused terror and consternation even among the host of his flatterers and partizans. Yet, so great and so strong was the preconceived opinion of the people in his favour, that only the irresistible proofs furnished by the man's own actions could gradually shake this opinion. It required the full force and obstinacy of this strange self-deception in Wellington, it required the full measure of his activity and iron persistency, in order at last, by a perpetual reiteration of errors and mistakes, to create in the people the firm conviction that the Duke of Wellington was one of the least adroit and most mischievous Ministers that England ever had."

One of the most marked instances of Wellington's shortsightedness as a statesman, and one the most pregnant with evil consequences, was the support and encouragement which he gave to the accession of Polignac's Ministry in France. Amongst Stockmar's papers there is a memorandum on the subject which is not without interest—

*Wellington and Polignac.*

August 4, 1830.

"For the historian it may be interesting to know how much influence Wellington had exercised on the present events in France.

"In July, 1829,<sup>2</sup> the old Duchesse d'Escars, an Ultra-ultra, and an old friend of George the Fourth, came to London. Madame du Cayla

<sup>1</sup> Wellington was Prime Minister from January, 1828, to November, 1830.

<sup>2</sup> According to Lord Palmerston's journal—Sir H. Bulwer's *Life of Palmerston*, i., p. 330—Wellington had as early as December, 1828, written urgently to King Charles the Tenth to allow Polignac to lay before him a report on the dangers of his (the King's) position, in other words, had recommended Polignac as Minister.

accompanied her. The Duchess was received by the King. Immediately after the rumour was current in certain circles that a change of Ministry was intended in France, and Polignac was named as the future Premier. Lord Holland maintained at the time that this was absolutely impossible. Nevertheless, the change did actually take place a few days later.<sup>3</sup>

"The Martignac Ministry was obnoxious to the Duke of Wellington on account of its Liberalism, especially in regard to foreign politics. He wished to see in the French Cabinet men of his own way of thinking with regard to the affairs of Russia, Turkey, and Greece. He therefore used the great influence which he possessed over Charles the Tenth, who was already very favourable to Polignac, in order to effect a change of Ministry. He hoped that Polignac would have agreed with him in every question of foreign policy, but in doing so he deceived himself entirely as to Polignac's own views; and even if this had not been the case, as the whole of France saw in Polignac a mere creature of Wellington's, this alone would have sufficed to compel the former to avoid every appearance of dependence upon the English Cabinet. The consequence was that Wellington found Polignac leaning much more than he had expected or wished on Russia.

"In the internal affairs of France, Polignac carried out his own insane policy. That Wellington gave the French Cabinet formal advice, in consequence of which the measures were taken which have resulted in the present events (the July Revolution), I do not believe. But that George the Fourth and his Minister Wellington foresaw these measures, and approved of them, and that Charles the Tenth and his Ministers knew this, and were thereby confirmed and encouraged in their intentions, is my firm conviction. In proof of this I can cite the extraordinary statement made by George the Fourth to a distinguished person at the end of March, 1830.

"If," he said, with tears in his eyes, 'Charles the Tenth does not adhere to the path upon which he has entered, he is lost; and I fear he will be, because there are signs that many of his own courtiers are already advising him to abandon that path.'

"This conviction of mine is strengthened by the fact that Charles the Tenth, at the end of April, 1830, feared nothing so much as the overthrow of the Wellington Cabinet, and the loss of moral support in the carrying out of his views which he would thereby sustain.

"Wellington is the most shortsighted statesman that has existed for a long time. By his shortsightedness he has altered the entire position of European politics, and his measures have brought about in everything the exact reverse of what he intended."

Here is Polignac's plan for the resettlement of Europe in 1830—

In August, 1829, there was a general belief in the break up of the Ottoman Empire. Wellington and Aberdeen shared in this belief. It is true that England and Austria would have gladly prevented this catastrophe, but how were they to induce France and Prussia to join in an alliance against Russia? "Nous avons garanti," says the exposé, "à cette puissance (Russia), sous des conditions données, sa liberté d'action, comme elle avait garanti la nôtre en 1823" (Intervention in Spain).

<sup>3</sup> Polignac undertook the Ministry on August 8, 1829.

Under these circumstances Metternich entered on a new system of tactics. He proposed at Berlin and at St. Petersburg a plan for the partition of Turkey, in which France was left out.

The Prussians (Bernstorff and Ancillon) called attention in their reply to the difficulties which would be caused by the opposing claims of the numerous candidates who would present themselves. They were of opinion that the phantom of a Turkish Empire should be kept up as long as possible.

Russia, on the other hand, addressed herself to France, and asked for her opinion. "I do not wish the fall of Turkey," said the Emperor Nicholas, "but it is not to be averted. If France and Russia were to come to an understanding they would be masters of the situation."<sup>4</sup>

Prince Polignac advised that the Russian proposition should be entertained. His leading ideas were the following—In every combination connected with the fall of the Ottoman Empire, the one object that must be kept in view is the breaking up of England's dominion of the sea. The Vienna Congress, whilst endeavouring to save the independence of the Continent, had committed the error of maintaining and strengthening England's maritime supremacy. Now was the time for France, in opposition to this, to reassert her ancient traditional policy of the freedom of the seas. England frightened the Continent with the phantom of Russia, and yet the offensive power of Russia had proved itself comparatively unimportant, whereas the navies of the whole world were no match for that of England. But the Vienna Congress had committed yet another error—namely, that of leaving Europe too much open to the attack of Russia, and Prussia too weak; whereas the latter ought to have been strengthened, and Russia driven in the direction of Asia. Lastly, the treaties of 1815 had inflicted bitter injuries upon France, which had a right not only to the restoration of the frontiers of 1789, but to no territorial aggrandizement beyond those frontiers.

The memoir presented to the Council in September, 1829, by Polignac was based upon those fundamental ideas which had received the sanction of Charles the Tenth.

In it, Polignac demands Belgium for France, as far as the Meuse, the mouth of the Scheldt, and the sea. The possession of Belgium was necessary for France in order to cover Paris against an invasion; since, in consequence of the centralization in France as the result of the Revolution, the fate of Paris determined the fate of the whole country.

In the first sitting of the Council, the Dauphin objected that England would never consent to let Antwerp fall into the hands of France; and proposed that, instead of Belgium, the Rhine provinces should be annexed.

Polignac replied, "This only proves that we must have Antwerp. Either we consent for ever to be saddled with the treaties of 1815, or we must make up our minds to incur the hostility of England. In alliance with Russia, Prussia, Bavaria, and the greater part of the rest of Germany, we can force England."

After the first sitting of the Council had been closed, without any result being arrived at, Polignac read, in the second sitting, a memoir on the relative value of Belgium as compared with the Rhine provinces, drawn up with a view to the refutation of the Dauphin. In

<sup>4</sup> The same arguments employed in our days by the same Emperor, in his celebrated interview with Sir Hamilton Seymour, only in another direction.



this memoir he says that the Rhine provinces were not so well situated geographically, and would be more difficult to defend and administer. Belgium, on the other hand, would strengthen the maritime power of France, which the Continent could well afford to see strengthened, since France would place herself at the head of an alliance for the freedom of the sea. The acquisition of the Rhine provinces would, on the contrary, involve the taking up of an aggressive attitude towards Germany. Lastly, were France to content herself with the Rhine provinces, this would be construed as the result of fear of England, and her credit would suffer in consequence. Thereupon the Dauphin withdrew his counter proposition.

Russia, according to Polignac's great memoir, was to be driven in the direction of Asia. He handed over to her Moldavia and Wallachia, Armenia, and as much of Anatolia as she wished to take. She was to cut a passage for herself to India, and to take up a maritime position in the Mediterranean against England.

Austria, according to Polignac's plan, should receive Bosnia and Servia, in order to strengthen her maritime position. The rest of European Turkey was to constitute a Christian kingdom, under the King of the Netherlands, by means of which an important maritime power would be created to counterbalance that of England. Egypt, Syria, Arabia, and the Barbary States were to be formed into a Mahometan kingdom under Mahomet Ali.

The north of Europe was likewise to be reorganized, with a view to increasing its maritime strength, and for this purpose Holland was to be united with Prussia. The union of Holland with Belgium, says the memoir, has only been invented by England in order to strangle Holland's maritime genius and cause her absorption by Belgium.

On the other hand, the nucleus of the Prussian monarchy is strengthened by the kingdom of Saxony, and the King of Saxony is transported to Aix-la-Chapelle, as King of Austrasia, and obtains the Prussian territories between the Meuse and the Rhine.

Prussia, however, retains the northern part of the Rhine provinces, for the purpose of keeping up her communications with Holland; the southern portions devolve upon Bavaria, in order to connect the two parts of that kingdom. In case a war should arise between France and Austria, and Bavaria take part with France, she was to obtain the Inn Viertel, the Hausrück, and Salzburg.

England's consent to the whole plan was to be bought by the cession of the Dutch colonies.

As we have alluded to Baron Stockmar's usefulness in assisting in the management of the royal family and all that concerned it, we may subjoin his most amusing memoir on the Royal Household in 1846—

*Stockmar's Memorandum on the Royal Household.*

All the important Court appointments being mere ministerial arrangements, the real qualification for each office can of course be only a secondary consideration. But supposing, for argument's sake, that the qualification be in every case what it ought to be, there is a circumstance which renders the permanency of any household system, and a uniform and efficient administration, quite impossible. The great officers of State, who are always noblemen of high rank and political consideration, change with every Government. Since the

year 1830 we find five changes in the office of the Lord Chamberlain, and six in that of Lord Steward.

Then there is another great inconvenience. It is, that none of the great officers can reside in the palace, and that most frequently they cannot even reside in the same place with the Court. Hence, an uninterrupted and effective personal inspection and superintendence of the daily details of their respective departments, are made impracticable. Hence follows another bad consequence. Most frequently the great officers of State find themselves so situated, as to be forced to delegate, *pro tempore*, part of their authority to others. From want of proper regulations, they must delegate it, as it were, *ex-tempore*, and to servants very inferior in rank in the Royal Household; a fact which, almost daily, is productive of consequences injurious to the dignity, order, discipline, and security of the Court.

Further, there is between the three departments no proper system of cooperation and concurrence, insuring unity of purpose and action. The work is parcelled out in a ridiculous manner among them, so as to impede the satisfactory progress of business. A few illustrations will prove the truth of this assertion.

To begin with the Palace itself. One should think that the simplest and best mode would have been, to have placed the whole building under the charge of one department. But not only is it placed under three departments, but it is quite undecided what parts of the palace are under the charge of the Lord Chamberlain, and which under the Lord Steward. In the time of George the Third, the Lord Steward had the custody and charge of the whole palace, excepting the Royal apartments, drawing rooms, &c., &c. In George the Fourth's and William the Fourth's reign, it was held that the whole of the ground floor, including halls, dining rooms, &c., were in his charge. In the present reign, the Lord Steward has surrendered to the Lord Chamberlain the grand hall and other rooms on the ground floor; but whether the kitchen, sculleries, pantries, remain under his charge, *quoad the rooms*, is a question which no one could perhaps at this moment reply to. The outside of the palace is, however, considered to belong to the Woods and Forests; so that as the inside cleaning of the windows belongs to the Lord Chamberlain's department, the degree of light to be admitted into the palace depends proportionably on the well-timed and good understanding between the Lord Chamberlain's office and that of the Woods and Forests.

Any one who has some knowledge of the movements of a household machinery on a large scale, and of the characters of the persons called servants, would insist that, in order to enforce existing regulations, good order, and discipline, the whole train of servants living in the palace should be placed under one department, and under the charge of one directing officer. But what do we find in the Royal Household?

The housekeepers, pages, housemaids, &c., are under the authority of the Lord Chamberlain; all the footmen, livery porters, and under butlers, by the strangest anomaly, under that of the Master of the Horse, at whose office they are clothed and paid, and the rest of the servants, such as the clerk of the kitchen, the cooks, the porters, &c., are under the jurisdiction of the Lord Steward. Yet these ludicrous divisions not only extend to persons, but they extend likewise to things and actions. The Lord Steward, for example, finds the fuel and lays the fire, and the Lord Chamberlain lights it. It was upon this state of things that the writer of this paper, having been sent one day by her

present Majesty to Sir Frederick Watson, then the Master of the Household, to complain that the dinner room was always cold, was gravely answered, "You see, properly speaking, it is not our fault; for the Lord Steward lays the fire only, and the Lord Chamberlain lights it." In the same manner the Lord Chamberlain provides all the lamps, and the Lord Steward must clean, trim, and light them. If a pane of glass, or the door of a cupboard in the scullery, requires mending, it cannot now be done without the following process: A requisition is prepared and signed by the chief cook, it is then countersigned by the clerk of the kitchen, then it is taken to be signed by the Master of the Household, thence it is taken to the Lord Chamberlain's office, where it is authorized, and then laid before the Clerk of the Works, under the office of Woods and Forests; and consequently many a window and cupboard have remained broken for months.

A machinery such as we have described the Royal Household to be could only be made to work tolerably well on one condition, viz., that a responsible officer of some rank were residing in the palace, in whom, for certain and specific objects, part of that authority which is divided amongst the three chief departments were concentrated again by a sort of delegation from these very departments themselves. At present no such officer exists. There is indeed in the palace a resident officer, called a Master of the Household, who belongs to the Lord Steward's department. But in the Lord Chamberlain's department, which includes housekeepers, pages, housemaids, the authority of the Master of the Household is entirely unrecognized, and even in the Lord Steward's department it is quite undefined. It depends altogether upon the chief officers, whom political changes place over the Master of the Household, to what extent they will delegate their power to him, leaving the servants in the palace at a loss to know whether they are, or not, to regard his authority. The Master of the Household's office, as at present constituted, may therefore be pronounced to be, to all practical intents and purposes, a nullity.

As neither the Lord Chamberlain nor the Master of the Horse, have a regular deputy residing in the palace, more than two thirds of the male and female servants are left without a master in the house. They can come and go off duty as they choose, they can remain absent for hours and hours on their days of waiting, or they may commit any excess or irregularity: there is nobody to observe, to correct, or to reprimand them. The various details of internal arrangement, whereon depends the well-being and comfort of the whole establishment, no one is cognizant of or responsible for. There is no officer responsible for the cleanliness, order, and security of the rooms and offices throughout the palace. These things are left to Providence; and if smoking, drinking, and other irregularities occur in the dormitories, where footmen, &c., sleep ten and twelve in each room, no one can help it.

There is no one who attends to the comfort of the Queen's guests on their arrival at the royal residence. When they arrive, at present, there is no one to show them to or from their apartments; there is no gentleman in the palace who even knows where they are lodged, and there is not even a servant who can perform this duty, which is attached to the Lord Chamberlain's department. It frequently happens at Windsor that some of the visitors are at a loss to find the drawing room, and at night, if they happen to forget the right entrance from the corridors, they wander for an hour

helpless and unassisted. There is nobody to apply to in such a case, for it is not in the department of the Master of the Household, and the only remedy is, to send a servant, if one can be found, to the porter's lodge, to ascertain the apartment in question.

On the occasion of the late intrusion of a lad<sup>5</sup> into the palace, which certainly might have endangered the Queen's life, the public attached blame, and I think with much reason, to the person or persons on whom depend the regulations for the protection of the Queen's person. But I shall presently show that there was no person in the palace on whom such responsibility could rightly be fixed; for it certainly did not fall on the Lord Chamberlain, who was in Staffordshire, and in whose department the porters are not; nor on the Lord Steward, who was in town, and who has nothing to do with the disposition of the pages and other parties nearest to the royal person; nor, finally, on the Master of the Household, whom we have above shown to be only a subordinate officer in the Lord Steward's department.

We are glad to be assured that this memoir produced its effect in the appointment of an officer representing all the great State officers who bare rule in the Palace. But with this memoir in print, can Englishmen venture to laugh at the *etiquette* of the Spanish Court, of which the story is told that the King was once nearly scorched to death in the presence of a crowd of courtiers and servants, because the particular grandee whose privilege it was to put a screen between royalty and the fire happened to be out of the room?

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2. *A Tale of Tintern. A May Pageant.* By E. Caswall. Second Edition. London: Burns and Oates, Portman Street; B. M. Pickering, Piccadilly, 1873.

There can be few now in this country who have not heard, so much talk has there been about it, of the church just raised at the entrance to the Pyrenees, in face of, at one time it would seem, insurmountable difficulties, with the rich offerings of the faithful and at the cost of great labour, to honour the Immaculate Conception of the Virgin Mother of God. Putting aside for the moment all question of the miraculous stream and the cures wrought thereat, the church has been so much talked about because of its wondrous origin. But besides Lourdes there are other places, other sanctuaries in France to which our attention has been particularly drawn of late, as the favoured spots of heavenly manifestations similar to those which have made it so celebrated: yet, though people do hear of these apparitions, and read of them, and talk about them, and wonder at them, many do not heed them, others again are irritated at the bare mention of them, and would banish all thought on the subject as of something un-English, that savours of innovation

<sup>5</sup> It was immediately after the birth of the Princess Royal, in November, 1840, that the boy Jones was discovered, at one o'clock in the morning, under the sofa in the room adjoining Her Majesty's bedroom.

and foreign devotion : of something with which we in practical England have nothing and had better have nothing to do. A *Tale of Tintern*, then, comes well timed just now to remind us that in old Catholic times our Saxon forefathers thought far otherwise, and it recalls to memory that one of England's noblest, now ruined abbeys, points back to the same mysterious origin that new risen churches and sanctuaries in France point to at the present day.

Told in smooth iambic measure, in clear, simple language, the beautiful poem before us has the special charm of never wearying us with those puzzles of complicated thought and intricacies of style, demanding patient study as well as skill to unfold, which some poets revel in ; nor, on the other hand, are we carried away by the mere music of sweet sounds, but the interest awakened from the very outset is sustained throughout, whilst the ear is pleased with flowing melody. Indeed, who could read of the old Franciscan monk returning homeward at crimson dawn on St. Augustine's day, grieving as he goes because the haste he made was all in vain, and the maiden died without the last sacraments, and not read further ?

There, as he threads the winding ways,  
A thousand objects court his gaze,  
And with their charms entice to rest  
The busy trouble at his breast.  
"How soft imperial'd the morning dew !  
Through yonder vista what a view !  
These oaklings in what fair array  
Their stems so glossy they display.  
How like a mist from dell to dell  
The hyacinths extend their veil !"  
Meanwhile, before him frisk about  
Young rabbits, crossing in and out ;  
Sudden the blackbird whirs along,  
And in advance resumes his song ;  
The wood-dove from her airy seat  
Coos to the lambkin's distant beat ;  
And in the fusion all around  
Of pleasant scent and sight and sound,  
And in the breathings of the morn,  
And in the spirit on them borne,  
All nature seemeth to invite  
To general joyance and delight.

That is a true picture of spring. It is one of our own wood scenes : oaks and blue bells' mist, blackbird's whir, and wood-dove's coo, all make up the real May morning. And here we would remark that one of the great charms of the piece lies in the vivid painting of the scenery for which our country is so celebrated, and of which nothing, from the first primrose of spring to the river shading wych elm, escapes the keen eye and delicate handling of the poet.

The heavenly procession that winds past the monk Egwin, as he prays beside the mossgrown druid stone, singing—

A song it was of sacred Eld,  
The Benedicite ; of yore  
Entoned on old Euphrates' shore,  
By Holy Church re-echoed on  
The rolling centuries along ;  
No more, as when it first was sung,  
Clothed in inspired Hebrew tongue,  
But flowing forth in accents clear  
Of limpid Latin on the ear,  
Latin ! in which the Faith is shrined,  
Link of regenerate mankind !

is beautifully pictured and makes us sympathize with the old priest, who, sad at losing it so quickly, hastens to follow after it, and staying the last of the angel choir, gains leave, because he bears his Lord upon his breast, to walk beside him. The description of the Three Holy Children is full of poetry and rich colouring; but there is something more than poetry in the thought of Mary's progress through land, fresh from the triumphs offered—

In honour of the august decree  
Of her conception's purity,  
Dispensing round her as she goes  
Gifts on her friends, grace on her foes :

and we wish we could do more than snatch a glimpse of it, winding—

Each step o'er consecrated ground,  
By Hexam ; by the stormy steep  
Whence Hilda watches o'er the deep ;  
By York ; by Ouse's sluggish bed  
Where Selby rear'd its mitred head ;  
By Beverly, beloved of yore ;  
By Croydon's wreck and many more  
A devious route ;

but space forbids us, though we can just sight,

Far off in the misty blue,

the vale of Evesham—

Evesham—of early faith the fold,  
Where Mary show'd herself of old  
To Egwin and his shepherd good,  
In the dim forest solitude,—

as we follow the course of the old monk and his celestial companions, who had tarried, when he joined them on their way to Tintern—

To note where once her chapel stood  
Deep in the mazes of the wood,  
And leave in largesses of grace  
A benediction on the place.

The story of Egwin's life is skilfully inwoven with the rest of the poem, and his voice almost seems to keep time with the

motion of the water as the barge and its precious freight is swiftly borne along the Severn, past field and wood, hamlet and town, into the broad Channel, up the Wye, beyond Chepstow, until at last it stops at Tintern.

In the fifth and sixth cantos, the assembling of the choirs of monks and saints beneath the abbey walls to witness the coronation of their Virgin Queen is exquisitely told, and the coming of La Purissima herself—

Seated serene  
In fashion of a pilgrim Queen,  
On palfry white of heavenly mould,  
Such as that steed the saint of old  
At Patmos saw with bated breath,  
Bearing the Conqueror of death :

is perfect of its kind, and as she kneels in prayer we see countless bands of martyrs, kings, and pontiffs still come trooping on with chant of glad *Magnificat*, and last of all St. Edward himself bearing the precious crown :

But who might paint  
The object seen ? so fine, so faint  
Its earthlier part. A tracery rare  
Of rose and blended lily fair,  
Lost in a depth of spiry rays—  
So much as this a moment's gaze  
Revealed ; but when with curious eye,  
He sought more closely to espy  
The interior work by hand divine  
Wrought at Creation's origin,  
Th' empyreal texture undefiled  
Straightway itself from view withheld,  
And all became a maze of light,  
So finely pure, so blankly bright,  
That nature reel'd, and from her throne  
Reason herself seem'd toppling down.  
Inwards, resolved to search no more,  
He shrank, and all was as before !

whilst on every side rings out—

Hail to the coronal divine,  
Work of the Sempiternal Trine !  
Hail to the coronal divine,  
Lady of grace, predestined thine !  
And hallow'd from eternal days  
In thy most pure Conception's praise ;  
No other crown so heavenly fair,  
No brow so worthy it to wear !

The last canto, too, the Coronation itself, has genuine beauties of its own, with a wonderful touch of pathos closing the glorious scene ; and when we come to the moving *envoy* we linger over it, and turning to the backward pages would fain believe that the parable is not all told, that the song is not ended.



3. *The Prophet of Carmel.* A series of Practical Considerations upon the History of Elias in the Old Testament, with a Supplementary Dissertation. By the Rev. Charles B. Garside, M.A. London: Burns and Oates, 1873.

The author of this little volume has prepared us, by his *Discourses on the Parables*, to receive this new work with high expectations. The subject is most interesting. The wonderful story of Elias is in itself enough to attract us with its marvellous and abrupt vicissitudes, the lofty, unearthly character of the chief actor, his singular and mysterious position in the economy of God's providence, as well as the picturesque historical scenery in which it is thrown. Moreover, as Mr. Garside very truly remarks, this history is eminently instructive, and admits of being used with great force for moral purposes in application to some of those perpetual questions with which every generation has to deal—the conflict between the Church and the world, the danger of anything that tends to stain the purity of the faith in those who inherit it, the severity with which the true servants of God are always prompted to act with regard to evils which corrupt society or religion, and the like. The history of the Old Testament is full of subjects of the same kind, and we should be very glad to see books like that before us, which endeavours to set before the Catholic public the instructions and examples of the biblical history, increase both in number and in popularity.

In point of execution, we are bound to say that we think this volume hardly equal to its predecessor. The Parables, perhaps, are more naturally the subjects of separate moral instructions than a continuous history like that of Elias, and it may therefore require greater skill or more elaborate treatment on the part of a writer to make the narrative and the practical consideration blend without a break. Moreover, the reader is not warned by anything in the form of the successive chapters of the book that he is reading sermons, and must therefore expect to find the thread of the story suddenly broken off for purposes of exhortation. The late Father Faber, unless we are mistaken, preached a great part of his popular books before he published them as books; but unless he had taken pains to throw the matter into a different form from that of discourses, it is quite possible that even he might have missed much of his success.

If we remember rightly, Cornelius a Lapide, in his commentary on the history of Elias, speaking of St. Chrysostom, who sees something to blame in the zeal of the prophet as shown in the destruction of the prophets of Baal, says that the saint is too severe on the severity of the prophet. The writer before us is, we think, too severe upon what he speaks of as the cowardice of Elias in fleeing from the persecution of Jezebel. There is a good deal in this part of the book which strikes us as exaggerated. We are far from meaning to maintain that Elias was incapable of weakness, but we are not aware of anything in the Scriptural

narrative which justifies the kind of blame which is thrown upon him in these pages. There is no more reason for supposing that his flight was caused by any fault of his own, than we have for supposing the same of the flight of St. Paul from Damascus. It is often the will of God that His servants should yield to persecution, and our Lord gave an express injunction to His Apostles to this effect. It is often, also, the will of God to leave to their own strength His servants who have before been nerved to great enterprizes and wonderful victories by supernatural aid; but it does not follow that in such circumstances they are guilty even of an imperfection in acting according to the dictates of prudence and reason. If this is generally true, there is still a particular reason for caution in our interpretations of the actions of so very marvellous and, in a certain sense, unique a saint as Elias. The whole story of his flight to Horeb, the Mount of God, is evidently full of mysterious significance, and may, perhaps, have some reference, which we do not at present see, to the work which he is to do at the end of the world, especially, as it would seem, in the conversion of the Jews. His weariness of life need not be considered as a fault, and if it need not be so considered, it is far better not to speak of it as such. He who was to be taken up into heaven, and to be preserved miraculously for so many centuries until the very end of time, when it is believed that he will be slain in the persecution of Antichrist, was allowed to be so overcome by the weight of his anxieties for the cause of God as to desire to die before his time. The heroic soul of St. Paul was at one time "weary even of life," and Moses, another hero, prayed that under certain circumstances he might be blotted out of God's book. We should shrink from blaming either Moses or St. Paul—and why blame Elias?

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4. *Calderon's Dramas.* The Wonderworking Magician, Life is a Dream, Purgatory of St. Patrick. Now first translated fully in the metre of the original. By D. F. MacCarthy. Henry I. King and Co., 1873.

Mr. Denis MacCarthy is himself a poet, and he has devoted himself most faithfully and conscientiously to the reproduction in English of some of Calderon's most famous dramas. He is no careless translator, as he adheres to the metre and even the lines of his great author. This method of treatment, of course, raises the question whether the resources and capacities of our language are of that character as to admit of so exact an imitation of what is so grand and so beautiful in Spanish, whether, that is, if Calderon were an Englishman, or had a perfect command of English, he would write his play in the same metre and according to the same laws of verse which he observed in the use of his own language. That Mr. MacCarthy's version is occasionally rough and obscure in consequence of his extreme fidelity, may perhaps

be the case, but it is difficult to blame him on this score. These roughnesses and obscurities are, after all, very occasional, and they give us a sort of assurance of the general faithfulness of his version which is worth a great deal in itself. Ordinarily his lines run on beautifully, and any one who takes the pains to accustom himself to the rhythm and to the "assonance," which are at first somewhat strange to our ears, will soon be richly rewarded by the additional enjoyment with which he will peruse these glorious dramas.

The three dramas contained in the volume before us, a very beautifully printed book, are *Life is a Dream*, *The Wonderworking Magician*, and *The Purgatory of St. Patrick*. *Life is a Dream* is founded on an old story, used by Shakspeare in his Induction to *The Taming of the Shrew*, the story of a man who was found asleep, and dressed up and treated as a great lord for a day, then put to sleep again, and allowed to wake again where he had been originally found. Calderon uses this very grandly. Sigismund, the heir to the throne of Poland, has been kept in confinement, almost like a wild beast, by his father, on account of some unfavourable astrological prediction concerning him. He is taken from his prison while asleep, and put in possession of the full power of royalty for a day, during which he betrays the worst and most violent passions. He wakes up the next morning in his dungeon again, and believes all to have been a dream. But he has learnt a salutary lesson, and when he is placed on the throne by a sudden revolt in his favour, conducts himself with the utmost clemency and justice in his hour of triumph, fearing that this also may be a dream. The drama is one of Calderon's very best. *The Wonderworking Magician* is a version of the story of St. Cyprian and St. Justina, and the subject of *The Purgatory of St. Patrick* is sufficiently indicated by the title. It is impossible to speak too highly of this beautiful work.

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5. *Some Elements of Religion*. Lent Lectures, 1870. By H. P. Liddon, D.D. Rivingtons, 1872.

In the notice of this work in our last number (p. 479), we mentioned a statement of Dr. Liddon's which appeared to us to be open to the interpretation that our Lord Jesus Christ was not "the object of prayer." "And, if our Lord Jesus Christ is not Himself, as being both God and Man, the object of prayer, yet His perpetual and prevailing intercession opens upon Christian thought the inmost mysteries before the Eternal Throne" (p. 173). We have received a very courteous letter from Dr. Liddon on the subject, in which, without denying that the words in question are open to misconstruction on account of their conciseness, he assures us that nothing could be more painful to him, or more contrary to his deepest convictions and daily practice, than that he should be

supposed to deny that our Lord is the object of our worship and prayer. We shall not enter further into the question as to the impression which might be conveyed by Dr. Liddon's words, but we had honestly tried to understand them before our remarks were made. But we are now as convinced as Dr. Liddon himself can be, that nothing was further from his thoughts than to deny the Christian doctrine in question. The passage is part of a paragraph in which Dr. Liddon is proving that the exercise of prayer occupies the understanding on the highest subjects. The words quoted by us simply mean that in those cases in which the prayer is not directly addressed to our Lord, as, indeed, the collects of the Church are ordinarily addressed to the Eternal Father—still the fact that it is addressed through Him, "through Jesus Christ our Lord," "opens upon Christian thought the inmost mysteries before the eternal throne." This is the meaning of the sentence, which we undoubtedly misunderstood, and we very gladly insert these lines, with the hope that they may remove from the minds of our readers any impression unfavourable to Dr. Liddon's perfect orthodoxy on this important point.

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6. *A Pilgrimage to the Shrine of St. Teresa de Jesus, at Alba de Tormes and Avila, &c.* By the Rev. Canon Dalton. London: Catholic Publishing Society, 1873.

Canon Dalton has already done much towards increasing, in England, a devotion to St. Teresa. He has now added a considerable item towards it in his graphic account of his visits to those parts of Spain which are more especially sacred to her clients. He passed through Medina del Campo, where he visited the second convent founded by St. Teresa, and revered some of her relics; he beheld also, in passing, the ruins of the Jesuit College of which her director, Father Baltazar Alvarez, was for many years rector. It was at Medina del Campo that the saint first met St. John of the Cross. At Salamanca, Canon Dalton visited a convent of the saint's foundation, though it was not the house of which she first took possession. This he likewise inspected. At Alba de Tormes, in addition to a sight of the holy relics of the saint, Canon Dalton had the privilege of entering the inclosure of her monastery there. He gives us a touching account of his admission to the oratory leading to the shrine wherein reposes the body of St. Teresa. It is magnificently adorned, but we can believe that an ardent devotion would overpower other sentiments. On leaving this holy spot, he was conducted to one scarcely less interesting, the cell in which she died, in the arms of Anne of St. Bartholomew. This cell seems only seven feet in length and five in breadth, but it has no longer the appearance of a nun's lowly chamber, being transformed into a beautiful little oratory.

In the same modest volume, Canon Dalton gives details of his stay at Avila, a place quite redolent of the memories of St. Teresa. Here was the mansion inhabited by her parents; the room in which she was born being now a beautiful oratory, and enriched, of course, with several of her relics. Next may be seen the Monastery of the Incarnation, where many points of interest await the devout pilgrim. Though we have not space to give his narrative, few could read it without a longing to trace the same path. Then a visit to the Convent of St. Joseph was the crowning favour of this pious tour. Canon Dalton describes other objects of note, but they are remarkable in a very different sense, and we cannot now dwell upon them. But we are persuaded that no one will read his *Pilgrimage* without an increase of love and devotion to the saint whose life is thus so vividly recalled to mind.

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7. *Madonna's Child.* By Alfred Austin. Blackwood, 1873.

This poem, Mr. Austin tells us, is a part of a larger whole, called the *Human Tragedy*, which is to appear when it has been "recast" and completed; having already been published in an imperfect form in 1862. He tells us that he at first hesitated as to issuing *Madonna's Child* separately, at all events with his name, because "no poem can at present hope for fair critical treatment to which his name is attached." As far as we are aware, this estimate of the disposition of the critical press towards Mr. Austin has been proved to be fallacious by the applause with which the volume has been received. In many respects it deserves high praise. The verse is smooth, the imagery fine, the language beautiful. The story is a very simple tale of a devout Italian girl who attracts and is attracted by an English visitor, with whom she might have found happiness but for his unwillingness or incapacity to believe in religion. She persuades him to accompany her to Milan to see a priest in whom she has confidence, but all is in vain, and the two lovers part. The writer, we fear, belongs, or lets us think that he belongs, to that miserable school which sees nothing in religion which can command and subdue, and so ennoble the intellect of man, and which persists in looking on faith as a matter of sentiment in which women and children alone can find satisfaction. There are traces in the poem, however, of better influences—whether they are the shadows of the past or the dawning streaks of a new and healthful state of mind, we cannot tell. We can only say that the poem is graceful and even powerful—marred only by the influence of scepticism, which has ruined many a noble mind and many a hopeful work, but which has never helped to produce anything of its own hopeful, or noble, or beautiful, or great.

9. *Journal d'un Diplomate en Italie.* Rome, 1862—1866. Par Henry d'Ideville. Paris : Hachette, 1873.

We lately made the former volume of M. d'Ideville the subject of part of an article on the "Formation of the Italian Kingdom." The author has continued the publication of his notes, and his present volume relates to the years 1862—1866, which he spent at Rome as Secretary to the French Embassy, first under M. de la Tour d'Auvergne, and then under M. de Sartiges. These years did not contain any such striking events as those which marked the periods during which M. d'Ideville was attached to the French Embassy at Turin. The signing of the September Convention—which was kept a secret not only from the Pope and the Court of Rome, but even from the French Embassy at that city—is the chief affair of importance during the time. Still, M. d'Ideville's book is not only interesting as containing so many lively descriptions and anecdotes of persons and things in Rome; it is also valuable as now and then letting us behind the scenes in the drama of the gradual abandonment of the Holy Father to his enemies, the thought of which makes the blood tingle in the veins of all true Catholics, and must cause a peculiar sensation of shame in all honourable Frenchmen. This, however, is not the time for speaking at full length on the subject, to which we may hereafter return. Meanwhile, we can recommend M. d'Ideville's book as very interesting and entertaining. There is too much, perhaps, of personal gossip. But when Governments dare not trust their own ambassadors with their designs, it is not very surprising that the social and conversational side of the trade of a diplomat should become most prominent. M. d'Ideville has had, in the present volume, to retract two false pieces of gossip, to which he had given credence and circulation in his former work. It is characteristic of the bad side of modern tittle tattle, that these falsehoods *only* referred to the honour of a lady, and to the manner in which a husband treated his wife! However, M. d'Ideville gives us some pleasant pieces of gossip, as well as others that are not by any means pleasant. Here is a capital anecdote of Cardinal Antonelli—

Madame de la Valette came one day to return his visit, and began to discourse with singular animation on politics, on the faults and inertness of the Pontifical Government, the dangers which menaced it, and so on. The Cardinal, without interrupting her and without frowning, heard her long speech, and then, when she had finished, said just these words and no more in reply, "*Je pense, madame la marquise, qu'il vous sera agréable de jeter un coup d'œil sur ma collection de pierreries; ceci intéresse beaucoup les dames*" (p. 355).

But the great figure of Pius the Ninth appears from time to time in these pages, and we can hardly be mistaken in thinking that its influence has been very salutary on the young French diplomat. We must find room for the parting words of the Pope when

M. and Mdme. d'Ideville took their young child for his blessing before leaving Rome—

"You are, both of you, young. You have a long life to pass through. Yet, without any self-deception, I believe that this is the last time that you will see me. It may, perhaps, be a long time before you come again to Rome. Then remember me, and what I am going to say to you. Repeat it often to this little child as soon as he can understand you. Of us four who are here in this room, he will be the survivor. Let him remember it then, when we have been long dead!" At the same time the Pope raised his eyes to the crucifix placed near his head, his voice quivered, and the emotion which had suddenly taken possession of His Holiness reached us also. Then, striking his breast many times, he looked fixedly on the child, and said—

"Engrave deeply on his memory the recollection of this man who is now before him, clothed in white. And, whatever may become of me, for I am nothing, be sure that here on this very spot on which I am standing, when this child shall have become an old man, and shall return hither with his children and his grandchildren—know that then he will find here, in the same place, another man like me, dressed in white!" (p. 366).

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9. *The Threshold of the Catholic Church.* A Course of plain Instructions for those entering her Communion. By the Rev. J. B. Bagshawe. With a Preface by Mgr. Capel. Washbourne, 1873.

The author of the *Catechism Illustrated*, one of the best books of the kind published in this country for many years, has followed it up by the volume now before us, a volume of quite equal value. There was a great want of a manual of instruction for converts, which should also explain to them the many things which they have to learn after they have been admitted into the Church. The want has now been supplied, and in the most satisfactory manner.

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10. *The Latin Year.* A Collection of Hymns for the Seasons of the Church, selected from mediæval and modern authors. Part I., Lent and Easter. B. M. Pickering.

The idea of this handsome little volume is to give a series of Latin hymns for the chief days in the part of the year included in its scope, which may be used as helps to private devotion. The selection is free, and not by any means close in its adherence to the services of the Church, which contain many beautiful old hymns which are here omitted. The *Dies Ira* is given for Ash Wednesday, and Mr. Gladstone's translation of the "Rock of Ages" for Easter Eve—it does not read well with the ancient treasures of Catholic devotion. There may have been some design in the omission of the hymns of the Church, but surely nothing could have been better for Passiontide than the *Vexilla Regis* and the *Pange lingua gloriosi lauream certaminis*.



11. *Sermons for all Sundays and Festivals of the Year.* By J. N. Sweeney, D.D. London: Burns and Oates, 1873.

We never consider sermons fair subjects for criticism, though there may be sometimes some special reason for dwelling on them. We must therefore content ourselves with acknowledging the real addition to our Catholic literature which is contained in Father Sweeney's volumes, which have been published to meet the wishes of his numerous friends and admirers.

12. *Terra Incognita: or, the Convents of the United Kingdom.* By J. N. Murphy. Longmans, 1873.

This handsome volume will do good service. It is a thoroughly painstaking statement of facts as to the principal religious communities in Ireland and England. Mr. Murphy writes with much charity and liberality.

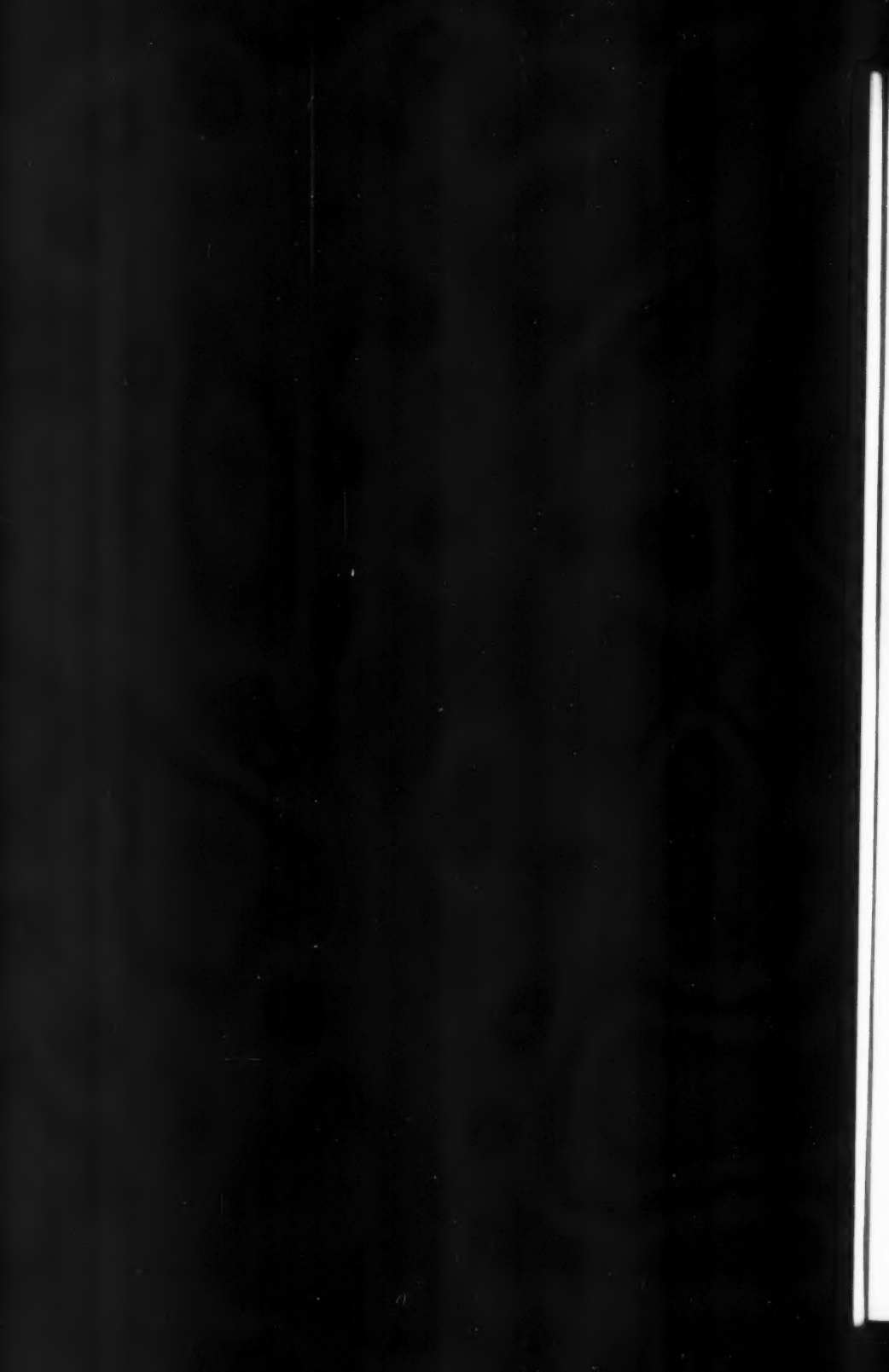
13. *A Treatise on the Particular Examen of Conscience*, according to the method of St. Ignatius. By Father Luis de la Palma, of the Society of Jesus. Burns and Oates, 1873.

This is one of the smaller works of the author of the admirable *History of the Sacred Passion*, lately published in the "Quarterly Series." Everything of Father Luis de la Palma is golden, and this treatise has all his characteristic excellences. Father Porter ushers it into the English world with an interesting Preface, and he has also added some collections from eminent ascetical writers on the same subject.

14. *The Progressionists. Angela.* Translated from the German of Conrad von Bolanden. New York: Catholic Publication Society.

The novels of Bolanden have a considerable reputation in his own country. He is a writer who may be depended upon for the strictest orthodoxy, and his works, when they deal, as in the instances before us, with scenes of our own time, are interesting as showing us how the battle of the faith is being waged in Germany. The tales before us have the appearance of reprints—or reissues—from some American periodical. If they are fair specimens, we fear we must say that they are instances of the truth of a remark which we have heard made with regard to the American translation of *Fleurange*—that our cousins over the water have yet to learn that a bad translation is an injury to the writer of the original. We hope, however, that these are instances somewhat below the ordinary level. Such expressions as "*lauded* she," meaning, "she said in approbation;" "*accorded* Mr. Conrad," meaning that "Mr. Conrad said in agreement;" and "we are compromitted," instead of "compromised," are enough to "compromit" the character of any writer of English.





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*Marquis de Beauvoir's Pekin, Jeddo, and San Francisco.*  
*A Winged Word.*  
*The Threshold of the Catholic Church.*  
*Father Goldie's Life of Blessed John Berchmans* (in August).

# THE MONTH.

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JULY—AUGUST, 1873.

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## CONTENTS.

### ARTICLES, &c.:—

1. The Lismarckian Persecution.
2. REVIEWS OF FAMOUS BOOKS.—X. St. Chrysostom's Antiochene Works.  
*By the Rev. F. Rickaby.*
3. A Remembrance. *By E. H.*
4. Our despised Relatives. *By the Rev. A. Weld.*
5. To a little Sister. *By F. E. Weatherly, B.A.*
6. The "Monita Secreta" of the Society of Jesus. *By the Rev. T. B. Parkinson.*
7. A Legend of Cannes. *By E. Bowles.*
8. AMONG THE PROPHETS. *By the Author of "The Dialogues of Lydney."*
  - Ch. XXI.—Complications.
  - " XXII.—A visit to an Ecstatica—Holy Communion.
  - " XXIII.—A visit to an Ecstatica—Friday afternoon.
  - " XXIV.—The "Prophetical Office" of the Press.

### REVIEWS AND NOTICES.

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